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THE

SCOT ABROAD

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SCOT ABROAD

BY

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AUTHOR OF 'THE BOOK-HUNTER,' ETC.

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Chapter I.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE AUTHOR.

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A COMMON mistake, against which Ireland protests with justice, but not always with success, induces me, before entering on the history of the Scots who distinguished themselves abroad, to give some preliminary explanations. In the earlier centuries of our era, every Scot or *Scotus* whom we meet with, either in political or literary history, was an Irishman. For some time the term in-

cluded both Irishmen and natives of North Britain, but it was not probably until the thirteenth century that the word Scot or Scotsman was exclusively used in its present sense. There are reasons for this as for all other such phenomena, and when dug up and examined, they present themselves in the shape of causes naturally adapted to produce such effects.

It is well known that the inhabitants of the south-western Highlands are of Irish descent. It was in the year 502 that a chief or prince called Fergus Mor Mac Earca, at the head of a band of followers, emigrated from the district in northern Ireland, generally spoken of as the Irish Dalriada. The Venerable Bede, striking the key-note to the tone in which his countrymen afterwards spoke of "the mere Irish," called these emigrants "impudent Irish vagabonds;" at least his expression may admit of a more opprobrious, but it cannot of a milder interpretation.* They founded in Argyleshire a colony, which, as it expanded, took the permanent name of Dalriada. It happened that about fifty years after this migration, at a great public meeting of princes, ecclesiastical dignitaries, great bards, and other eminencies of various kinds, the Abbot of Durrow attended, bringing with him his friend and connection, a son of Aodh, King of Connaught. There was a "difficulty" at the time between Aodh and Dermot M'Kerval, lord of the southern Hy Nial, who

* "Impudentes grassatores Hiberni."—Historia, i. 14.

was at that time the Ardriagh, or President of the Kings of Ireland. The Abbot of Durrow expected that his sanctity would prove a protection to his young friend, even among these enemies; but it did not, and the son of Aodh was put to death. This, of course, cried for vengeance, and the King of Connaught, bringing a host against the Ardriagh, defeated him at the battle of Culdruihm.

The Ardriagh, in his wrath at the Abbot of Durrow for the share he took in this punishment, got him excommunicated by the clergy of the district, and managed to make Ireland too hot for him. Now this affair became of mighty importance, in as far as the Abbot of Durrow was no other than Columba, the founder of Iona, the converter of the Picts, and the apostle of the north. It was the wrath of the Ardriagh that drove him to his mission and his subsequent triumphs. He got Iona from his relation the chief of the Dalriads of Scotland, and there founded the seat of learning and piety that became so renowned. The Dalriads, though a small colony, had the advantage from the beginning that they were Christians, and in some respects civilised, in the midst of a people who, as heathens and barbarians, were vastly their inferiors. They now had the advantage of being the centre whence Christianity spread over North Britain. New immigrants joined them, and they became a great Celtic race; it is easy to realise the importance of that state which had Iona for its ecclesiastical capital.

There was never any nearer approach to a monarch of all Ireland than the Ardriagh, whose superiority over the others was of a very limited and fugitive kind. The country was divided into a number of monarchies or chiefships, ever shifting in extent and power, and perpetually quarrelling with each other. The Dalriada on this side of the water, sometimes called Alba, appears to have become more powerful than any one of them, and to have exercised a high influence in Ireland; and its king at last became so powerful and ambitious, that he formed the design of subduing the petty kings of Ireland, and ruling there supreme. When the term Scot was used for an Irishman, it was extended to Dalriada, and there came thus to be Albanian Scots as well as the Hibernian. We thus have the term legitimately transferred to Scotland, and no more was necessary but accident and custom to make it in the course of ages lose its original hold and take its place there.

There are persons who have heard of Lord Moira the general, and Lord Moira the statesman, who are yet utterly ignorant of the battle of Moyra or Magrath, as it was spelt of old, fought in the district which holds this title in the year 637. It was to Ireland what Bannockburn was to Scotland—the defeat of a powerful invader. The invader was Eochaidh Buidhe, King of Alba, or the Scots Dalriada, who brought with him a vast host, not only of his own Celtic people, but of Picts and

Saxons over whom his influence extended. The battle went on, it is said, for seven days, and in the end the invaders were defeated. This was one of the great historical battles for centuries afterwards, but the English invasions blotted out its significance in Irish history. It was important enough, however, to be celebrated in a great epic poem, which has lately come to light under the auspices of the Irish Archæological Society.*

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* 'The Banquet of Dun-Na N-Gedth, and the Battle of Magh-Rath; an ancient Historical Tale.' Edited by John O'Donoven, 1842. There was, it appears, a prophecy by Columba, a century earlier, that such a battle was to be, and the bard surrounds it with many other marvels. What made Congal Claen, King of Ulster, incite the King of Alba to the invasion, was the following series of events:—

Domhnall, or Donald, the lineal descendant of Nial of the Nine Hostages, King of Erin, gave a grand banquet to all his royal relations, and all the princes of the land, in celebration of his accession to the throne, and the completion of his palace. An extensive foraging was carried on around to provide goose eggs, which, it seems, were to be the standing delicacy of the banquet. The emissaries found a considerable nest of the commodity in the possession of an old woman, and carried them off, although she told them that they were the property of a saint—"namely, Bishop Erc of Slaine; and his custom is to remain immersed in the Boyne up to his two armpits, from morning till evening, having his Psalter before him on the strand, constantly engaged in prayer; and his dinner every evening, on returning home, is an egg and a half and three sprigs of the cresses of the Boyne." The purveyors, however, who seem to have had no more veneration for the Boyne Water than many of their countrymen at the present day, desolated the saint's larder. When he returned and found

This affair is referred to here merely to render distinct how part of Scotland was virtually a very eminent and influential portion of the Irish community of nations, so that it is by no means wonder-

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himself eggless, he had recourse to the usual weapons of his order. In the words of the chronicle, "The righteous man then became wroth," and "he cursed the banquet as bitterly as he was able to curse it."

This affair, following upon the back of Columba's old prophecy, brought matters to an alarming crisis. The outward and visible portents through which the curse began to work have a certain wild and eldrich picturesqueness. Thus, for instance:—

"As the king's people were afterwards at the assembly, they saw a couple approaching them—namely, a woman and a man. Larger than the summit of a rock on a mountain was each member of their members; sharper than a shaving-knive the edge of their shins; their heels and hams in front of them. Should a sackful of apples be thrown upon their heads, no one of them would fall to the ground, but would stick on the points of the strong bristly hair which grew out of their heads. Blacker than the coal, or darker than the smoke, was each of their members; whiter than snow their eyes. A lock of the lower beard was carried round the back of the head, and a lock of the upper beard descended so as to cover the knees. The woman had whiskers, but the man was without whiskers. They carried a tub between them, which was full of *goose eggs*. In this plight they saluted the king. 'What is that?' said the king. 'It is plain,' said they, 'the men of Erin are making a banquet for thee, and each brings what he can to that banquet; and our mite is the quantity of eggs we are carrying.' 'I am thankful for it,' said the king. They were conducted into the palace, and a dinner sufficient for a hundred was given to them of meat and ale. This did not content them. On asking for more, however, they

ful that a term applied to the people of the one should travel to those of the other. So long did the term Scot remain common to both countries, that in the Chronicle of Marianus Scotus, who died

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were informed by Casciabhach the butler that they should have nothing more till the men of Erin had feasted; so they told him that the banquet was doomed to be a banquet of strife; for they were 'the people of infernus,' and thereupon they 'rushed out and vanished into nothing.'"

Thus driven to extremities, King Donald did his best. He resolved that the twelve chief saints, called the Twelve Apostles of Ireland, should partake of the feast before it was touched by the kings and nobles, and leave on it the type of their sanctity. The twelve came, each with a hundred hungry followers; but all was of no avail, on account of a little incident that preceded and counteracted their mission. Congal Claen, King of Ulster, King Donald's foster-son, had, according to a not uncommon weakness of the flesh, taken a private peep at the good things in store for the banquet before the revered guests arrived. As will happen, too, in such cases, he could not entirely resist the tempting sight. "He laid his eye upon the goose eggs he saw there, for he marvelled at them, and he ate a part of one of them, and took a drink after it." This decided the destiny of Congal and of Ireland. The first alarming symptom of its approach was, that at the banquet he did not occupy the place proper to his rank. When all were seated, and the banquet begun, the curse manifested itself in an appalling phenomenon. "Meat and drink were afterwards distributed to them, until they became inebriated and cheerful; and a goose egg was brought on a silver dish before every king in the house; and when the dish and the egg were placed before Congal Claen, *the silver dish was transformed into a wooden one, and the goose egg into the egg of a red-feathered hen.*"

immediately before the beginning of the year 1100, when he speaks of himself—mentioning, for instance, that he had to leave his native country on account of religious troubles—he leaves it doubtful whether that country is Ireland or Scotland. There is a page in his Chronicle in which he refers to several Scots. There was Helias the Scot, who died on the 2d of the ides of April, in the year 1042. Next year there was Annuchudus, a monk of Fulda, over whose grave, where a lamp burned, he, Marianus, a Scot, himself a monk in the same monastery, had day by day, for ten years, taken his part in the performance of mass. In the same page is told an event to which literature has given a grander significance than it could have had in history—the death of Duncan, and the accession of Macbeth, and the place where this occurred is called Scotia.*

Since, then, Ireland and the western Highlands were inhabited by the same people, known by the same name, why count every distinguished Scot down to the eleventh century as an Irishman? Giving justice, and nothing but justice, to Ireland, should not the Highlands have their share? In Iona the Albanian branch of the Scots were rearing an institution as great as the most illustrious of the native monastic colleges, and likely to compete with them

* Marianus's record of the affair is in these words: "Donchad Rex Scotiæ occiditur a duce suo, Magfinloech successit in regnum ejus."—Marianus, apud Pistorii 'Rerum a Germanis gestarum Annales,' 451.

as a centre for the radiation of religion and civilisation over the world. The light in Albania, however, was extinguished. Just when Ireland was distributing her most illustrious missionaries over the continent, the Northmen had completed the subjugation of the Albanian Scots, and all but suppressed, if they did not entirely suppress, Christianity among the people. Albania became a Norse kingdom in which the Celts were serfs. We are thus saved the trouble of dividing the great names with an equitable appropriation. Ireland kept them all until the inhabitants of the Scotland of later times made a world of enterprise and fame for themselves.

Probably from its utter antithesis to modern practical associations, one of the most picturesque chapters in the history of the world is that of Christianity and Roman civilisation finding a refuge at the back of the world as it were, during the convulsions which followed the breaking-up of the Empire, and then coming forth to enlighten continental Europe. From this illustrious position have fallen the family of our poor relations to what they *now* are,—our burden and dragdom, which we speak of as infesting us with poverty, crime, and all kinds of degradation. It is difficult to realise the typical Irish immigrant, with his sinister animal features, and his clothing a thatch of glutinous rags, as the lineal representative of the stately scholar who went forth from the lettered seclusion of his monastic college to carry the light of its learning

and the authority of the Church into a barbarous world.

There is more chance of the Highlands having been the birthplace of any of the very earliest distinguished Scots than of those subsequent to the Norse invasions. Adamnan, for instance, the biographer of Columba, and the author of a curious account of the Holy Land, a man of the seventh century, might, from the ordinary features of his life, have been born near Iona, had it not been shown by that inexorable scholar Dr Reeves that he was born in Ireland, and was the son of Ronan, a chief or prince occupying the territory of Tirhugh, in Donegal, whose pedigree can be traced step by step to the royal family of Nial.*

The great historian Marianus, already referred to, was undoubtedly an Irishman. Sedulius, the poet, always spoken of as a Scot, was, I doubt not, also an Irishman. He is a person of considerable mark in literature as the author of the earliest hymn-book, and the founder of the peculiar kind of latinity of the choral worship of the Roman Church, though he did not depart quite so far from classical models.† It is necessary also to surrender to Ireland the fame of

* Edition of Adamnan's Columba, p. xl.

† Sedulius is, so far as I know, to be counted in military phrase "unattached." Trittenhem, the author of the very oldest biographical dictionary, says he flourished in the year 430, and that he was a pupil of Hildebert, "Scotorum Archiepiscopus." Bayle drops a doubt on this antiquity by

John Scotus, or Erigena, the eminent divine of the ninth century, whose fame reached a high point of eminence in heterodoxy, when, in the middle of the eleventh century, his treatise on the Eucharist was condemned to the fire by the council of Rome. We may also abandon the illustrious geometrician John Holybush, or Joannes de Sacrobosco, leaving England and Ireland to fight, as they have done, for the possession of his birthplace.

Other celebrated missionary monks, as St Kilian of Wurzburg, and St Gall of that ilk, are identified as sons of Erin. So was the elder Marianus, who founded the great Monastery of St James, at Ratisbon, which has left us those fine specimens of Norman stone-work, in the Kirche des Schotten-Klosters. From this great establishment ramified a whole network of others, filled with zealous Irish anchorites. The fact is, that those of the monk and eremite were

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mentioning a second Scots Sedulius of the eighth, and a third of the ninth century, with whom he is confounded.

Here is a specimen of his hymns. It rings well, and reminds one of Heber's "From Greenland's icy mountains."

"A solis ortus cardine
Ad usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.

Beatus Autor seculi
Servile corpus induit,
Ut carne carnem liberans,
Ne perderet quos condidit."

The initial of each quatrain makes a kind of acrostic, following the letters of the alphabet. The author was hard pressed at K and Y.

not ways of life in which the Lowland Scot, given more to practice than to dreaming, excelled, and the preponderance of monachism lay decidedly with Ireland, whose race it seems to have suited. Yet the establishment of Ratisbon became afterwards appropriated to British Scotland. It went over just as the name did. The niceties of the etymological process which brought it home to Ireland were too much for the Germans. The Scots built it, and the Scots should have it, and who could be counted Scots save the inhabitants of Scotland? These naturally of course acquiesced in so beneficial a conclusion. But there was not the slightest tinge of duplicity in their doing so. From the fifteenth century down to the other day, every Scotsman devoutly believed that the whole fabric of renown raised by the Scots of Ireland belonged to his own nation; and not only was there no question about the matter among themselves, but it would have been dangerous for any other person to express a doubt of it.*

When we come to proved facts, however, it becomes needless to seek for Scotsmen, in the common sense of the term, seeking and obtaining eminence

* See a spirited history of the Ratisbon establishment in the article 'Scottish Religious Houses Abroad,' in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January 1864—an article which induces one to regret that the right reverend gentleman to whom it is attributed has not favoured the public with more elucidations of the history of the early Church.

abroad until the period of that unhappy struggle which destroyed their home. Thus we are ever, as the leading influence of all the specialties of the career of our countrymen, led back to the old story of the determination of the Norman kings of England to take Scotland, and the still more absolute determination of the people that their country should not be taken. Among a people never allowed any rest from the contest for bare existence, there was neither time nor opportunity to cultivate the soil on which literature and art would grow; and those who desired those conditions of wealth and security essential to the development and maturity of their studies, had to go elsewhere.

Having cheerfully resigned Scot Erigena to Ireland, I stand up for the retention of a more illustrious name, sometimes confounded with his, John Duns Scotus. Early Continental writers seem never to have doubted his Scottish origin; and Rabelais, to clench one of those monstrous propositions which make one wonder how he escaped the stake, says in profane scorn: "Et celle est l'opinion de Maistre Jehan d'Ecosse." Moreri assigns him to us with a brief distinctness, which leaves nothing to be doubted: "Dit Scot," says this impartial judge of international claims, "parce qu'il etait natif d'Ecosse." Nor is the wide grasp of his capacities less emphatically attested by him who undertook to measure all human merits, and give to each illustrious name its proper meed of fame: "Avoit un marveilleuse

facilité à comprendre toutes choses," is his character of Duns Scotus.

The great intellectual gladiators of the day received names descriptive of their predominating characteristics, just as favourites of the ring have been designated at the present day. If it were right to apply such a term to expressions which formed the watchword of literary hosts in the great intellectual contests of the middle ages, they might, for the sake of brevity, be called nicknames. There was the Seraphic doctor, the Divine doctor, the Acute doctor, the Most Orderly doctor, the Irrefragable doctor, the Solemn doctor, and the Solid doctor. According to Moreri, Duns monopolised two characteristics. He was the Subtle doctor, in honour of his acuteness in dealing with metaphysical subtleties; and he was the doctor *très resolutif*, from the hardihood with which he advanced bold and original opinions, and resolved them without the aid of authority, and independently of the established methods of reasoning.

We may laugh as we will at these schoolmen and their systems. We may admit, if you please, the sarcastic etymology which derives the English word *dunce* from the fellow-countryman of whom we are now speaking. But those who led the intellect of mankind for centuries were great among men—overtopping the wide mob of their brethren in intellectual stature. We have no absolute criterion of greatness among us—we can but be measured

by our relation to each other. There may be some abstract standard, comprehensible to us when we have shaken off this mortal coil, by which Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Aristotle, and Shakespeare, shall appear very small men ; but in this parochial world of ours they are great by comparative eminence.

Had it been the lot of us of the present day to have lived as highly educated men of the fifteenth century, we would have seen two great names looming large in their distant altitude—Thomas Aquinas, the leader of the Thomists, and John Duns Scotus, the leader of the Scotists—and would have been obliged to enrol ourselves with the one or the other; for that man was, in the intellectual wars, a mere straggler, a poor wanderer, unprotected by a leader, and unowned by fellow-combatants, who did not fight beneath the banner of one or other of these illustrious leaders. If we drag down from their eminence, as great in their day and place, all those whose thoughts and actions do not concur with our own views of what is good and true, we shall soon empty the biographical dictionaries. It is the smallest of pedantries to deny the strength and capacity of the conspicuous men of other times or places, because there is something we know that they did not know. To detract from the lustre of Aquinas and Scotus because they were not acquainted with the electric telegraph and photography, were unconscious of statistics, and never thought of the difference between a

metallic and a paper currency, is about as rational as to deny the generalship of Hannibal or Cæsar, because they had no Congreve rockets or Shrapnel shells.

But it is not fair to consider the mental influence of the great rivals as a thing utterly departed, and belonging only to the history of dead controversies. In some shape or other, Nominalism and Realism still divide between them the empire of thought. They go to the root of the German division into subjective and objective elements. It is true that the 'In quatuor Sententiarum libros Questiones subtilissimæ' are not to be found in every circulating library, and are not so extensively read as the latest productions of the prevailing popular divine. But they are perused by those who teach the teachers of the people; and from his inner judgment-seat Duns Scotus still holds sway over the intellect of men, even in this active, conceited, and adventurous age. Could it be maintained that no one opinion promulgated by him is now believed, yet his thoughts are the stages by which we have reached our present position. He who ruled one-half of the intellectual world for centuries, necessarily gave their shape and consistency, not only to the views of those who implicitly followed him, but to those of the later thinkers who superseded him; for there is nothing that more eminently moulds the character of opinions, than the nature of those which they supersede.

But, unfortunately, we are not, in this nineteenth century, beyond the practical grasp of the great schoolman's intellectual tyranny. The question of the Immaculate Conception has just resounded again throughout Roman Catholic Europe; and those conclusions have been again triumphantly asserted, which, in the year 1307, were triumphantly carried by Duns Scotus in the University of Paris. He demolished, on that occasion, two hundred of the knottiest syllogisms of his adversaries, resolving them, as a bystander said, as easily as Samson unloosed the bands of Delilah. His proposition was made a fundamental law of the great university, and no man dared enter the door without acknowledging its truth. This is getting on delicate ground. One would find his steps still more perilously placed were he to trace other great theological questions in the writings of Duns Scotus. It is sufficient to say, that in questions of liberty and necessity—of election and reprobation—controversialists of the present day may there find controversial weapons; and in so elementary a work as Sir James Mackintosh's 'Dissertation on the History of Ethical Philosophy,' the opinions of the great Scottish schoolman on these subjects are weighed and examined, not as curious relics of a dark age, but as the authorised enunciations of a master whose authority yet lives and influences the thoughts of men. And indeed, on such matters, who can say that we have made progress, and have passed beyond the range of

the schoolmen, as the chemists have passed beyond that of the alchemists?

A reputation such as this man's is not a trifle to be thrown away. There has been no country too great to have proudly recorded such a name in the list of her sons. He began the series of learned Scotsmen who became eminent abroad. He studied at Oxford, while those events which alienated his countrymen from England were yet incomplete. He left Oxford in 1307—just after Bruce had raised the standard. He went to the University of Paris, the chief school where aspiring Scotsmen were thenceforward to seek scholarship and fame. After a short and brilliant career as a lecturer there, he was directed by his superior—he belonged to the Franciscan order—to found the University of Cologne. There he soon afterwards died; and his tomb is still shown to the visitors of the ecclesiastical city. There is a legend—spoken of as if it were a malicious invention of his enemies—that he was buried alive; and that on his grave being subsequently opened, the traces were distinct of the desperate efforts which he had made to get out of his coffin.

It would be easy to set forth a long array of his countrymen—both among his pupils and his impugners—ranked, in short, on either side in the great mental war of the times, were one content with mere names without knowing any significant events or specialties of character by which they can be realised and identified. If we take all the eminences which

our biographers have manufactured or have made prey of from other countries, we shall have all our own at least. M'Kenzie, in his 'Lives and Characters of the most eminent Writers of the Scots Nation,' gives a long account of John Bassol, a countryman of Duns', and his favoured pupil. Such a person lived, was a pupil of Duns Scotus, wrote commentaries on the 'Sentences,' and earned for himself the title of Doctor Ordonatissimus; but I am aware of no evidence that he was a Scotsman. The most celebrated of the immediate pupils of Duns Scotus, if those may be called pupils who in some measure controverted the doctrines of their master, were Occam and Bradwardine, both Englishmen. One Scotsman at least, however, became distinguished in Paris as a scholastic writer,—John Mair, or Major, chiefly known as the author of a history of Great Britain, but who also wrote on the 'Sentences.' He was a doctor of the Sorbonne, and his style has been sarcastically spoken of as Sorbonnic. Buchanan stands under the accusation of having been educated and fed by his bounty, and of having, when he became illustrious, satirised his benefactor as one whose greatness was nowhere but in his name, *Solo cognomine Major*. The expression of apparent contempt, however, is of Major's own selecting; he employs it as a jest which may be safely uttered of himself by one whose fame was so secure as his. And indeed a general notion that all who wrote on scholastic divinity were to be

deemed foolish men, could alone have brought people to look on such an author with feelings other than respectful. His small history is full of very valuable matter. He was a bold thinker on subjects both political and ecclesiastical, and from the Sorbonne he wrote in favour of the limitation of the papal power.

This book is a history not of Scotland alone, but of Britain, including England and Scotland. As the author requires to give a distinct narrative of the history of each, he goes on, period after period, conceding with a becoming courtesy at each change the precedence to England as the stranger. An English writer of the same period professing to tell the history of Britain, would have given its tone from England, making the affairs of Scotland a sort of provincial matter, even if he did not insist on the feudal superiority. Mair, speaking from the smaller country, could not take this tone, but he is true to his nationality in giving more of the emphasis and bearing of his narrative to Scotland than to England. So it was that the decorous schoolman, trained in the formal ways of the brethren of the Sorbonne, showed his nationality in a less obtrusive way than some others of his countrymen whom we shall presently make acquaintance with.

By the law of association we are thus brought from the schoolmen to the historians, who have a still more significant place in the specialties of the influence of the Scottish mind abroad, since they car-

ried with them not only their own specific learning and genius, but were the interpreters and representatives of the nation whose glories they recorded.

Hector Boece, professor of the College of Montacute, published his History of Scotland at Paris in the year 1526. This exuberant narrative thus burst forth on the world four years later than the decorous and colourless work of Major. It is observable, too, that it came just nine years after the not less renowned British history of Geoffry of Monmouth issued from the same great fountain of the fashionable literature of the day. Wondrous as the story told by the Scot may seem to modern readers, it contrasted favourably with the incoherent marvels of the Welshman — with the wearisomely grotesque prophecies of Merlin—the story of the dragons which shook the foundation of the tower, and the dancing giants, which, after capering away on the Curragh of Kildare, were consolidated on Salisbury Plain, where they are known by the name of Stonehenge. In the artistic consistency of his narrative, too, there is something far more reasonable than the egregious Irish legends long afterwards collected by Dr Keating. Boece does not attempt, like them, to get across the Flood, whether by hiding the Firbolg in the Ark or giving him a boat of his own. He adheres to the simple story established by the monks before him—how Gathelus, a prince of Greece, left that country in an unfortunate family difference with his father, Miol, and seeking refuge in Egypt, there

married Scota, the daughter of that same Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. Wandering through Europe by the great peninsula, where on the way they founded Portugal—so named as the port of Gathelus—they reached Scotland, bringing with them the fatal stone yet to be seen in Westminster. Their descendant, Fergus, "father of a hundred kings," founded the monarchy of Scotland. Boece had two veracious authorities to whom he referred in all matters hard of belief; they were named Veremund and Campbell; and never did unsuccessful efforts by detectives to find the referees of any noted rogue approach in diligence and duration the search after these respectable authors.

So it came to pass that Boece has been one of the most successful of impostors. He took the world by a kind of calm insolence essential to great success in the function called humbugging. He found in the arid pages of his predecessors the raw outline of a fabulous history of Scotland, and he filled it up with so much life and character that the world could not help believing in it. Even the sarcastic Erasmus put faith in Boece, and Paulus Jovius thought him equally eloquent and erudite. He abounded, no doubt, in the supernatural, but it was in the manner suited to the age. To its aptness there is this supreme testimony, that Shakespeare wove the threads of his weird narrative into the tragedy of 'Macbeth.' His influence on our history has been wonderful. As we shall see, Buchanan adopted his luxurious

pictures, chastening the language in which they were narrated, and adapting them by an occasional twist to the exemplification of his own political and ecclesiastical doctrines. This fictitious history found its way into all foreign works of historical reference, when the fictitious histories of other nations had been curtailed, and it came to be the fashion that Scotland was looked on as the most ancient of the European nations, carrying the dynasty of her kings, and a connected series of political events, far before the birth of Christ.*

* A second edition of Boece's 'Scotorum Historiæ a prima gentis origine, cum aliarum et rerum et gentium illustratione non vulgari, libri xix.,' appeared at Paris in 1572. This is the completed edition, and the proper one for literary purposes, but the collector generally affects the other as the *princeps*, and also for the device on its title-page of the pressman at work on the screw-press of the day. The book was translated, or, more properly speaking, paraphrased, into excellent idiomatic Scots vernacular, by Archdeacon Bellenden. In this shape the 'Hystory and Croniklis of Scotland' was published in Edinburgh ten years after the original appeared in Paris. The two Latin editions are in the market, and to be had at moderate prices; but the first edition of the vernacular version has, by constant reading, been gradually worn down to some half-dozen of copies, religiously preserved in distinguished libraries. A metrical version of Boece's book, identified as the work of a William Stewart, a descendant of our old friend the Wolf of Badenoch, lay dormant until it was resuscitated among the chronicles and memorials issued by the Master of the Rolls. The editing of the 'Buik of the Croniclis of Scotland' was one of the labours of poor Turnbull, whose devotion to pursuits generally considered so

After Boece, the next obvious step is to the illustrious name of Buchanan, whose works, issuing in numerous editions from the presses of France and Holland, were in every library.* He studied at Paris, and became a professor of the College of St Barbe. He resided in France during several of his early years of obscurity and study, as the tutor and companion of a fellow-countryman, the young Earl of Cassillis. The flattering attentions of James V., whom he met in Paris, whither the Scottish monarch had gone to bring home his bride, Magdalene of France, induced him to return to his native country. But he had accustomed himself to intellectual luxuries such as Scotland could not then effectually furnish, and he soon went back to the Continent. He was fifty-five years of age before he again resided

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harmless was sadly disturbed by a determination to drag him into living contests.

* M. Chéruel, in his clever book 'Marie Stuart et Catherine de Medicis,' is found perturbed in spirit because, having searched every accessible edition of Buchanan's Poems, he has been unable to find the beautiful epigram on Queen Mary beginning—

"Nympha Caledoniæ, quæ nunc feliciter oræ
Missa per innumeres sceptra tueris avos."

Let him try again. To be sure, it is in an unlikely corner, and the cleverest person trying to get at it by diving here and there may miss it for ever. But it were sin to hint to M. Chéruel or any other person where to find it, so much intellectual benefit will he derive by reading honestly through the whole of Buchanan's Poems, not omitting the Psalms.

in Scotland. He was for several years Professor of "the humanities" in the College of Guienne, at Bordeaux, where he had for his pupil the essayist Montaigne, who spoke Latin as the language of his childhood, and afterwards learned his native tongue as an accomplishment.

Here Buchanan was the neighbour and friend of the elder Scaliger, who was fifteen years older than himself; and saw Joseph Justus, destined to the throne of European scholarship, a child in his father's house at Agin. The younger Scaliger was probably not uninfluenced by his childish recollections of his father's friend, when he maintained Buchanan's superiority over all the poets of the age who wrote in Latin. Buchanan appears to have remained longer at Bordeaux than in any other place; but the vagrant habits of his class took him, after a few years, to Paris, and thence from place to place in France, where his biographers with difficulty trace him by the offices held by him in the universities.

He was about forty years old when he appeared to have finally established himself in life as a professor in the newly-founded University of Coimbra, in Portugal. He had then as his fellow-professor his brother, Patrick Buchanan, unknown to fame. The state which is generally reputed to be among the most restless in Europe offered to the two Buchanans, and several other scholars who accompanied them, a retreat from the conflicts then shak-

ing the other European nations. But the tranquillity of Portugal seems to have been more inimical to the body of men who went to constitute the university than the turbulence of other places. Buchanan was subjected to inquisitorial coercion to an extent not precisely ascertained, though there is no reason to believe that he was under any of the horrible tortures always associated with the word Inquisition. Yet, were we to accept a belief popularly entertained, the Inquisition had inflicted on him a punishment as potent as it was original, in compelling him to write his renowned translation of the Psalms.

We know little of his true position in Portugal, save that he was actually there, occupied in his translation, and that in leaving the country he considered that he had accomplished an escape. He afterwards sojourned in the family of the Marshal de Brissac (*le beau Brissac*), one of the last of those great French captains who held their batons as sceptres, and stood on a rank with princes. The young Prince Henry said that, if he were not the Dauphin of France, he would choose to be the Duke de Brissac; and when the King desired promotion in the army for a favourite, he had to put his request to Brissac like one gentleman to another.

The Scottish historian must have seen much to teach him real history under such a roof. Yet it is not easy to suppose that so close a contact with a formidable opponent of the Huguenots, and a colleague of the Guises, could have been very gratifying

to Buchanan's Protestant predilections. Such was the varied and stirring life led by this great man before he devoted his services to his own country; and we cannot doubt that in those days, when no newspaper's "own correspondent" made people familiar with the daily proceedings in distant courts and camps, the wide practical insight into human affairs thus acquired by him must have given him a great superiority to the world of provincial statesmen in which he found himself.

It has sometimes been regretted that Buchanan did not give his great powers to the beautifying of his own language; but the regret is useless. If he was to speak to an audience worth collecting, it must be in Latin. It is a question whether the language of his youth was Gaelic or Scots. It is equally dubious whether we have a fair specimen of his Saxon style in 'Ane Detectioun of the Doingis of Marie Quene of Scottis twitching the Murther of hir Husband.' It is certain, however, that had he attempted to appeal to an English audience in what he had at his command of the language of the Anglo-Saxon race, he would have been received with ridicule, instead of the homage he achieved in the language of the learned world.

A free access to this great medium for the exchange of thought was indeed one of the compensating benefits which the Scots derived from the contest with England. The exclusion of the Scots scholars from English ground only prompted their

aspiring spirits to seek a wider arena of distinction, and they found it in securing to themselves as an audience the learned men of all the world. When there arose two distinct languages, an English and a Scottish, the latter afforded a far too limited intellectual dominion to satisfy the ambition of Scottish men of letters. Hence they had recourse to Latin; and Buchanan, as the first among them in the use of this language, was at the same time the first of Latin narrators throughout the world since the days of Tacitus. It is not correct to speak of the Latin as a dead language among Scots scholars. They did not, perhaps, treat it with the strict accuracy which English scholarship had attained; that would, indeed, have been to treat it as a dead language, which cannot move. Buchanan, Bellenden, and Johnston had their provincialisms and peculiarities, as Livy the Paduan, and Sallust the Sabine had; and in the same manner they could afford to have them, since, instead of adjusting their sentences to the precedents laid down for them by the sentences of other authors not like-minded with themselves or living under the same mental conditions, they drew, in their own way, on the resources of the language used by them, adapted it to the purposes of a new order of society, and made it the vehicle of original and striking thoughts.*

* I remember Professor Pillans telling how he had once spoken to Porson about Buchanan, and found, much to his

The Scotsmen who wrote much, and had a large foreign correspondence, overcame the great barrier to the free use of a foreign tongue by actually thinking in Latin. We find it manifest that they did so, by the greater freedom with which they are found to write when they abandon the vernacular and adopt the ancient tongue. One may find them, in their familiar epistles to each other, running into Latin as a relief, just as any one when speaking a foreign tongue rests for a moment on a sentence of his own. True, they were not so familiar with the language in which they composed as those to whom the colloquial language is also that of literature; but were the authors of Rome in any better position? Have we any reason to suppose that the *plebs* spoke in the streets of Rome in that form of speech with which our youth try to be familiar through the exercises in their grammars? Can we,

surprise and a little to his indignation, that the arch-critic had never heard of such a name in letters. It would not do, however, to take credit for ignorance about one whose works came through the classic presses of Stephens and Wetsten, and whose text was sifted and purified of casual inaccuracies by the skilled eye of Burmann, not to speak of the like homage paid to him by Ruddiman, a mere Scotsman. So Porson condescended to take a glance. It was very brief. His instincts at once led him to the unpardonable crime, and roaring out, "Ugh—a false quantity!" he flung the little Wetsten from him as if it had stung him. It is said that Lord North, sound asleep during one of Burke's philippics on him, started awake when the orator used a false quantity in the word *vectigal*.

indeed, believe that literary Latin could ever be a common colloquial tongue, or anything more to the Roman historian than it became to the Scottish—the language in which he marched, with solemn stride, through great events, announcing the moral as he went in well-poised sentences?

There are not, perhaps, above three or four other names holding so proud a place in the homage of his countrymen as Buchanan's. His, indeed, is the only one among the learned names in Scottish literature which has got a place in the familiar memory of the people, unless we may except the wizard Michael Scott, whose memory can scarcely be said to stand in good esteem. The traditional fame of Buchanan, though kindly, is grotesque. He is the parent of a multitude of witty and proverbial sayings—a sort of Lokmam or Æsop; but a still better type of him may be found in the Eulen-spiegel or Owl-Glass of the Germans. Among his other services he caused a reformation in the prevailing dramatic literature, which would have been of more mark than it retains at the present day, had it not been immediately obliterated by greater changes. He had a mastery over the Greek language very uncommon in that age, especially in Britain; and this, co-operating with his versatile power of Latin versification, enabled him to charm the reading world of the day with delightful translations of the choice works of the Greek dramatists. Spreading over Europe in the common language of the educated

world, these would have superseded the remnants of the old religious mysteries, had not a greater change been at hand, in the rise, in England, Spain, and ultimately in France, of a vernacular dramatic literature, which, in its sturdy home vitality, was to outgrow all foreign exotics.

His rich genial mind was coated with a sort of crust of austerity. It was not in his nature to be a fanatic, but he took to the Presbyterian side as the opponent of royal prerogative and a vainglorious hierarchy. He was much about courts and royal personages—so close was his contact with them, that he was reproached with the personal chastisements which, after the manner of ordinary pedagogues, he had inflicted on the royal stripling committed to his charge—but his nature assimilated very little to the courtier's. He was full, indeed, of the proud consciousness—more rife in the days of Erasmus and the Scaligers than in later times—that an intellectual supremacy like his was something to which the compliments and distinctions at the disposal of princes could add no lustre.

Like all men who are great masters of their matter and their pen, he could adjust the nature of institutions and the tenor of history to his preconceived notions. When there is one able to take rude inconsecutive events, and half-formed institutions still liable to the action of caprice and accident, and to present these in a complete symmetrical form, with a prevailing theory or cohesive law

throughout, sufficient to explain all their phenomena, it is difficult to contradict his conclusions. The tone of Buchanan's mind was in everything to level factitious and social distinctions and overruling individual powers. Hence, by manipulating the incoherent history and half-formed institutions of his country, he made out a powerful case for fixed popular rights vested in the people of Scotland, and the spirit diffused by his writings had a visible influence in helping on the great popular conflict of the ensuing century. The luxurious and portly narrative of Boece afforded him materials which he could cut down into anything he liked; and when he produced out of it a fluent symmetrical history, it was fashioned after his own taste. The long array of supernumerary kings was especially adapted to his purpose. Where no authentic records could be brought to check him, the most fluent and polished narrator, the best historical artist, of course had the ear of the world; and it was useless to contradict what Buchanan said about them, until these kings were knocked off the historical stage in a bundle. Each of them had his moral. If he misbehaved and turned tyrant, he came to grief and ignominy; if he were liberal, enlightened, and just, he was equally certain to come to glory and success: it was all as infallible as the fates in the Minerva Press novels and the good-boy books.

His celebrated History thus exhibited to the world two grand features: one was the story of an ancient nation, going back into the very roots of the world's history, and passing onwards century after century in continuous lustre and honour, until an envious neighbour, far humbler in historic fame, but better endowed with the rude elements of power—more populous and more rich—endeavours by sheer force and cruelty to tread down and extirpate the ancient nation. The next story is that of triumph, when the high spirit, nourished by centuries of glorious recollections, arose in its true majesty, and cast back the gigantic oppressor crushed and bleeding into his own den.

The use of Buchanan's works as text-books gave thus a vitality to the teaching of the Latin language in Scotland which it could not easily achieve in other countries. Taught to consider his Latinity equal to that of any of the ancient classics, the schoolboys of a naturally patriotic race could read in him the stirring story of their country's foul wrongs and glorious retribution. Another thing made his works useful in education. In his version of the Psalms, he supplied the demand for something of a religious tone to modify the mythological tendency of classic poetry. In the intellects of those who were so taught, something else, too, was modified—the lumbering vernacular version of the same sacred lyrics which the young scholar would hear aggra-

vated by every form of dissonance in his parish church on Sunday.*

The position of Scotland among eminent nations was now safe. No foreign writer spoke about history or politics at large without giving a large place to our

* It was a fine intellectual feast to find the late Dr Melvin of Aberdeen exercising his first "faction," or form, on Buchanan's Psalms, though perhaps a stranger, ignorant of all he had trained his favourite pupils to, might have said the feast was made of meats too strong for the youthful company assembled round it. With subtle ease he could show how it was that each collocative idiomatic term and curious felicity of expression was truly in the spirit of the old Roman literature, though it was no servile mimicry or exact imitation of any precedent. True, the poet sometimes tripped, but did not Homer take a nap, and was it not the specialty of high and secure genius to be careless?. There was that flagrant instance where Buchanan, not only forgetting that he was repeating the prayer of so improper a person as the goddess of love, but losing hold of the first principle of the Christian faith, began the fourth psalm with a line from the tenth Æneid—

"O pater!—O hominum divumque æterna potestas!"

But would Buchanan have for a moment contemplated theft in the case, any more than the millionaire who takes a better hat than his own from the lobby table? It was an instance of the negligence of supreme genius—the line was running in his head, and he thought he had composed it. The coincidents of this kind, called parallel passages, are among the accepted curiosities of literature. Some have taken in this way even from themselves, and none oftener than Virgil.

I believe there is a considerable number of men now in middle life, who, if they were to recall their earliest impulse towards the emulation and intellectual enthusiasm

country, and paying due respect to her eminencies. Still, however, her own sons were not inclined to leave the world unreminded of her claims, and there is throughout all their literature a sort of fidgety anxiety to keep her distinctions continually in view,

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which has brought them to eminence, would carry it back to the teaching of Melvin. I was delighted the other day to see justice done to the great powers of Dr Melvin, by a distinguished pupil of his, Professor Masson, who says: "Melvin, it is now the deliberate conviction of many besides myself, was at the head of the Scottish Latinity of his day. How he had attained to his consummate mastery in the Latin tongue and literature—how, indeed, amid the rough and hasty conditions of Scottish intellectual life, there could be bred a Latin scholar of his supreme type at all—is somewhat of a mystery."—'Macmillan's Magazine' for January 1864.

But Melvin's scholarship arose neither from ambition to rise by it nor from a peculiar call to the dry analysis of a dead language. He was a man of bright active intellect and fine taste, and that he should have come to use, as the tool of his intellectual activity, the language of Rome instead of that of his own country, was probably incidental; possibly it may have been from a remnant of the shyness of competing in the language of England with Englishmen, which lingered long in Scotland, especially with those whose opportunities of mingling with the world happened to be limited. However it was, Melvin, like the great master he revered, made for himself an intellectual home in the language of Rome, and became as familiar with everything written by Roman writers, or about them, as the old frequenter of a town is with the houses and the stones he passes daily. His 'Edition of Horace for every Day in the Year' was merely a variety of the conditions under which he kept up constant companionship with an old ever-welcome friend.

which might argue a misgiving about their own sufficiency to support themselves. It was all along the same old influence—that of the English claims and quarrel. Scotland, the poor relation, was braving it to the world against the rich oppressor, and fighting for a position as great as his. But that it had a patriotic spirit at its foundation, the tone of these Scots authors might be termed arrogant assumption; and it must be admitted that, on some occasions, the patriotic enthusiasm was overdone.

Among these patriotic historians, Leslie, the good Bishop of Ross, had his History of Scotland printed for him in Rome in 1578, and another edition followed a century afterwards. Though, like Boece's work, it was translated, yet, printed abroad, and written in the Latin tongue, it appealed rather to the general scholarship of Europe than to the author's own country.

There is a Scotsman named Robert Johnston of whom little is known beyond two facts. He was one of George Heriot's executors, and exerted himself bravely to get the old jeweller's bequest and project for the maintenance of an hospital carried into effect. The other fact known of him is, that he wrote a History of Britain from the year 1572 to the year 1628, in which his own country holds a fully more prominent place than "that part of Great Britain called England." It rendered the position of his native country all the more important, that from it as a centre he took a general survey of

human affairs. He published a portion of his book during his lifetime, but the completed edition came forth from the press of Ravesteyn of Amsterdam in 1655.* Our old friend Monteith of Salmonet did not fail to dedicate the territorial title he had so ingeniously achieved to the glory of his country. The title-page of his book is indeed a very fair display of the spirit which actuated his literary countrymen. He is on the same cavalier side of the great question which Clarendon held, but that does not hinder him from bringing the English historian to task for injustice to the weight and merits of Scotland—thus: "The History of the Troubles of Great Britain, containing a particular account of the most remarkable passages in Scotland, from the year 1633 to 1650, with an exact relation of the wars carried on, and the battles fought, by the Marquis of Montrose (all which are omitted in the Earl of Clarendon's History), also a full account of all the transactions in England during that time, written in French by Robert Monteith of Salmonet." The same specialty of giving mark and emphasis to the particular affairs of Scotland characterises a book still later in literature—the 'History of Great Britain from the Revolution of 1688 to the Accession of George I.,' by Alexander Cunningham. Little is known of the author, except

* 'Historia Rerum Britannicarum; ut et multarum Gallicarum, Belgicarum, & Germanicarum, tam Politicarum quam Ecclesiasticarum, ab anno 1572 ad annum 1628. Auctore Roberto Johnstono, Scoto Britanno.'

that he was a Scot by birth, and the representative of Britain at the Venetian republic. He wrote his book in Latin, and a translation of it was printed in London in two quartos.

The same tone of feeling can be traced through smaller channels of literature. In 1579, a David Chalmers or Chambers published in Paris an abridged history of the kings of France, England, and Scotland, in chronological order. He also brings in the successive popes and emperors; but a stranger to the European history of the time would come away from the little book with a decided impression that Scotland was the most important among the powers with which it deals; and to keep her claims all the more fully in view, there is an express discourse about the Ancient League.* This David Chambers had to do with affairs less innocent than the exaltation of

* 'Histoire Abbregée de tous les Roys de France, Angleterre, et Escosse, mise en ordre par forme d'harmonie : contenant aussi vn brief discours de l'ancienne alliance, et mutuel secours entre la France et l'Escosse. Plus, l'epitome de l'histoire Romaine des Papes et Empereurs y est adiousté, et celle d'iceux roys augmentée selon la mesme methode. Dedié au treschrestien Roy de France et de Polongne, Henry III. Le tout recueilli et mis en lumiere, auec la recerche tant des singularitez plus remarquables concernant l'estat d'Escosse : que de la succession des femmes aux biens, et gouuernement des Empires et Royaumes. Par David Chambre, Escossois, conseiller en la cour de Parlement à Edinbourg, ville capitale d'Escosse. A Paris, chez Robert Coulombel, rue S. Iean de Latran, à l'enseigne d'Alde, 1579. Auec priuilege du Roy.'

his country. He was a fast friend of Bothwell, and though a judge of the Court of Session, he was much more likely to break the laws than justly to enforce them. When placards were set up about the murderers of Darnley, and the voices which the widowed Queen would not hear denounced the murderers, the name of Chambers was among the foremost.

Of nearly the same period, and not to be confounded with this man, is another David Chambers, who lived a quieter life—so quiet, indeed, that there is nothing to identify him, save what may be inferred from a book which he wrote on the bravery, the learning, and the piety which distinguished his countrymen before they lapsed into the prevailing heresy.* His mind seems to have been coloured with the stoicisms and asceticisms of the Spartan and Roman heroic periods, and he enlarges on the temperate and hardy habits of his countrymen—how their mothers do not, as in other lands, give their infants to be fostered by others—how their clothing is systematically limited to what decorum requires, and they eat and drink not for luxury, but for strength and warlike spirit. One can find the district to which he belongs, by the weight of his eulogiums gravitating as it were to Aberdeen.† His

* 'Davidis Camerarii Scoti de Scotorum Fortitudine, Doctrina, et Pietate, ac de Ortu et Progressu Hæresis in regnis Scotiæ et Angliæ.'

† "Civitas duplex est, situs amœnitate ac aeris salubritate nulli secunda. Episcopatu celebris, salmonum captura uber-

account of the university there is rather flagrant. He multiplies the two colleges into six, and gives a swollen account of King's College, just as a specimen of their character, and not as constituting, along with the meagre shell of the other, the whole of the university edifices of the place. He makes his four supernumerary colleges out of the classes for medicine, law (of which he has two, canon and civil), and divinity. This book is a sort of small calendar of the saints special to the Church in Scotland, and contains some curious biographical matter about them: of course all those of Irish birth are duly claimed.

A certain George Conœus, or Cone, a Scot, published at Rome a small book, on the condition of his Roman Catholic brethren undergoing persecution in Scotland.* The tenor of his story is the lustre and eminence of his native land while it adhered to the old faith, and to this text he preaches on the lives and triumphs of Erigena, Mariamus, and many of the others already referred to. He mentions many of his countrymen, eminent members of his own Church abroad, who perhaps had interesting histories if

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rima, portu navali peropportuna, magna civium frequentia nobilis, inter duos fluvios navigabiles Donam et Devam posita."—P. 56.

* 'Georgii Conœi de Duplici Statu Religionis apud Scotos libri duo, ad illustrissimum Principem Franciscum, S.R.E. Card. Barberinum, Magnæ Britanniæ Protectorem Romæ. Typis Vaticanis, MDCXXVIII. Superiorum permissu.' See about Cone farther on, in a quotation from Sir Thomas Urquhart, page 69.

one knew a little more than this author's brief reference to them—such are Georgius Mortimerus, Forbesii Fratres, Rogerus Lyndessius, Gulielmus Mordocus, &c. Most of these had undergone some hardship for the truth; and of Gulielmus Jonstonus it is said that he was poisoned by the heretics in his native land. He tells, *per contra*, how some of these heretics were punished, by burning or otherwise, for the abominable opinions entertained by them, and how they were nevertheless called martyrs by their benighted fellow-heretics. And here he brings in certainly one of the oddest ideas that one-sided ingenuity ever brought to its aid in polemical contest: there never is any grand work of the Deity but the enemy of mankind imitates it, and so the holy and purifying institution of martyrdom being founded, the devil forthwith sets to and gets up a spurious imitation of it.

James Laing, or Langius, another of the vehement Scots controversialists on the same side, devotes the concentrated power of his wrath on Luther, Calvin, and the Continental reformers. He looks across occasionally, however, to his old home, from which he was a refugee, and in the middle of a few bitter enough execrations against those who have the upper hand, he laments the departed glory of his country with a kind of fervid grief.*

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* "Scotia . . . viros gloria rei militaræ insignes, pietate vitæ et omni fere disciplinarum genere cæteris gen-

I hope Sir Thomas Urquhart requires no introduction to the reader as a genial and accomplished writer, however much his dealings with Rabelais in the capacity of translator may have twisted both his method of thought and his style of writing into a circuitous kind of eccentricity. His books are saturated throughout with nationality, and the spirit in which he wrote is transparent enough in this short passage.

He says that when, in passing through France, Spain, and Italy, "for speaking some of these languages with the livelyness of the country accent, they would have had him pass for a native, he plainly told them, without making bones thereof, that truly he thought he had as much honour by his own country, which did countervalue the riches and fertility of those nations by the valour, learning, and honesty wherein it did parallel, if not surpass them; which assertion of his was with pregnant reasons so well backed by him, that he was not much gainesaid therein by any in all those kingdoms." This spirited passage is to be found in his 'Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than

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tibus præstantes nutrivit."—'De Vita et Moribus atque Rebus Gestis Hæreticorum nostri temporis, authore Jacobo Laingeo, Scoto, Doctore Sorbonico.' He was then paying court to King James, who was coquetting with the Romanists; and along with the usual praise for wisdom and learning, which the young Solomon got nearly as much of as he wanted, Laing goes out of the usual path to compliment him on his beauty—his "pulchritudo."

diamonds enchased in gold'—the work which contains his notices of Crichton. In his 'Logopandecteision' we find him repeating his pregnant reasons, and affording examples of his method of backing them :—

"Since ever I understood anything, knowing that the welfare of the body of a government consisteth in the entireness of its noble parts, I always endeavoured to employ the best of my brain and heart towards the furtherance of the honour of that country unto which I did owe my birth. In prosecuting whereof, as the heart is *primum vivens*, so was it my heart which, in my younger years, before my braines were ripened for eminent undertakings, gave me courage for adventuring in a forrain climat, thrice to enter the lists gainst men of three several nations, to vindicate my native country from the calumnies wherewith they had aspersed it."

He was, of course, victorious and magnanimous.

It was from the hands of Sir Thomas Urquhart that the world accepted of an idol which, after a period of worship, it cast down, but so hastily, as it was discovered, that it had to be again set up, but rather in surly justice than the old devout admiration. It was that strange flighty turgidness of style which Urquhart had caught by working so much on Rabelais, that for a time eclipsed his hero in the public estimation. The word went forth that the whole affair was a piece of nonsense. I refer to that James Crichton who is

commonly called "the Admirable," although the title *admirabilis* conferred on him by the University of Paris is better translated by his biographer Urquhart in the term *wonderful*. He came of a remarkable race, who at that time promised, like the Douglases in earlier, and the Campbells in later, days, to overshadow Scotland. Near the capital, their power and magnificence are still attested by the ruins of Crichton Castle, so expressively described in 'Marmion.' James Crichton came of a branch established beside the Loch of Cluny, on the eastern verge of the Perthshire Highlands; another detachment of the family, posted at Frendraught, in Aberdeenshire, continued a deadly struggle for supremacy with the Gordons, until, in the mysterious tragedy known as "the burning of Frendraught," they dug the grave of their own fortunes.

The supposition entertained for a brief period, that Crichton was a merely mythical personage, has been so thoroughly dispersed by Mr Fraser Tytler, backed by other inquirers, that the doubts about his existence, and even about the extent of his accomplishments, have dropped out of literature; and the biographical dictionaries restore the champion to his old place. Of course, every one is free to deny that any of his achievements as a scholastic disputant, a mime, or a swordsman, were gained in a sphere of exertion worthy of a great man. But it may be said of these,

as of the writings which created the scholastic philosophy, that they were great deeds in their day, and that he who performed them best was greatest among his fellows. We cannot doubt the wonderful and totally unrivalled feats of the Scottish wanderer, since they were attested by contemporaries whose praises were quite spontaneous, and who had no prejudices or partialities to be gratified by his elevation. To hold that in going from place to place challenging in a public manner all who ventured to dispute with him, he showed arrogance and ostentation, is to overlook a prominent feature of the times. The publication of a pamphlet announcing bold opinions which challenge controversy, is not more arrogant at the present day, than the posting of theses challenging a disputation on the gate of a university, was counted to be in the sixteenth century. Robert Reid, a Scotsman, and an ancestor of Thomas the Metaphysician, collected and published the theses he had maintained among the Continental universities. The practice has been rendered memorable by the theses plastered by Luther on the gates of Nurenberg Church. No doubt we can now see how open such a practice was to ridicule; and indeed it came under the wild lash of Rabelais, who laughed at things centuries before they became ridiculous to other people. For a purpose which will presently appear, I quote the history of Pantagruel's challenges, written a few years before those of Crichton :—

"Thereupon in all the Carrefours—that is, throughout all the four quarters, streets, and corners of the city—he set up conclusions to the number of nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-foure, in all manner of learning, touching in them the hardest doubts that are in any science. And first of all, in the Fodder Street, he held dispute against all the regents or fellowes of colledges, artists or masters of arts, and oratours, and did so gallantly, that he overthrew them and set them all upon their tailes. He went afterwards to the Sorbonne, where he maintained argument against all the theologians or divines, for the space of six weeks, from four o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, except an interval of two hours to refresh themselves and take their repast. And at this were present the greater part of the lords of the court, the masters of requests, presidents, counsellors; those of the accompts, secretaries, advocates, and others; as also the sheriffs of the said town, with the physicians and professors of the canon law. Among which it is to be remarked, that the greater part were stubborn jades, and in their opinions obstinate: but he took such course with them, that for all their ergo's and fallacies, he put their backs to the wall, gravelled them in the deepest questions, and made it visibly appear to the world that, compared with him, they were but monkies, and a knot of muffled calves. Whereupon every body began to keep a bustling noise and talk of his so marvelous know-

ledge, through all degrees of persons in both sexes, even to the very laundresses, brokers, roast-meat sellers, penknife makers, and others, who, when he passed along the street, would say, 'That is he,' in which he took delight, as Demosthenes, the prince of Greek orators, did, when an old crouching wife, pointing at him with her fingers, said, 'That is the man.'"

Now, observe, this passage is quoted from the translation of Rabelais made by that Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, who gives us the most full and picturesque account of Crichton. When, therefore, he describes, in the following terms, the manner in which his hero conducted himself on the same spot, one cannot help believing that he must have had Rabelais's ridicule in view; and it is difficult to escape theimpression that, through all his laudations, we can see his tongue in his cheek. Sir Thomas tells us :—

"To so great a height and vast extent of praise did the never-too-much-extolled reputation of the seraphic wit of that eximious man attaine, for his commanding to be affixed programmes on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of that famous university, as also on all the chief pillars and posts standing before the houses of the most renowned men for literature, resident within the precincts of the walls and suburbs of that most populous and magnificent city, inviting them all (or any whoever else versed in any kind of scholastick

faculty) to prepare, at nine o'clock in the morning, of such a day, month, and year, as by computation came to be just six weeks after the date of the affixes, to the common school at the College of Navarre, where (at the prefixed term) he should (God willing) be ready to answer to what should be propounded to him concerning any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, practical or theoretic, not excluding the theological or jurisprudential habits, though grounded but upon the testimonies of God and man; and that in any of these twelve languages—Hebrew, Syriack, Arabeck, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian, in either verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant; which high enterprise and hardy undertaking, by way of challenge to the learnedest men in the world, damped the wits of many able scholars to consider, whether it was the attempt of a fanatick spirit, or lofty design of a well-poised judgment; yet, after a few days' inquiry concerning him, when information was got of his incomparable endowments, all the choicest and most profound philosophers, mathematicians, naturalists, mediciners, alchymists, apothecaries, surgeons, doctors of both civil and canon law, and divines, both for controversies and positive doctrine, together with the primest gramarians, rhetoricians, logicians, and others, professors of arts and disciplines at Paris, plyed their studys in their private cells, for the space of a month, exceeding hard, and with huge paines and labour set all their braines

awork how to contrive the knottiest arguments and most difficult questions could be devised, thereby to puzzle him in the resolving of them, meander him in his answers, put him out of his medium, and drive him to a nonplus."*

This passage will serve a purpose as much in the manner of the saying as in what is said, since it was written by a Scotsman who wandered through many of the Continental nations, and who indeed appears to have aimed at a reputation very like that of his hero. Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty gives us some idea of his familiarity with Continental nations, in the account of his library—what a delightful library it must have been!—to be found in his 'Logopandecteision.' "There were not," he says, "three works therein which were not of mine own purchase, and all of them together, in the order wherein I had ranked them, compiled like to a complete nosegay of flowers which, in my travels, I had gathered out of the gardens of sixteen several kingdoms." We shall yet again have to meet with its owner and his vivid nationality. In the mean time I call up another figure.

The climax of preposterous nationalism, and, I fear I must say, of insolent mendacity, was reached by the pen of Thomas Dempster. He was evi-

* Urquhart's 'Jewel,' p. 66. Among the hero's linguistic accomplishments, Gaelic, which must have been talked at his own door, does not appear.

dently a man cut out for extremes. His contemporaries bear an almost frightened-looking testimony to his size and strength, and the marks of ferocity stamped upon his dusky visage.* One of the events of his varied life at once introduces us to a man who would not stand upon trifles. Once, in the course of his Continental wanderings, he found himself in possession of power—as sub-principal, it has been said, of the College of Beauvais, in the University of Paris. Taking umbrage at one of the students for fighting a duel—one of the enjoyments of life which Dempster desired to monopolise to himself—he caused the young gentleman's points to be untrussed, and proceeded to exercise discipline in the primitive dorsal fashion. The aggrieved youth had powerful relations, and an armed attack was made on the college to avenge his insults. But Dempster armed his students and fortified the college walls so effectively that he was enabled, not only to hold his post, but to capture some of his assailants, and commit them as prisoners to the belfry. It appears, however, that, like many other bold actions, this was more immediately successful

* "Cæterum (inquit Matthæus Peregrinus Italus) fuit Dempsterus, vir corpore et animo egregius: altitudo illi supra mediocrum vulgaris hominis magnitudinem: coma subnigrior, et cuti color non longe dispar: caput magnum, ac totius corporis habitus planè regius; robur et ferocitas quibus vel præstantissimum militem præstare posset, reque ipsa sæpius se talem exhibuit."—Camerarius, p. 45.

than strictly legal; and certain ugly demonstrations in the court of the Chatelain suggested to Dempster the necessity of retreating to some other establishment in the vast literary republic of which he was a distinguished ornament—welcome wherever he appeared.

His experience in the scholar life of the age was ample and varied. He imbibed a tinge of the Anglican system at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Besides serving and commanding in different colleges at Paris, he held office at Louvain, Rome, Douay, Tournay, Navarre, Toulouse, Montpelier, Pisa, and Bologna. A man who has performed important functions in all these places may well be called a citizen of the world. At the same time, his connections with them were generally of a kind not likely to pass from the memory of those who came in contact with him. He was a sort of roving Bentley, who, not contented with sitting down surrounded by the hostility of nearly all the members of one university, went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might attack and insult, and left behind him wherever he went the open wounds of his sword, or of his scarcely less direful pen, scattered thickly around him. He was one of those who, as Anthony Arnauld said of himself, are to expect tranquillity only in a removal from that sublunary world in which, like pieces of clockwork wound up, they are doomed to a ceaseless motion during their vitality. He wrote some minor works pretty power-

fully tinged with nationality.* His great triumph was, however, the biographical dictionary, which he was pleased to call a literary history of Scotland.†

Such an array of illustrious names was probably never elsewhere attributed to one nation. He not only sweeps in the whole flock of Irish saints, but makes a general raid on the Bollandists, and carries off all the names that suit his fancy. He not only was not fastidious about the evidence of their Scottish birth, but would have found it hard to prove, in many instances, that they ever had existence; and perhaps, in the choice of fabulous names, he had the better chance of evading detection, since there was no other country to which they could be revindicated. Following the course of the alphabet, his first names are, St Abel, St Adam, St Adannan, St Adalbertus, St Adelmus, St Aidanus, St Adalgisus, and St Antbodus; and some hundred or so of such exotic names have we to encounter ere we come to such as Alexander Alesius, Alexander Abernethæus, and Robertus Aitonus. There are, besides the doubtful and fabulous names, some

* Their titles are sufficient to indicate an uncompromising and exalting national vindicator. Take, for instance, 'Scotia illustrior, sieu Mendicabula repressa,' published at Leyden in 1620, and 'Asserti Scotiæ cives sui, Sanctus Bonifacies rationibus IX., Joannes Duns rationibus XII.,' published at Bologna in 1623.

† 'Thomæ Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum sive de Scriptoribus Scotis.' It was reprinted by the Bannatyne Club.

that notoriously belong to our neighbours—as the venerable Bede, St Bruno, Bœthius the Roman moralist, and Macrobius—being tempted in this last case probably by the home sound of the first syllable, which, however, he knew very well to be Greek. Take him away from his nationalities, and Dempster presented himself as a great scholar digging to the heart of many difficult parts of learning. It must indeed have been difficult for Italian scholars to refuse assent to anything said about his own country by the first writer of the age on the history and antiquities of theirs—by the author of the 'Calendarium Romanum' and the 'Etruria Regalis,' and the editor of the Roman Antiquities of Rosinus.

The rather audacious but always real and scholar-like vauntings of Dempster were subsequently vulgarised and caricatured by a blundering blockhead, "George Mackenzie, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh." He burdened literature with three portentous folios, which he called 'The Lives and Characters of the most Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation, with an abstract and catalogue of their works, their various editions, and the judgment of the learned concerning them.' His method of filling his pages is not uncommon, though few have carried it to so extravagant an excellence. He gets his hand on a monk, supposed to have such-and-such a name, supposed to be born at such a date, and supposed to be a native of Scotland—an identification utterly vague

and unsatisfactory. He manages, however, to keep it down to the solid earth by attaching to it a long history of monachism and the several monastic orders, injudiciously plagiarised from the commonest authors who had previously dealt with that matter. In his life of James Bassantin, professor in the University of Paris in the early part of the sixteenth century, and a great mathematician and astronomer according to the light of his times, it is pleasant enough to find the biographer, in much reverence and amazement, repeating Sir James Melville's story of his astrological predictions about Queen Mary's journey into England.* But he becomes intolerable when, after announcing the branches of exact science in which Bassantin wrote,

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* "This puttis me in remembrance of a taill that my brother Sir Robert tald me the tym that he wes busyest dealing betwen the twa quenis, to interteny ther frendschip, and draw on ther meting at a part besyd York callit . Ane Bassentin, a Scottis man, that had bean trauelit, and was learnit in hich scyences, cam to him and said: 'Gud gentilman, I hear sa gud report of yow that I loue yow hartly, and therfore can not forbear to schaw yow how that all your vprycht dealing and your honest trauell wilbe in vain, wher ye beleue to obtean a weall for our Quen at the Qüen of Englandis handis. Ye bot tyn your tym; for first they will neuer meit togither, and nyst ther will neuer be bot discembling and secret hattreut for a whyll, and at length captyuite and vtter wrak for our Quen be England.'

"My brother's answer again was, that he lyked not to heir of sic deuelisch newes, nor yet wald he credit them in any sort, as false vngodly and vnlawfull for Christiens to

he proceeds as if taking credit for moderation: "We shall only take notice of the rise and progress of astronomy, in which our author exceeded all the mathematicians of his age." One of his great efforts he calls 'The Life of Clement, the First Founder of the University of Paris,' of whom he says, It is certain "that he was born and had his education in Scotland"—a statement altogether about as true as any of the tales of the 'Thousand and one Nights.' But we could take all such romancing in good part, like that of Boece and his brethren, were it not that it brings you to—"During his residence at the Court of France he was engaged in two controversies, the one concerning images, and the other about Arianism;" and so he gives us the history of the

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medle them with. Bassentin answerit again: 'Gud Master Meluill, tak not that hard oppinion of me. I am a Christien of your religion, and feares God, and purposes neuer to cast my self in any of the vnlawfull artis that ye mean of, bot sa far as Melanthon, wha was a godly theologue, has declaired and wreten anent the naturell scyences, that ar laufull and daily red in dyuers Christien vniversites; in the quhilkis, as in all vther artis, God geues to some les, to some mair and clearer knawlege then till vthers; be the quhilk knawledge I haue also that at lenth, that the kingdome of England sall of rycht fall to the crown of Scotland, and that ther ar some born at this instant that sall bruk landis and heritages in England. Bot alace it will coist many ther lyues, and many bludy battailes wilbe fochten first or it tak an satteled effect; and be my knawlege,' said he, 'the Spainiartis wilbe helpers, and will tak a part to themselues for ther labours, quhilk they wilbe laith to leaue again."—'Sir James Melville's Memoirs,' pp. 202, 203.

Iconoclast and Arian controversies. He goes not beyond reasonable bounds, perhaps, in giving an account of the Council of Basle as appropriate to the Abbot of Dundrennan, who was the Scots representative there. But the same cannot be said for his gravely incorporating the fabulous Boetian history of this country, although he seems to take credit for giving it only once, saying, "Since I am to give an account of several authors that have written the history of our nation, that I may avoid needless repetitions, I shall here give the reader an abridgement of our history from the first foundation of our monarchy," &c. Towards the conclusion of his third volume there is an announcement of a rather menacing tendency, but containing the comforting elements of futurity and uncertainty. He says: "I designed, in the account of this learned linguist's life, to have inserted a dissertation on the origine, progress, and different dialects of the most ancient and useful languages; but this volume having already swelled to a sufficient bulk, and many persons of quality and learning urging the publication of it, I am forced to delay it till an opportunity offers in the fourth volume." The world is under some obligation to these persons of quality and learning, as well as to whatever accidents may have concurred to stifle that fourth volume.

Let us amuse ourselves with one specimen—one is quite enough—of the manner in which Dr George Mackenzie dresses up a Scottish celebrity. The in-

stance, James Bonaventura Hepburn, was born, it appears, at his father's rectory of Oldhamstocks in Haddingtonshire in 1573. He entered a monastery of the Minims or Eremites in Avignon, and became librarian of the Oriental books and manuscripts of the Vatican. "He could have travelled," says Mackenzie, "over the whole earth, and spoke to each nation in their own language." Yes, and if the biographer's whole story were true, in a good many more languages than ever were listened to on earth. His chief performance was the 'Golden Branch,' which Mackenzie says he saw. His description is full enough, and becomes tedious; so the concluding portion of his enumeration of the seventy-two languages in which the Virgin's praises are sung may suffice :—

"The fourth column contains the Chaldaick, the Palæstin, the Cananaan, the Persian, the African, the Arabick, the Indian, the Turkish, the Rabinical, the German-Rabinical, the Galilean, the Spanish Rabinical, the Afro-Rabinical, the Hebrao-Arabick, the Syro-Hebraick, the Mystical.

"In the fifth column are the Seraphic, the Supercelestial, the Angelical, the Enochean, the Punick, the Hebrew, the Samaritan, the Mosaick, the Judæo-Samaritan, the Idumæan, the Halo-Rabinick, the Brachman, the Adamæan, the Solomonick, the Noachick alphabets.

"Our author was so expert in all these languages, so as to be able to write in each of them.

"Now, these are all the languages (and they are the most of the known habitable world) in which our author has given us a specimen of his knowledge, and which evidently demonstrates that he was not only the greatest linguist of his own age, but of any age that has been since the creation of the world; and may be reckoned amongst those prodigies of mankind that seem to go beyond the ordinary limits of nature. Dempster says that he is mentioned with great honour by Vincentius Blancus, a noble Venetian, in his 'Book of Letters;' and, as we have already observed, he is highly commended by that learned Doctor of the Canon Law, James Gaffarel, in his book of 'Unheard-of Curiosities,' published in Latin at Hamburg, anno 1676."

Something answering to the 'Book of Letters,' by the noble Venetian, does exist; it seems to be a commentary on the letters upon the handle of a knife which had belonged to St Peter—no doubt a valuable relic preserved in some religious house. I profess no further acquaintance with this work—no doubt very curious in its way—except the finding of its title in the catalogue of the British Museum.* The other source of information, Gaffarel's 'Unheard-of Curiosities,' may be said, on the other hand, to belong to popular literature. It is a favourite with all admirers of the kind of credulousness that be-

* 'Parere intorno alli caratteri che sono sopra il manico del coltello di S. Pietro.' By Vincent Bianci. Venice, 4to, 1620.

comes picturesque by its sheer excess. It is to be found in many languages, and some of its admirers do not regret that English is among them. I suspect, however, none of them have found in it anything about James Bonaventura Hepburn. It may, perhaps, be to the point that Gaffarel refers several times to Heurneus, a name which represents a certain learned Otho van Heurn of Utrecht.

Now, though the whole character might seem an impudent fabrication, there really was such a person as this James Hepburn. He published a small Hebrew Lexicon, which, for aught that I know to the contrary, may have its merits. As to the truth of the assertion that he published anything containing a piece of fine writing in each of the seventy-two languages referred to—which was, perhaps, within the capacity of the intellectual digestive powers of Mackenzie's contemporaries—at the present day let any one who pleases try if he can swallow it.

But, in fact, down to the period when they began to compete with their English fellow-citizens in vernacular literature, Scottish authors, even if their proper labours were not historical, seem as if they could scarcely avoid some boastful reference to "the ancient nation." Take up, for instance, a stolid quarto on the philosophy of medicine, by William Davidson.* There is a world of wandering theories

* 'Commentariorum in sublimis Philosophi et incomparabilis viri Petri Severini Dani Ideam Medicinæ Philosophicæ prope diem prodituroruin Prodromus, &c., opere et

and analogies taken from astrology, alchymy, necromancy, and all the imaginative sciences now exploded; and, in exemplification of some of the recondite principles laid down in the more than 600 preceding pages, we have a scientific adjustment—a sort of horoscope—of the course of events which placed the ancient race of the kings of Scotland on the throne of England, where they have their proper place as the representatives of his brave countrymen. Thomas Bell, a scholar who no doubt belonged to the old fighting Border clan of that name, wrote a text-book in Latin on the institutions of the old Romans.* When expounding the nature of their warlike operations, he thinks it proper to give the young student an opportunity of knowing the victorious career of the most ancient and illustrious nation in the world—his own; which, not content with its victories over England, has carried the terror of its arms into every land; like old

studio Wilhelmi Davissoni, nobilis Scoti. Hagæ comitis, 1660.' I can find nowhere an account of the Petrus Severinus to whom Davidson is content to be commentator, nor can I find the book mentioned in any catalogue or bibliography. A reprint of it is bound up with my copy of Davidson's commentary, containing an intimation by its printer that the Basle and Erfurt editions are so rare that they can hardly be bought at any price. The commentary is nearly four times as large as the book commented on.

* 'Roma restituta sive Antiquitatum Romanorum compendium absolutum ex optimis authoribus in usum studiosæ juventutis collectum. A Thomo Bell, Philologo, Edinburg, Scoto. 1672.'

Rome herself, casting down the tyrant and succouring the oppressed.*

Any one who has pottered among old Continental works of reference—historical, geographical, biographical, and the like—will have noticed how large and respectable a place Scotland, with all her counties, towns, institutions, and celebrities, holds in them. This may be in some measure accounted for by the fervent perseverance with which our countrymen have beaten into the European mind the importance of their mother country; but it also, perhaps, owes something to the vigilance with which Scots scholars have looked after the fame of their country when they found such works in preparation. A sight of that wonderful book, Bleau's Atlas, is enough to convince any one of the wide and catholic spirit of the Dutch men of letters in the seventeenth century, while it also shows that they looked for support to a large community who filled their libraries with costly books. The 'Theatrum Scotiæ' fills one of Bleau's great folios, except a little bit at the end conceded to Ireland. It is in the Dutchman's maps that country gentlemen look for the condition of

* "Scotorum regnum omnium totius terrarum orbis longè antiquissimum. . . . Bellum ubique victoriam undique querens illustrem armorum gloriam foris, per Angliam, Hiberniam, Belgium, Germaniam, totum septentrionem, Italiam, Galliam, Hispaniam, Libyam, Cretam, Rhodum, Syriam, Borussiam, late circumtulit, sibi gloriam et honorem, sociis spem opem victoriam salutem commodum adferens—hostibus terrorem damnum ignominium."—P. 214.

their estates in the seventeenth century, and local antiquaries hunt out topographical changes. Many a space now covered with thickly-peopled streets was then bare moorland; and at the same time, what one is less likely to expect, many a mountain district is strewed with names now forgotten, because, as sheep-walks or deer-forests, they are emptied of the inhabitants whose dwelling-places were grouped into separate hamlets and granges.

This volume is the result of a conjunction of fortunate accidents. Robert Pont, renowned in the ecclesiastical politics of the sixteenth century, had a son, Timothy, smitten with a sacred rage for topography. He spent his days wandering over his native country, taking notes and measurements, which, aided by such science as the age afforded, he projected into maps. Those labours, which anticipate the wants of after generations, are of course neglected in their own, if their authors be not even despised and spitefully entreated as monomaniacs. Pont's maps would have been annihilated by the various forms of enmity to which anything committed to paper is liable, if they had not found a protector in Sir John Scott. He is best remembered by the alliterative title of a very sarcastic little book, known as 'Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen;' but in his own day he was known over the learned world for better things, and he held a close correspondence with the first scholars of the time. He opened communica-

tions between the Dutch publisher and Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, who, with the assistance of his son James, a clergyman, dressed up the topographical drafts of Pont into engraved maps, and accompanied them with a due proportion of Latin letterpress, descriptive and historical.

It has been noticed that Bayle is very full and accurate in all matters relating to Scotsmen and their country. We get readily at the secret of this in a passage of a letter by the Earl of Perth, who was Chancellor of Scotland, and had to take flight at the Revolution, accomplishing his escape with better success than his brother chancellor, Jeffreys. "There is a bookseller in this town—a genteel, well-bred man, who keeps his coach, &c. He's both very learned and a mighty virtuoso: he is causing make a Dictionnaire Historique, like that of Moreri's, but it will be incomparibly finer. One Monsieur Baile works hard to have it fine and true. This Mr Baile is a most knowing man; both he and Leers, who is the bookseller, are my friends, and would fain oblige me by giveing an account of my family and those of my nearest relations. I hope you will give me a short one of my Lord Erroll's, and get my Lord Keith to do as much for him, and it will enrich the book, and do us no dishonour. Pray let this be done, and sent over with the first Scotch fleet, directed for me, either by Mr Thomas Graham, factor, or by Mr Panton, by them to be given to Dr Carny, in the West Wagen Street at

Rotterdam. Fail not in this." * So, like many a work that has immortalised its author, the great dictionary was the project of a publisher who knew where to find "a good hand" for his special work. To him fame has been especially unjust, for his name has dropped out of the biographical dictionaries, and in bibliography people are told that the more valuable editions of Bayle are those of Prosper Marchand of Rotterdam and Brandmuller of Basle.

In quarters, however, where there is no reason to suppose that the hand of a Scot has actually interfered, it is easy to notice the influence of the determined and persevering nationality. Moreri, Hoffman, Lamartinière, and the other encyclopedists, are very respectful to Scotland, and make way for all relevant matters which concern that nation. In Hoffman's four ponderous Latin folios you will find all the monarchs, from Fergus downwards—including some forty or fifty who never existed—all chronicled as duly as the Roman emperors.

Among the tiny volumes published by the Elziviers—a series called the 'Respublicæ'—are separate accounts of the various nations of the earth. They are much coveted by collectors when they can be had complete and uniform in old red or blue morocco. In these there is a portion meted to Scotland, in which the full lustre of the ancient kingdom

* 'Letters of James, Earl of Perth,' p. 15.

is reflected implicitly from Boece and Buchanan. On the title-page of the 'Descriptio Scotiæ' there is an emblematic figure—a hard-featured trooper, with buff-coat, steel hat, and broadsword—an accurate representation, doubtless, of the Scottish soldier of the Thirty Years' War.

There came, during the early part of last century, from the French presses, a set of very pleasant books called 'Delices.' They might be termed guide-books to the various countries they treated of; but they were both more discursive and more complete than modern guide-books, giving a good deal of history along with such physical geography as their period possessed. Among these are 'Les Delices de la Grand Bretagne et de l'Irlande,' in eight volumes, of which Scotland has two. These are filled with pictures of towns and public buildings, being in a great measure transcripts, much improved in accuracy of perspective and otherwise, of a set of gaunt clumsy engravings made by a Dutchman called Captain John Slezer. The Frenchman makes some shrewd remarks—among others, that the wind is so unceasing with us that we deserve to be called Le Royaume des Vents. He politely adopts the compliments paid by Boece, Camerarius, and others to the temperance and hardy virtues of their countrymen, but is a little doubtful about the wonderful antiquity of the kingdom.

And now, since this train of printed gossip started with the fabulous historians, it may not be unapt

to introduce the man who first broke up their romances, and examined with something like a critical and scientific spirit the foundations of our history; for he comes within the scope of our tattle as a wanderer in foreign parts. This was Father Innes, of the Scots College in Paris, whose 'Critical Essay on the Early Inhabitants of Scotland' was published in 1729. Father Innes lived at a time when the law and public opinion in Scotland rendered it unsafe for people of his profession and religion to be conspicuous, and his sceptical inquiries into the early history of Scotland, published in English, were not likely to attract much attention among his fellow-priests in France. Hence, until very lately, there were no accessible means of knowing where he was born, or when he died. Mr Grub, the author of the erudite 'Ecclesiastical History of Scotland,' a curious investigator in all matters connected with that and kindred topics, has done good service by tracking the uneventful tenor of Father Innes's life. He was the son of a northern laird, born in Aberdeenshire in the year 1662, and he died in the Scots College in 1744. The rest is soon told.

"In 1677, Thomas Innes, then fifteen years of age, was sent to Paris, and pursued his studies at the College of Navarre. He entered the Scots College on the 12th of January 1681, but still attended the College of Navarre. On the 26th of May 1684, he received the clerical tonsure, and, on the 10th March 1691, was promoted to the priesthood. After

this he went to Notre-Dame des Vertues, a seminary of the Oratorians, near Paris, where he continued for two or three months. Returning to the Scots College in 1692, he assisted the Principal, his elder brother Lewis, in arranging the records of the Church of Glasgow, which had been deposited partly in that College, partly in the Carthusian Monastery at Paris, by Archbishop James Beaton. In 1694, he took the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Paris, and, in the following year, was matriculated in the German nation.

"After officiating as a priest for two years in the parish of Magnay, in the diocese of Paris, he came again to the Scots College in 1697. In the spring of 1698, he returned to his native country, and officiated for three years at Inveravon as a priest of the Scottish Mission. The church at Inveravon was the prebend of the Chancellor of the diocese of Murray, and he alludes to this circumstance, and to his three years' residence in that parish, in his dissertation on the reception of the use of Sarum by the Church of Scotland. He again went to Paris in October 1701, and became Prefect of Studies in the Scots College, and mission agent."

In the year 1724 he came to Scotland, when he was met by Wodrow, the historian of the Covenanters, when both were making researches in the Advocates' Library in opposite directions. The two men, following to a certain extent the same pursuit, must have felt utterly alien to each other. Wodrow, a

thoroughly homespun western Whig of the most rigid order, went no farther back than the two or three generations of the Scottish clergy immediately behind his own, and looked on all things beyond the ecclesiastical circle of the western Presbyterians as idle and unprofitable vanity, unworthy of his research. The Jacobite priest, on the other hand, saw nothing genuine or worthy of a good man's reflections save in the records of the past, and lived only in the hope that all the existing fabric of heresy and innovation would, after its brief hour of usurpation was fulfilled, fall again to pieces, and open up the good old ways. Each did service in his own way. The Covenanter was a prejudiced, but, in a great measure, a trustworthy narrator of things within the scope of his narrow inquiries; the priest of the Scots College at Paris was far better occupied in the past than the present, and bequeathed to us a noble monument of historical criticism, while his brethren were busily employed in plots and conspiracies to plunge the nation in a civil war. Wodrow, though he had few sympathies with a Romish priest, looked on the scholar with a kindly feeling, and records in his note-book thus, "He is not engaged in politics, as far as can be guessed; and is a monkish bookish person, who meddles with nothing but literature."

This scene recalls the ecclesiastical contests which brought Scotsmen much in contact with foreigners, since the conspicuous men of each party had in turn to take refuge abroad. We have seen something

already of the tone and temper of the controversy. I propose now to look a little to the literature of the disputants, prefacing what I have to say with a general remark by Urquhart, containing a good deal of the spirit in which his countrymen, while maintaining their respective sides in the great dispute, could not entirely forget that they were "brother Scots," and must stand up for the dear old country.

"Here nevertheless it is to be understood, that neither these dispersedly-preferred Scots were all of one and the same religion, nor yet any one of them a Presbyterian. Some of them were, and are as yet, Popish prelates, such as the Bishop of Vezon, and Chalmers, Bishop of Neems, and Signor Georgio Con (who wrote likewise some books in Latin) was by his intimacy with Pope Uurban's nephew Don Francesco Don Antonio, and DonTadæo Barbarini, and for his endeavouring to advance the Catholico-Pontifical interest in Great Britain, to have been dignified with a Cardinal's hat, which (by all appearance) immediately after his departure from London, he would have obtained as soon as he had come to Rome, had death not prevented him by the way in the city of Genua: but had he returned to this island with it, I doubt it would have proved e'er now as fatal to him, as another such like cap in Queen Maries time had done to his compatriot Cardinal Betoun.

"By this as it is perceivable that all Scots are not Presbyterians, nor yet all Scots Papists: so

would not I have the reputation of any learned man of the Scottish nation to be buryed in oblivion, because of his being of this or this, or that or yon, or of that other religion; no more then if we should cease to give learning and moral vertues their due, in the behalf of pregnant and good spirits born and bred in several climates; which to withhold from them (whether Poriscians, Heteroscians, or Amphiscians), would prove very absurd to the humane ingenuity or ingenuos humanity of a true Cosmopolite."

Foremost among the champions of the new faith stands, of course, the name of John Knox, and though his fame rests in general on other grounds, he was no mean representative of the scholarship of Scotland in other lands. His first acquaintance with the French was neither of his own seeking nor to his own edification and enjoyment. He was seized in the midst of the piratical band who held the Castle of St Andrews, after the murder of Beaton, and had to endure penal slavery in the galleys. The observations of the great Reformer on the life and manners by which he was surrounded, if he had favoured the world with them, must have been eminently curious and instructive. We can imagine such experiences preparing him with examples of life and conversation which would enable the Scottish preacher to startle his French and Swiss congregations. It is a pity, too, that, for the sake of knowing the extent to which man can injure and degrade his fellow-man, we should not have had

some account of his own treatment from so intelligent a galley-slave. The condition of such a being is something which the improvements in prison discipline, and the unrevengeful spirit of the present age, preclude us from realising. We can only darkly guess at its horrors, by considering the structure and other conditions of a galley. There were other persons in it, of course, besides the slaves who pulled the oars—if not passengers of more or less rank, at all events persons in command, and these might be expected for their own sakes to preserve a little decorum and cleanness; but they inhabited raised galleries completely partitioned off, so that the rowers' benches were unseen. They were separated from the living machinery and its horrors, as the saloon of a steam-vessel is, at this day, from the danger and filth of the machinery and the furnace. Each galley-slave was secured by a chain nailed to the deck, and there he remained, night and day, surrounded by such conditions as the human animal is subject to when he has neither freedom to serve himself, nor the services of others. A storm, with its dangers and drenching, was sometimes welcome as a cleanser; but most welcome of all must have been the approach of the death which was to release the worn-out body from the tyranny of his fellow-man, before he pitched it into the sea. Who knows how much of the acerbity of Knox's temperament may have been caught by him in that dreadful ordeal!

How he got his liberty is a mystery—but he was in the galleys altogether for nineteen months. The readiness with which he undertook his foreign ministrations is one of the incidents creditable to the general scholarship of the Scots at that period. For reading of the narrative kind, there is none more delightful to be found anywhere than Knox's 'History of his own Times.' It is a racy, vigorous narrative, crowded with pictures in rich and powerful colouring—like a gallery of historical paintings by Rubens. What chiefly, however, fascinates the reader, is the unrivalled potency of its vituperative rhetoric. His scolding is sublime and awful. But throughout there is a sort of noble fairness in it. Of course, all who withstood him and called forth his wrath were in some form or other knaves and ruffians. How could it be otherwise with those who had set themselves against him, the Deity's representative on earth—the head of the theocracy! But he was not given to the practice so common in his day of assassinating reputations by those vile imputations, the touch of which leaves a taint which all the perfumes of Arabia are insufficient to sweeten out. The tenor of his wrath was ever for a fair stand-up fight; and in his wordy battles he was a champion few would care to join issue with.

But his History has many other things in it besides the brawling of an angry priest. He was a great statesman in his way—a one-sided one, no doubt, without breadth of view or sympathies, but

endowed with one of the statesman's next prime qualities, a sagacity in penetrating the policy and designs of his enemies that looked like inspiration. Its extent is perhaps better known now than it was even by his contemporaries, from the light which the excavation of state papers has thrown on the vast designs of the Papal powers of his day, for crushing the new and formidable heresy. From the skilful organisation of the Huguenots, and their ramification of correspondence everywhere, he was fully instructed in facts, and his sagacity enabled him to see the spirit that influenced them. He knew the imminent peril of himself and his friends from these great combinations, and knew that his own amiable and lovely mistress was deep in all their intricacies, and as hard and resolute in carrying their designs to a conclusion as the sternest despot in beard and mail. When he speaks about these things with his own peculiar uncompromising vehemence, his words might seem the ravings of a monomaniac, were it not that we know them to have been founded on menacing facts.

He is one of the most accurate and honest of narrators. His honesty, indeed, proceeded from a source which put it far above the impartiality which a modern historian may assume upon principle—it had an absolutism in it, for it proceeded of his own infallibility. He was right in all his actions, and therefore courted an inspection of them. The opinion of the world was nothing after his conduct had passed

with approval the greatest of human ordeals, his own appreciation. His dialogues with Queen Mary have the stamp of thorough truth. In fact, they show that he had the worst of the contest, though he does not himself see that, his mind being entirely absorbed in the one great object, the uprooting of her idolatry from her heart. He probably fought at disadvantage. Mary had but slight command over her native tongue until some years afterwards. Knox was master of French, and it was likely that the conversation was conducted in that language. But however nearly the two might be thus on a par in command of the language, they had learned it in widely different schools. Knox's experience of it—besides the galleys—had been in discussions with Huguenot divines, or disputes with Popish enemies. One must needs believe that his opponent was thoroughly accomplished in the Court speech. By the help of Brantome and Ronsard, this was acquiring that subtle finesse which would enable the accomplished beauty, with gentle dexterity, to inflict mortal wounds without appearing to strike.

There is a sort of magnanimity sometimes in his candour, since it brings him in for the support of very questionable acts, to which he could easily have given the go-by. He was not in that ugly affair, Rizzio's murder; and if he knew that it was to come off, he might have shaken his head and kept silence with a good grace. But this was not his way with those who were on his own side. So, in his History, he

has some moralising, in which it is pretty easy to see that he laments the sad fate of those who have to live away from their native country, for no other reason than the good service they have done to it by putting the Italian to death. But fearing that he has not made his meaning quite distinct enough, he raises his voice, saying: "And, to lett the world understand in plane terms what we meane, that great abusar of this commoun-wealth, that pultron and vyle knave Davie, was justlie punished, the nynt of Merch, in the year of God IMVc three-score fyve, for abusing of the commoun-wealth, and for his other villany, which we list not to express, by the counsall and handis of James Dowglas, Erle of Morton, Patrik Lord Lyndesay, and the Lord Ruthven, with otheris assistaris in thare cumpany, who all, for thare just act, and most worthy of all praise, ar now unworthely left of thare brethrein, and suffer the bitterness of banishement and exyle. But this is our hope in the mercyes of our God, that this same blynd generatioun, whither it will or nott, shalbe compelled to see that he will have respect to thame that ar injustlye persewed; that he will apardoun thare formar offenses; that he will restore thame to the libertie of thare country and commonwealth agane; and that he will punish (in dispyte of man), the head and the taill, that now trubles the just, and manteanes impietie. The head is knawin: the taill hes two branches; the temporall Lordis that manteane hir abhominationis, and hir

flattering counsallouris, blasphemous Balfour, now called Clerk of Register, Sinclair Deane of Restalrige and Bischope of Brechin, blynd of ane eie in the body, but of baithe in his soule, upoun whome God schortlie after took vengeance; (John) Leslye, preastis gett, Abbot of Londorse and Bischope of Ross, Symon Preastoun of Craigmyllare, a right epicureane, whose end wilbe, or it be long, according to thare warkis. Butt now to returne to our historye." *

The immediate colleague of Knox, John Craig—he whose denunciatory sermons afterwards frightened King James from his propriety—underwent, before he became a minister in Edinburgh, adven-

* Works, Laing's edition, i. 235, 236. It is an instructive fact that, of a man so powerful in his day as Knox, and so popular through subsequent generations, Scotland has preserved no remembrance, either in painting or sculpture. It shows, too, in a very striking shape, how entirely the great scholars and teachers of the age were driven to the Continent for the more affluent adjuncts of art and literature, that the only portrait of the Scottish Reformer having any claim to authenticity, is the small cut in the work of his friend, Theodore Beza—'Icones Virorum Doctrina simul et Pietate Illustrium,' of Jôannes Cnoxvs. It is the prototype of the well-known portrait which shows a thin hard face, high cheek-bones, with a long wiry beard—a Geneva cap on the head, and a high-shouldered Geneva gown. It is necessary for the very fallible race of book-collectors to keep these characteristics in remembrance, since, in the French edition of Beza, the portrait of some other man has been substituted for that of Knox.

tures which seem to have been still more marvellous and perilous than those of his leader. It is said, though the story is rather improbable, that he was converted by a perusal of a copy of Calvin's Institutes in the library of the Dominicans of Bologna, among whom he held an office of high trust. The legend proceeds to say that he avowed his opinions, and was condemned to death at Rome, but that he was released by a general breaking-open of the prisons on the death of Pope Paul IV. The next act of the drama finds him in the hands of a band of robbers, one of whom recognising him, and remembering to have been helped by him when a destitute wanderer at Bologna, induces his companions to aid instead of robbing the wanderer. Compelled to seek refuge in Geneva, he was on his way thither, passing in disguise through bypaths; and, hunger and prostration having overtaken him, he had sat down patiently to await the end, when a dog approached him, and laid a piece of money at his feet. Such were the stories believed of the minister of Edinburgh, who had been so long a wanderer from home, and had so entirely forgotten his native language, that he required to preach in Latin to a select audience in the Magdalen Chapel in the Cowgate, until he found time to acquire a sufficient knowledge of his native tongue.

Alexander Ales, some four years older than Knox, has an authentic history as strange and eventful as almost any that even the shifting age of the Re-

formation can show. He was among the earlier preachers against the Romish hierarchy, and after being three times imprisoned, he escaped to England in 1534, and thence to Germany. He came back to England, carrying with him an introduction from Melanchthon to Cranmer. He was much liked both by the Archbishop and by Cromwell, and even advanced so far as to get within the favour of Henry VIII.—a dangerous position, apt to wax from pleasant warmth into deadly heat. Seeing the approach of his patron Cromwell's fall, and disliking the Act of Supremacy and some other ecclesiastical measures of that wild reign, he fled to Germany again. In a document to be presently noticed, he gives the following account of his flight:—

"When I could not bear these with a good conscience, nor could my profession allow me to dissemble them (for I was filling the office of the ordinary reader in the celebrated University of Cambridge by the King's orders), I came to the Court, and asked for my dismissal by means of Crumwell. But he retained me for about three years with empty hopes, until it was decreed and confirmed by law that married priests should be separated from their wives and punished at the King's pleasure. But before this law was published, the Bishop of Canterbury sent Lord Pachet [Paget] from Lambeth to me at London. (I understand that he afterwards attained a high position in the Court of your sister, Queen Mary.) He directed me to call upon

the Archbishop early in the morning. When I called upon him, 'Happy man that you are,' said he, 'you can escape! I wish that I might do the same; truly my see would be no hindrance to me. You must make haste to escape before the island is blocked up, unless you are willing to sign the decree, as I have, compelled by fear. I repent of what I have done. And if I had known that my only punishment would have been deposition from the archbishopric (as I hear that my Lord Latimer is deposed), of a truth I would not have subscribed. I am grieved, however, that you have been deprived of your salary for three years by Crumwell; that you have no funds for your travelling expenses, and that I have no ready money. Nor dare I mention this to my friends, lest the King should become aware that warning had been given by me for you to escape, and that I have provided you with the means of travelling. I give you, however, this ring as a token of my friendship. It once belonged to Thomas Wolsey, and it was presented to me by the King when he gave me the archbishopric.'

"When I heard what the Bishop had to say, I immediately caused my property to be sold, and I concealed myself in the house of a German sailor until the ship was ready, in which I embarked, dressed as a soldier, along with other German troops, that I might not be detected. When I had escaped a company of searchers, I wrote to Crumwell (al-

though he had not behaved well towards me), and warned him of the danger in which he stood at that time, and about certain other matters. For this I can vouch the testimony of John Ales, Gregory, and the Secretary, and Pachet himself. But Christopher Mount said that Crumwell did not dare to speak to me when I was going away and soliciting my dismissal, nor could he venture to give me anything, lest he should be accused to the King, but that he would send the sum that he owed me into Germany."

He became Professor of Theology at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, but getting up a great quarrel there, he found it convenient to go to Leipzig, refusing to take a chair offered to him at Königsberg. He was active in the great ecclesiastical council at Naumburg, and other similar affairs. His pen had its own share in the business of his busy life; and the titles of his various theological and polemical works, about thirty in all, would fill a good many pages. Instead of enumerating them, however, I shall ask attention to a small fragment from his pen, lately brought to light, relating to certain momentous occurrences which passed under his eyes.

English history has the privilege of possessing an event which may stand as a fair rival to the murder of Darnley in tragic mystery—the execution of Anne Boleyn. Mr Froude got access to the Baga de Secretis itself, that secret depository of proceedings against royal personages, the keys of which are

guarded by the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General; but he there found only materials for strengthening and deepening the mystery, and left it to the alternative either that the vain beauty was guilty of the horrible crimes laid to her charge, or that some sixty or seventy English gentlemen of high repute conspired to slander her character and put her to death. Ales saw at least a part of this tragedy. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he wrote to her a full account of it. He said he had been admonished in a vision that it lay upon him to write the history of the tragedy of the death of the Queen's most holy mother, to illustrate the glory of God and afford consolation to the godly. Whether he ever wrote a book of this kind or not, it has not appeared to the world, and we must accept with thankfulness something that may be called an epitome of its contents, sent for the Queen's immediate satisfaction. He sets down, in the first place, with great distinctness, his own view of the cause of the tragedy :—

"I am persuaded that the true and chief cause of the hatred, the treachery, and the false accusations laid to the charge of that most holy Queen, your most pious mother, was this, that she persuaded the King to send an embassy into Germany to the Princes who had embraced the Gospel. If other arguments of the truth of this were wanting, a single one would be sufficient, namely, that before the embassy had returned, the Queen had been executed.

"On account of this embassy, the Emperor Charles (who formerly had been so hostile to your most serene father, with whom he had a suit before the Pope and the Papal Legate in England, Campegio, on account of his aunt, Queen Catherine, whom the King had divorced, and because he had married your mother, and honoured her with the regal crown) most grievously threatened the Princes of Germany who were associated in the defence of the Gospel.

"It was chiefly on account of this embassy that he prepared for hostilities, and invoked the aid of the Pope, King Ferdinand, the nobles of Italy, Spain, Hungary, Bohemia, Lower Germany, and other nations.

"On account of this embassy all the Bishops who were opposed to the purer doctrine of the Gospel and adhered to the Roman Pontiff, entered into a conspiracy against your mother."

To those who have often regretted that there was no one present to sketch the secondary adjuncts when any great act in the historical drama is passing, the following record of minute particulars will have its due value:—

"At this time I was in attendance upon Crumwell at the Court, soliciting the payment of a stipend awarded to me by the most serene King. I was known to the Evangelical Bishops, whom your most holy mother had appointed from among those schoolmasters who favoured the purer doctrine of

the Gospel, and to whom she had intrusted the care of it. I was also upon intimate terms with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Latimer, to whom your most holy mother was in the habit of confessing when she went to the Lord's Table. He it was for whom she sent when she was in prison and knew that she should shortly die. Although this most holy Queen, your very pious mother, had never spoken with me, nor had I ever received ought from any one in her name, nor do I ever expect any such thing (for all royal Courts have hitherto been opposed to me), yet in consequence of what I had shortly before heard respecting as well her modesty, prudence, and gravity, as her desire to promote the pure doctrine of the Gospel and her kindness to the poor, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Latimer, and even from Crumwell himself, I was deeply grieved in my heart at that tragedy about to be enacted by the Emperor, the Pope, and the other enemies of the Gospel, whose intention it was, along with her, to bury true religion in England, and thus to restore impiety and idolatry.

"Never shall I forget the sorrow which I felt when I saw the most serene Queen, your most religious mother, carrying you, still a little baby, in her arms, and entreating the most serene King, your father, in Greenwich Palace, from the open window of which he was looking into the courtyard, when she brought you to him.

"I did not perfectly understand what had been

going on, but the faces and gestures of the speakers plainly showed that the King was angry, although he could conceal his anger wonderfully well. Yet from the protracted conference of the Council (for whom the crowd was waiting until it was quite dark, expecting that they would return to London), it was most obvious to every one that some deep and difficult question was being discussed.

"Nor was this opinion incorrect. Scarcely had we crossed the river Thames and reached London, when the cannon thundered out, by which we understood that some persons of high rank had been committed to prison within the Tower of London. For such is the custom when any of the nobility of the realm are conveyed to that fortress, which is commonly called the Tower of London, there to be imprisoned.

"Those who were present (of whom, by God's mercy, many are still alive, and have now returned into England from banishment) well know how deep was the grief of all the godly, how loud the joy of the hypocrites, the enemies of the Gospel, when the report spread in the morning that the Queen had been thrown in the Tower. They will remember the tears and lamentations of the faithful who were lamenting over the snare laid for the Queen, and the boastful triumphing of the foes of the true doctrine. I remained a sorrowful man at home, waiting for the result; for it was easy to perceive that, in the event of the Queen's death, a change of religion was inevitable.

"I take to witness Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, that I am about to speak the truth. On the day upon which the Queen was beheaded, at sunrise, between two and three o'clock, there was revealed to me (whether I was asleep or awake I know not) the Queen's neck, after her head had been cut off, and this so plainly that I could count the nerves, the veins, and the arteries.

"Terrified by this dream or vision, I immediately arose, and crossing the river Thames I came to Lambeth (this is the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace), and I entered the garden in which he was walking.

"When the Archbishop saw me he inquired why I had come so early, for the clock had not yet struck four. I answered that I had been horrified in my sleep, and I told him the whole occurrence. He continued in silent wonder for awhile, and at length broke out into these words, 'Do not you know what is to happen to-day?' and when I answered that I had remained at home since the date of the Queen's imprisonment, and knew nothing of what was going on, the Archbishop then raised his eyes to heaven and said, 'She who has been the Queen of England upon earth will to-day become a Queen in heaven.' So great was his grief that he could say nothing more, and then he burst into tears.

"Terrified at this announcement, I returned to London sorrowing. Although my lodging was not far distant from the place of execution, yet I could not

become an eyewitness of the butchery of such an illustrious lady, and of the exalted personages who were beheaded along with her.

"Those persons, however, who were present (one of whom was my landlord), and others, told me at noon, that the Earl of Wiltshire (the Queen's father) had been commanded to be an assessor along with the judges, in order that his daughter might be the more confounded, and that her grief might be the deeper. Yet she stood undismayed; nor did she ever exhibit any token of impatience, or grief, or cowardice.

"The Queen was accused of having danced in the bedroom with the gentlemen of the King's chamber [*cum cubiculariis regis*], and of having kissed her brother, Lord Rochfort. When she made no answer to these accusations, the King's syndic or proctor, Master Polwarck, produced certain letters, and bawled out that she could not deny she had written to her brother, informing him that she was pregnant. Still she continued silent.

"When the sentence of death was pronounced, the Queen raised her eyes to heaven, nor did she condescend to look at her judges, but went to the place of execution. Kneeling down, she asked that time for prayer should be granted her. When she had ceased praying, she herself arranged her hair, covered her eyes, and commanded the executioner to strike.

"The Queen exhibited such constancy, patience,

and faith towards God, that all the spectators, even her enemies, and those persons who previously had rejoiced at her misfortune out of their hatred to the doctrine of the religion which she had introduced into England, testified and proclaimed her innocence and chastity."

He then narrates the conversation at table, which would require more comment than can be here afforded to render it distinct. Then,

"While the guests were thus talking at table in my hearing, it so happened that a servant of Crumwell's came from the Court, and sitting down at the table, asked the landlord to let him have something to eat, for he was exceedingly hungry.

"In the mean time, while the food was being got ready, the other guests asked him what were his news? Where was the King? What was he doing? Was he sorry for the Queen? He answered by asking why should he be sorry for her? As she had already betrayed him in secrecy, so now was he openly insulting her. For just as she, while the King was oppressed with the heavy cares of state, was enjoying herself with others, so he, when the Queen was being beheaded, was enjoying himself with another woman.

"While all were astonished, and ordered him to hold his tongue, for he was saying what no one would believe, and that he would bring himself into peril if others heard him talking thus, he answered, 'You yourselves will speedily hear from

other persons the truth of what I have been saying.'

"The landlord, who was a servant of Crumwell's, hearing this, said, 'It is not fitting for us to dispute about such affairs. If they are true they will be no secret. And when I go to Court I will inquire carefully into these matters.'

"The person, however, who had first spoken, answered that he had the King's orders that none but the councillors and secretaries should be admitted, and that the gate of the country-house should be kept shut in which the King had secluded himself.

"Some days afterwards, when the landlord returned from the Court, before any one asked him a question, he called out with a loud voice, 'I have news to tell you.' The guests anxiously waited to know what he had to say, whereupon he added, that within a few days the King would be betrothed, and shortly afterwards would be married, but without any state, in the presence of the councillors only; for he wished to delay the coronation of his new spouse until he should see whether she would give birth to a boy.

"The issue of events proved that this was the truth, for the Lady Jane was crowned Queen when she was upon the eve of the confinement in which she died.

"The birth of a son gave immense satisfaction to the King. But as he was afraid that he himself would not live so long as to see the child grown up, he removed out of the way all those persons of

whom he was apprehensive, lest, upon his death, they should seize the crown." *

So much for the exiled Scottish clergyman's account of what he saw in the shifting Court of Henry VIII.

The early Reformers, and the leaders of the predominant ecclesiastical party in Scotland for a considerable period after the Reformation, were eminently learned. The example of a foreign education was set to them by their political head, the Regent Murray, who studied in Paris under the renowned Peter Ramus.

Something of John Welch, Knox's son-in-law, we have seen already. Alexander Arbuthnot, Principal of King's College in Aberdeen, and an ecclesiastical leader of eminence in the reign of King James, studied under Cujacius at Bourges. Erskine of Dun, one of the early lay leaders of the Reformation, studied under Melanchthon at Wittenberg, and passed over to Denmark. Here we are told that he attended the lectures of John Maccabeus, a Scotsman, of whom we would know scarcely anything, had he not been excavated by the labours of the indefatigable Dr M'Crie, who makes out that he was a Macalpine who changed his name, and served with credit as a professor in the University

* 'Calendar of State Papers (Foreign), 1558-1559,' No. 1303. The public are under obligation to Mr Joseph Stevenson not only for finding this document, but for translating a large portion of it into English.

of Copenhagen. Andrew Melville, not less known to fame from his place in ecclesiastical history than from the excellent biography of him by Dr M'Crie, studied at Paris, and went afterwards to Poictiers, where he became regent in the College of St Marceau. He succeeded Knox in the friendship of Beza, and was so sedulously the disciple of the venerable scholar, that his enemies called him Beza's ape. Several of the succeeding leaders of the Scottish Church, such as Boyd of Trochrig, Thomas Smeton, Robert Baillie, Alexander Henderson, and William Spang, had intimate relations with Continental scholars. Baillie published his folio on Scriptural and Classical Chronology at Amsterdam.* Concerning Spang, it is necessary to lift up a protestation, since a great historian of our age, who is rather fond of wakening with a rattling peal of thunder any contemporary whom he finds napping, has endeavoured to deprive him of existence, suggesting that he is altogether a mistake for Strang.† But Spang was the respected

* 'Operis Historici et Chronologici Libri duo, in quibus historia sacra et profana compendiose deducitur ex ipsis fontibus, a Creatione Mundi ad Constantinum Magnum,' &c. Per D. Robertum Ballium, 1668.

† Perhaps the fine Roman hand in which this doubt is raised can be recognised :—"As in this museum manuscript, otherwise of good authority, the name of the principal correspondent is not 'Spang,' but 'Strang,' and we learn elsewhere that Baillie wrote the miserablest hand, a question arises whether *Strang* be not once for all the real name,

name of a very considerable scholar and an acute observer, as any one will find who chooses to peruse his 'Rerum nuper in Regno Scoticæ Gestarum Historia,' &c., published at Dantzic in 1641, of which the present writer has the privilege to possess a tall clean copy bound in vellum.

The Covenanting contest was doubtless inimical to learning, but there was more of it among the Covenanters themselves than they generally get credit for. The letters of Samuel Rutherford have a hold on the affections of two classes of people—the one, those like-minded with himself, who enjoy the excessive luxuriance of his metaphorical piety, and the free-and-easy way in which he claps on the shoulder and takes a chat with the existences most sacred in the thoughts of Christian people; the other class are those who are in search of the scandals of Puritanic literature, for the purpose of holding them up to odium or ridicule. In this way Rutherford was very valuable to the compiler,

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and *Spang* from the first a mere false reading, which has now become inveterate? *Strang*, equivalent to Strong, is still a common name in those parts of Scotland. *Spang*—which is a Scottish verb, signifying *leap violently, leap distractedly*, as an imprisoned terrified kangaroo might leap—we never heard of as a Christian person's surname before. 'The reverend Mr *Leap-distractedly*,' labouring in that dense element of Campvere, in Holland? We will hope not, if there be a ray of hope! The Bannatyne Club, now in a manner responsible, is able to decide."—Article on "Baillie the Covenanter," 'Westminster Review,' April 1842.

whoever he was, of the 'Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed, or, The Folly of their Teaching Discovered;' and he was not unacceptable to the late Mr Buckle, who would have thought such writings as his less amazing if he had been more accustomed to them. Rutherford, no doubt, was an ardent fanatic, but this did not prevent him from being a scholar, known abroad by his work on Armenianism, which was carefully re-edited at Utrecht.* His familiars might have questioned whether the author of the 'Examen' would have rested peacefully in his grave had he known that his Dutch editor dedicated the book to so heterodox a person as that female Crichton, the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman.

The Dutch seem to have taken a strong liking to him. He was offered a professor's chair at Harderwyck, which he declined; and afterwards his brother, Captain James Rutherford, garrisoned with the

* 'Examen Arminianismi conscriptum et discipulis dictatum a doctissimo clarissimoque viro D. Samuele Rhetorforte, S.S. Theol. in Academiâ Scotiæ Sanctandreanâ Doctore et Professore, 1668.' The transformation of his name into Rhetorfortis, though not an equivalent in translation, is not so perplexing as many of the classifyings which tease one so much in following up the names of that period. Another Scotsman, for instance, is known in the world of letters as Theagrius. His name was David Hume, and he wrote a history of the house of Douglas. But how connect Hume with Theagrius? He was the laird of a piece of ground called Godscroft, or God's field.

Scotch Dutch contingent at Grave, was sent over to press him to accept the Professorship of Divinity at Utrecht, vacant in 1651 by the death of the celebrated Dematius, or Charles de Maets. His reasoning for declining foreign employment is expressed in his own peculiar way in one of his letters, in which he urges a brother clergyman to follow his example: "Let me entreat you to be far from the thoughts of leaving this land. I see it and find it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in his anger; but though I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in Scotland beside angry Jesus Christ, than in any Eden or garden in the earth." And here I am reminded of the illogicality of discoursing under the title of the Scot abroad, concerning a Scotsman who would not go abroad. My excuse is, that his fame and his works travelled afar, and created a desire for his presence.

John Brown of Wamphrey was a voluminous writer on religion and theology. His books may still be picked up, sorely thumbed and stained, and odorous of peat-reek, after the fashion of seventeenth-century religious literature in Scotland. Whoever would know thoroughly the history of the time, must follow for information on the steps of those who have read such books with the relish of devotees; for how shall we know the nature of a people unless we trace their religious influences to the very fountain-heads? Perhaps the most animated of his works is

the quarto, in which he lifts his testimony against the Quakers, proving that they are on the highway to paganism. He is known through foreign printing-presses as Joannes Broun, Scoto-Britannus. He died minister of the Scots Church at Amsterdam, some years before the Revolution, and was zealous against Erastianism—a favourite enemy of the Scottish Presbyterian pulpit—attacking it even within the native stronghold of the Dutch vernacular, and dragging it into the light of the language of learning for just condemnation.*

There was, in fact, a little nest of Covenanting refugee clergy at Rotterdam, whose mouths Charles II. had influence enough in Holland to stop. Two of them—M'Ward, a great correspondent of Baillie's, and John Nevay, the author of a Latin paraphrase of the Song of Solomon—were considerable scholars, and as such esteemed among the scholarly Dutch. But King Charles would not probably have repented of the act which put them to silence, if he had read M'Ward's lamentation over the event, meekly though it is expressed—"Oh! when I remember that burning and shining light, worthy and

* 'Libri duo. In priori, Wolzogium in libellis duobus de interprete scripturarum causam orthodoxam prodidisse demonstratur. In posteriori, Lamberti Velthusii Sententia Libertino Erastiana, in libello vernaculo de idolatria et superstitione nuper proposita, detegitur et confutatur. Authore Joanne Broun, Scoto Britanno, V. D. M., Amstelodami, 1660.'

warm Mr Livingstone, who used to preach as within the sight of Christ and the glory to be revealed: acute and distinct Nevay; judicious and neat Sympson; fervent, serious, and zealous Trail. When I remember, I say, that all these great luminaries are now set," &c.*

A Robert Douglas served as chaplain to the Scots troops in the army of Gustavus Adolphus. The tradition of his birth is one of the most romantic on record. He was esteemed to be a son of Mary Queen of Scots and George Douglas her admirer, born during her captivity in Lochleven Castle. The Swedish warrior was said to have had a high esteem for him, saying he was fit to be a prime minister as well as an ecclesiastical leader; nay, that he would trust his army in the hands of Robert Douglas: but these testimonials are vouched for only by Wodrow, who thought there was nothing beyond the capacity of "a great state preacher," as he calls Douglas—a term very expressively applicable to a class of men whose sermons shook thrones and sent armies to battle.

All these spiritual heroes were on the side of Calvinism. The old Church, however, was not entirely without testifiers. Hamilton, Chambers, Cone, Laing, Dempster, and Burne, have already stepped across the stage, and we have seen in some meas-

* 'The History of the Scottish Church, Rotterdam,' by the Rev. William Steven, M.A., p. 54.

ure how Knox fared at the hands of some of these. One of his chief controversial opponents was Ninian Winzeat, or Wingate, Abbot of the Scots Monastery of St James, at Ratisbon, already referred to. To this office he was driven by losing one that sounds lowly enough beside it—that of parish schoolmaster in Linlithgow. But he seemed to carry with him regrets for his severance from that, "his kindly town," and a lively sense of the importance of the functions there fulfilled by him, judging "the teaching of the youthhead in virtue and science, next after the authority with the ministers of justice, under it and after the angelical office of godly pastors, to obtain the third principal place most commodious and necessary to the Kirk of God." Winzeat was the author of the 'Flagellum Sectariorum,' and of a precious tract called 'The Last Blast of the Trompet of Godis Worde aganis the vsurpit auctoritie of Johne Knox, and his Caluiniane Brether.' This, of course, was not a kind of production to be published with impunity in the sixteenth century, in a place where the object of the attack was supreme in power; and it completed that measure of Winzeat's iniquity which compelled him to seek safety and find promotion abroad.

Another opponent figures in Knoxian literature as Tyrie the Jesuit. Little is known of him but the fact that he belonged to the great Society of Jesus, unless we accept also as a fact the statement of his friend George Cone, whom we have already met

with, that his accomplishments exhausted all human knowledge. His tone is moderate, and in his gentleness he administers some hard hits. He possessed the vantage-ground which the early defenders of Catholicism held, in the fact that most of their opponents were converts, and he knew how to touch this chink in his antagonists' armour.

'Had they not been dealt with otherwise, Blackwood and the worthy Bishop Leslie might have been brought in here as champions of the old Church. Another Scotsman of the same family name, George Leslie, enjoyed a more astounding but less substantial fame than the bishop's as a champion of Catholicism. John Benedict Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, wrote his life and marvellous adventures under the name of the "Scottish Capuchin"—Il Cappucchine Scozzese; who, returning to his native towers at Monymusk, there executed miraculous conversions, for the particulars of which we refer, as official people say, to the document itself. It was translated into several languages, dramatised, and acted; and an abridgment of it by Lord Hailes, written with his usual dry succinctness, is to be found among his biographical tracts.

The shortness of the period during which Episcopacy was the Establishment in Scotland after the Reformation, afforded few opportunities for its clerical members connecting themselves with foreign countries, before the period when Scotland became

less conspicuous for the migration of her sons. Yet the Episcopal Church showed the Continent more than one eminent ecclesiastic. Patrick Adamson, a man highly unpopular in ecclesiastical politics, in his latter days wrote some clever Latin poems at Bourges, to beguile his time while in hiding from the slaughterers of St Bartholomew. Dr John Forbes, of Corse, whose 'Tractatus de Simonia,' and other works, in two portly folios, are an element in every complete theological library, left his paternal acres in Aberdeenshire, and for some years wandered among the universities of France, Germany, and Holland, passing so far north as Upsala. He married at Middelburg a Dutch wife, bearing the name of Soete Roose Boom, which, being translated, means, it appears, Sweet Rose Tree.

Spottiswood, the historian-archbishop, adapted himself so much to the customs of Paris, that he was under the accusation of having there attended mass. The good Bishop Leighton lived long enough in France to speak like a Frenchman. Burnett, who belongs more to literature and history than to theology, had more to do than he desired with the other side of the Channel. He is not the only man whom Scotland sent, with the advantages of foreign intercourse and training, to get preferment in the English Church. One very eminent instance may be taken. Patrick Young (Patricius Junius), the great biblical critic, who introduced the Alexandrian version of the Bible to the learned world, lived much in Paris,

and corresponded with fellow-labourers in Holland and Germany.

As these sketches profess to be entirely free from the despotism of systematic arrangement, and licensed to wander at their own sweet will, I feel that I should compromise the privileges claimed for them were I to continue to arrange them, as the last groups have been, under religious or professional denominations. Let us, then, before running into any more classifications, take a brief ramble into the republic of letters. First, I shall call up Florence Wilson, or Florentius Volusinus, who commemorates with pleasant pensiveness his early childhood on the banks of the Lossie, while he writes on the consolations of philosophy in the old cathedral town of Carpentras, of which he is as much a denizen as if his ancestors had lived there for many generations. A learned and accurate scholar, who has done much to clear pathways through the jungles of this kind of literature, gives the following pleasant account of some of the steps upwards in Wilson's career :—

"He prosecuted his studies in the University of Paris, and was there employed in the capacity of tutor to a son of Cardinal Wolsey's brother. Such an appointment might have led to much higher honour and emolument; but the death of the cardinal, which took place in the year 1530, compelled him to search for new employment. Another cardinal, Jean de Lorraine, encouraged him in the pursuit of learning by assigning to him an annual pen-

sion, of which, however, the amount was probably small, nor does it appear to have been punctually paid. He likewise obtained the favour of Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris; and in the year 1534, when that prelate was employed on an embassy to Rome, Wilson was included in his train, and had proceeded as far as Avignon, when he was arrested by a malady which compelled him to relinquish his engagement. In addition to his bodily ailments, he had now to complain of the exhausted state of his purse; and thus he was again left to seek a new path of preferment. From two of his letters which have been preserved in the Cotton Library, we learn that he had visited London, and was personally acquainted with several persons of distinction. One of these letters, written in his native language, is somewhat mutilated by fire, and is without the superscription; it seems, however, to have been addressed to Thomas Cromwell, subsequently Earl of Essex, and is chiefly occupied with details of ecclesiastical proceedings in Paris. In the other, written in Latin and addressed to Dr Starkey, he sends his salutations to Cromwell, then Secretary of State, as well as to Edward Fox, Bishop of Hereford; and the famous Bishop of Winchester, Stephen Gardiner, is there mentioned as one particularly interested in the writer. Both letters are undated; but, from internal evidence, this last appears to have been written in the year 1535. He alludes to his having been in London dur-

ing the preceding summer; and he reminds his correspondent, Starkey, that while they were walking in the garden of Antonius Bonvisius, he recommended the city of Carpentras, in the south of France, as a place where he might find a pleasant retreat. As he was anxious to visit Italy, he did not at that time feel inclined to avail himself of this suggestion; but after he had proceeded as far as Lyons, where he met his friend Bonvisius, and was still doubtful whither he should direct his course, he resolved that he would at least take Carpentras in his route. When he arrived at Avignon, he received information that the bishop of the diocese was anxious to find some person properly qualified to teach the public school of Carpentras. This prelate was the celebrated Cardinal Sadoleto, who was himself distinguished for his Latinity; a qualification which had recommended him to the office of Apostolical Secretary under two successive pontiffs. Wilson lost no time in proceeding to the episcopal residence, where he experienced a very gracious reception. The cardinal was one evening engaged in his studies, when a servant announced that a stranger, wearing a gown, requested permission to wait upon him. The wayfaring scholar was admitted without delay; and on being questioned as to his country, his profession, and the occasion of his visit, he answered with so much modesty of sentiment and propriety of expression, that Sadoleto

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was immediately impressed with a most favourable opinion of his character and attainments. His nice ear was gratified with Wilson's classical Latinity; nor was he a little surprised on learning that his visitor was a native of a country so wild and remote as Scotland. At an early hour of the following morning, having sent for one of the chief magistrates of the city, together with another functionary apparently concerned in the management of the school, he communicated to them his strong prepossessions in favour of this candidate. He had requested his nephew, Paolo Sadoleto, to inquire in Italy for a person duly qualified to undertake the charge of the school; but he was now persuaded that he could scarcely expect to find in an Italian the same modesty, prudence, and propriety of address and demeanour. Being invited to dine at the cardinal's with the chief magistrates and other guests, he conducted himself with so much decorum, and displayed so much knowledge, as well as modesty, in the discussion of some questions of natural philosophy, that the patrons of the school thought it unnecessary to seek any other evidence of his qualifications. The magistrates immediately took him aside, and he was appointed master of Carpentras school, with an annual salary of seventy crowns. When we estimate the comparative value of money, this may be considered as no despicable sum; and it may be supposed that he was entitled to some additional emolument arising from fees. Sadoleto

was much gratified to find that he was qualified to initiate his pupils in the Greek language."*

How pleasant it would be if we could trace a few others in this way, and see the steps by which they mounted upwards. There was a James Martin, who was professor at Rome and Turin, and remembered his far-off Scots home among the wooded valleys of Dunkeld, as Wilson remembered his in Morayshire—who would perhaps have afforded as distinctive a narrative had we now any memorial of him beyond his book professing to clear up physiological difficulties which still puzzle the learned.†

William Hegate and Robert Balfour were simultaneously professors at Bordeaux; and it is of them that Vinetus is supposed to write to Buchanan when he says, "This school is rarely without a Scotsman; it has two at present—one of whom is professor of philosophy, the other of the Greek lan-

* Irving's 'Lives of Scotish Writers,' i. 24-28.—There is a great question, by the way, on which I shall not venture to enter as a combatant—whether we should say Scottish or Scotch. A third method is Scots; and I fear my own principles are so loose that all three forms may be found in these pages. The learned author just quoted took up his testimony upon a different form from any of these—Scotish, with one t; and from some little knowledge of him, I believe he would have suffered martyrdom in the cruelest form that the genius of torture could devise, rather than assent to the double t or the ch.

† 'Jacobi Martini Scoti Dunkeldensis Philosophiæ Professoris publici in Academia Taurinensi de Prima Simplicium et Concretorum Corporum Generatione Disputatio.'

guage and mathematics: both are good, honest, and learned men, and enjoy the favourable opinion of their auditors." The same university was for some time the theatre of the celebrity of John Cameron, whose life, as written by Bayle, affords us an excellent specimen of the vagrant Scottish scholar, filling successively a chair in half the universities of western Europe. The great sceptic records the astonishment of the French, who found in this youth, raw from Glasgow, "que dans un âge si peu avancé, il parlait en Grec sur le champ avec la même facilité, et avec la même pureté, que d'autres font en Latin." Sir Robert Ayton, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey, wrote many of his sweet poems in France, and frequented several of the German courts. David Panther—whose 'Literæ Regum Scotorum' were thought worthy of publication at a period comparatively late, on account of the excellence of their Latinity—was a wanderer abroad, and acquired a knowledge of foreign countries which marked him out as a proper representative of the Crown of Scotland at the French Court.

It would be unpardonable to omit William Bellenden, of whose life scarcely anything is known, save that he spent the greater part of his days in Paris, where he is spoken of as an advocate, and a professor of humanity. His works are remarkable for their pure Latinity and their searching analytical criticism of the indications of ancient life and government afforded by the classical writers, and especially

by Cicero. A set of his tracts, clustered together under the title of 'De Statu,' was re-edited by Samuel Parr, with a Latin preface in his usual style, bristling with Greek quotations, and allusions to Foxius and Northius. The chief object of the publication was to show how largely Conyers Middleton, in his 'Life of Cicero,' was indebted to Bellenden.

Every one is familiar with the 'Argenis' of Barclay. Many have been tempted by the aspect of the compact Elzevier in the book-stalls to transfer it to their library. Few, however, notwithstanding the eulogium of Cowper, have had intrepidity enough to read this dense little romance. Prose works of fiction have never had a strong popular vitality. The 'Telemaque' has lived under the protection of the birch as a useful schoolbook; and, by the way, in its turnings of historical allegory it has more analogy to the 'Argenis' than any other book I could point to. It remains to be seen whether Scott is to retain his fame on higher sanctions, but the fate of his predecessors is unpromising. Richardson, over whose melting pages our grandmothers cried their eyes dry and feverish, is now voted a bore. Even Fielding and Smollett, though respected as wit and humorist, are rather shunned; and the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' no longer draw the evening circle nearer to the fire, their hearts beating with the terror of mysterious sounds in dark corners. It requires some reading to inform one that the world was once mad about 'Arti-

menes, or the Grand Cyrus.' Hence we can form little notion of the popularity to which the 'Argenis' was entitled as a romance. But it has its merits of another kind worth looking into. The hints it gives about the designs of the Guises have been already referred to.* The strange complexity and rather tiresome absence of all touches of nature in the narrative arise from the peculiarity and difficulty of the task which the author had set before himself. He resolved to leave a transcript of his insight into the secret politics of the time without saying anything which could be taken hold of as dangerous criticism and revelation. Accordingly, he told a long story as far apart from ordinary or even possible human events as possible. And yet in his characters the critic has gradually worked out Henry III. of France, Henry IV. and his father of Navarre, Philip II. of Spain, Queen Elizabeth, the Guises including the Duke of Mayenne and their follower Villeroi, Bethlehem Gabor prince of Transylvania, Cardinal Barberini, who became Pope Urban VIII., John Calvin, and many minor political celebrities. Still many people prefer his secondary work, called the 'Satyricon Euphormionis,' on account of its curious notices of the condition of Britain.

A question here arises, Was Barclay a Scot? One's conscience might easily be set at rest by the brief statement in the Life prefixed to the best

* Vol. i. p. 174.

edition of his works, that he was born at Aberdeen.* My own belief, however, is, that he was born while his parents sojourned in France. He came, however, of an Aberdeenshire family, the same whose old fortalice of Towie enabled the Russian general to take the name of Barclay de Tolly.

The father of the author of 'Argenis,' William Barclay, was born in Aberdeenshire, in the year 1546. After sitting at the feet of Cujacius, and learning from Donnellus and Contius, he became professor of civil law in the University of Pontamousson in Lorraine. He wrote some jurisprudential works, chiefly with a political tendency, and might have been cited among the opponents of Buchanan.

William Barclay and his contemporary Peter Ayrault had each a contest with the Jesuits, which has associated them with each other in the amusing pages of Menage. It was the practice of the Society of Jesus to look out for young men of high ability and absorb them out of the world into their own order, to fight as spiritual soldiers, with a grasp on their absolute devotedness stronger even than that which held the priesthood at large; for while these had no wife and offspring to divide their affections, the youth enlisted in the army of Loyola were children so obtained and trained as to be ignorant of their ancestry, their parentage, and the very existence of

* "Natus est Aberdoniæ ex antiquissima Scotorum familia."—Leyden edition, 1664.

their family. It was the policy on which the Egyptian Government embodied the Mamelukes. It was thus that Peter Ayrault lost his son René. He made all Europe ring with his lamentations. As the Lieutenant-Criminel of Angers, he was notorious for the severe discharge of his duties, but he stretched them to their utmost against the Jesuit brethren in vain. He used every engine which connection, political influence, and sympathy with his wild grief could move, but all was naught. He published a book for helping the youth, should he alight on it, to find his father, to whom he was implored to reveal himself and return. He executed a public document of paternal disownment. Everything was in vain; and whether his offspring was dragging out a life of miserable drudgery, or was high in fame and power as an illustrious member of his powerful order, the father never knew, though the industry of subsequent biographers revealed the story of René's life, and found it to be a rather commonplace one.*

Barclay's affair with the Jesuits was the antithesis of this. They wanted his son John, but the father put them at defiance. After both toil and danger, he was just successful in keeping the author of the

* It is curious to observe how, in the byways of literature as in those of social life, some slight chain of connection is found between persons and events naturally distinct and disconnected. Ayrault was a pupil of the Barnaby Brisson whose fate has been mentioned in connection with the adventures of another Scotsman. See vol. i. p. 282.

'Argenis' for the ordinary world. The stories, however, were parallel in showing the great power of the new order. Barclay was driven from his lucrative office in Lorraine, where the Duke, who had warmly befriended him, became either afraid or unwilling to back him against his powerful enemies. A time of retribution was recorded, though the sufferers did not see it. The wrongs of the father bereaved, and of the father oppressed, went forth together into the world of letters, and had their weight in that accumulating storm of fear and hatred which crushed the order.

The elder Barclay naturally suggests to us a special class of authors, the jurists. Some of them have already been spoken of for their labours in other spheres. As a practical lawyer, Robert Reid, the second President of the Court of Session, was enabled to adjust the procedure in that tribunal to the foreign model on which it was founded, by much sojourning among the Italian and French lawyers. He was a patron of letters, and desired to infuse new intellectual blood into his country, by inducing eminent foreign scholars to reside in Scotland. He brought with him from France, and placed as a monk in the retired Monastery of Kinloss, Ferrerius the Piedmontese, who continued Boece's History.

Among his contemporaries several Scotsmen held the chairs of jurisprudence in the Continental universities. Edward Henryson, who wrote a tract 'De Jurisdictione,' preserved in Meerman's 'The-

saurus,' and who was employed in editing and consolidating the Scottish Acts in the reign of James VI., was for some time a professor of civil law at Bourges. Peter Bissat was professor of canon law in Bologna, and wrote some works, jurisprudential and literary, with which I profess no acquaintance beyond the titles attributed to them in works of reference. William Wellwood, of a family afterwards distinguished in literature, and in many other paths to eminence, published at Porto Ferrara a work on International Law, as connected with ocean rights—one of the books which helped Grotius to frame his great system. He published at Leyden, before the end of the sixteenth century, a parallel between the French and the Roman law. Henry Scrimgeour, of the house of Dudhope, gained a high fame among Continental civilians by his Greek version of the 'Constitutiones Novellæ' — he lived the greater part of his days at Augsburg and Geneva. Sir Thomas Craig, the great feudalist, though he lived a good deal in Scotland, drew the resources of his work from his intercourse with the Continental jurists, the next generation of whom referred to it as an authority.

Sir John Skene, a lawyer at the height of his fame about the turning of the seventeenth into the eighteenth century, performed a more enlightened task than that of the commentators or the civilians. He was the first in any systematic way to collect the Acts of Parliament and other native laws of his own

country. But he had been a considerable wanderer in most parts of Europe, and recalled the reminiscences of his foreign experiences evidently with enjoyment. In a passage in his Dictionary of Law Terms, which I remember reading long ago, but cannot now find, he refers, as an example of something he has to say, to the great Alpine horn on which the Swiss shepherds seem to have performed in his day, as every traveller there knows that they do in this; and in reference to the customs of pedlars, he refers to his experience in Poland. Sir James Melville wanted to take Skene as his legal adviser when he went to adjust the terms of the marriage of King James with Anne of Denmark, saying of him "that he was best acquainted with the condition of the Germans, and could mak them lang harangues in Latin, and was a gude true stout man lyk a Dutch man." * Were this an exhaustive catalogue of the Scottish jurists, it would be necessary to include in it the eccentric Mark Alexander Boyd, the friend of Cujacius, who found himself, although a Protestant, fighting against his own friends. Drummond of Hawthornden, too, studied civil law at Bourges, with the intention of practising on his return; but Themis was not the muse in whose train he was destined to march.†

* Memoirs, p. 366.

† I am loth entirely to pass over one of Sir Thomas Urquhart's favourites; but he comes up in such a questionable shape that I must shove him into a note, lest he should

Having got again into the groove of "the departments," medicine should have its share. The well-earned renown of Scotland as a medical school belongs to that later period when she was enabled to

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render the rest of the company questionable by his companionship.

"There was another, called Doctor Seaton—not a doctor of divinity, but one that had his degrees at Padua, and was doctor *utriusque juris;* for whose pregnancy of wit, and vast skill in all the mysteries of the civil and canon laws, being accounted one of the ablest men that ever breathed, he was most heartily desired by Pope Urbane the Eighth to stay at Rome; and, the better to encourage him thereto, made him chief professor of the Sapience (a colledge in Rome so called), where, although he lived a pretty while with great honour and reputation, yet at last (as he was a proud man), falling at some odds with *il collegio Romano,* the supreamest seat of the Jesuites, and that wherein the general of that numerous society hath his constant residence, he had the courage to adventure coping with them where they were strongest, and in matter of any kind of learning to give defiance to their greatest scholars; which he did do with such a height of spirit, and in such a lofty and bravashing humour, that (although there was never yet that ecclesiastical incorporation wherein there was so great universality of literature or multiplicity of learned men, he nevertheless, misregarding what estimation they were in with others, and totally reposing on the stock or basis of his own knowledge, openly gave it out, that if those Teatinos (his choler not suffering him to give them their own name of Jesuites) would offer any longer to continue in vexing him with their frivolous chat and captious argumentations, to the impugning of his opinions (and yet in matters of religion they were both of one and the same faith), he would (like a Hercules amongst so many myrmidons) fall in within the very midst of them, so besquatter them on all sides, and, with

keep her distinguished sons at home. If one were very anxious to catch at names, we might claim one of the early lords of the fantastic science, which was the medical science of its day, in "the wondrous

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the granads of his invincible arguments, put the braines of all and each of them in such a fire, that they should never be able (pump as they would) to find in all the celluls thereof one drop of either reason or learning wherewith to quench it.

"This unequal undertaking of one against so many, whereof some were greater courtiers with his Papal Holiness then he, shortened his abode at Rome; and thereafter did him so much prejudice in his travels through Italy and France, that when at any time he became scarce of money (to which exigent his prodigality often brought him) he could not, as before, expect an *ayuda de costa* (as they call it) or *viaticum* from any prince of the territories through which he was to pass, because the channels of their liberality were stopped by the rancour and hatred of his conventual adversaries.

"When, nevertheless, he was at the lowest ebb of his fortune, his learning, and incomparable facility in expressing anything with all the choicest ornaments of, and incident varieties to the perfection of the Latin elocution, raised him to the dignity of being possessed with the chair of Lipsius, and professing humanity (in Italy called *buone letere*) in the famous University of Lovan: yet (like Mercury) unapt to fix long in any one place, deserting Lovan, he repaired to Paris, where he was held in exceeding great reputation for his good parts, and so universally beloved that both laicks and churchmen, courtiers and scholars, gentlemen and merchants, and almost all manner of people willing to learn some new thing or other (for, as says Aristotle, every one is desirous of knowledge), were ambitious of the enjoyment of his company, and ravished with his conversation. For besides that the matter of his discourse was strong, sententious, and witty, he spoke Latin as if he had been another

Michael Scott." But within the period of more authentic biography, if not of more legitimate science, we are not unrepresented abroad in this department. Duncan Liddel, the son of a respectable citizen in Aberdeen, where he was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, ambitious for a wider field than his native town afforded, took his staff in his hand and wandered to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he found a friend and guide in his countryman, John Craig, professor of logic and mathematics. After trials of his fortune in several places, he became professor of physic in the University of Helmstadt, where he was revered as the founder and maintainer of a distinguished medical school. His professional works had a great European reputation

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Livy or Salustius; nor, had he been a native of all the three countryes of France, Italy, and Germany, could he have exprest himself (as still he did when he had occasion) with more selected variety of words, nimbler volubility of utterance, or greater dexterity for tone, phrase, and accent in all the three languages thereto belonging.

"I have seen him circled about at the Louvre with a ring of French lords and gentlemen, who hearkned to his discourse with so great attention, that none of them, so long as he was pleased to speak, would offer to interrupt him; to the end that the pearles falling from his mouth might be the more orderly congested in the several treasures of their judgements: the ablest advocates, barristers, or counsellors at law of all the parlement of Paris, even amongst those that did usually plead *en la chambre dorée*, did many times visit him at his house, to get his advice in hard debatable points. He came also to that sublime pitch of good diction

in their day. Henry Blackwood, the brother of the vindicator of Queen Mary, was dean of the faculty of medicine in the University of Paris. Peter Lowe, who wrote a book no less comprehensive than 'The whole Course of Chirurgie' in 1597, styled himself "Arellian Doctor in the Faculty of Chirurgie in Paris," and became physician in ordinary to Henry IV. A life of Marc Duncan, who was a practising physician at Saumur, will be found in Moreri. He obtained so high a professional reputation that King James I. of England endeavoured to bring him to St James's, but he had married and settled himself in France. He wrote a pamphlet, taking the bold and merciful view of the celebrated persecution of Urban Grandier, the events connected with which

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even in the French tongue, that there having past, by vertue of a frequent intercourse, several missives in that idiom betwixt him and le sieur de Balzak, who by the quaintest romancealists of France, and daintiest complementers of all its lushious youth, was almost uncontrollably esteemed in eloquence to have surpassed Ciceron; the straine of Seaton's letters was so high, the fancy so pure, the words so well connected, and the cadence so just, that Balzak (infinitely taken with its fluent yet concise oratory), to do him the honour that was truly due to him, most lovingly presented him with a golden pen, in acknowledgment of Seaton's excelling him both in rhetorick and the art of perswasion; which gift proceeding from so great an orator, and for a supereminency in that faculty wherein himself, without contradiction, was held the chiefest of this and all former ages that ever were born in the French nation, could not chuse but be accounted honourable."

came under his immediate notice—but he is chiefly remembered as the author of the 'Institutiones Logicæ.' He was Principal of the University of Saumur. Another multifariously endowed Scottish physician, Walter Donaldson, an Aberdonian, is commemorated at length by Bayle. In the University of Sedan he was professor of physics, ethics, and Greek. Dr Pitcairn, now better known as a sarcastic Jacobite author than as a scientific physician, was a professor in Leyden before he took up his residence in Edinburgh.

Patrick Anderson, a physician, born some time after the middle of the sixteenth century, acted a part very similar in externals to that of a quack vendor of pills in the nineteenth. He advertised as a sovereign remedy for all ills his angelic grains or pills. It may be pleaded in his defence, however, that his advertisement was in the form of a Latin exposition. It was probably not very extensively read in its own day, and is now so rare that a copy of it is worth much more than its weight in gold.* He professed to bring the art of compounding these pills from Venice. Probably no patent medicine in this country has lived so long. Its vitality is connected with important constitutional adjustments. In consequence of the formidable protestations by the House of Commons against mono-

* 'Grana Angelica, hoc est pilularum hujus nominis insignis utilitas,' &c. 1635.

polies, the Act of 1623 was passed for abolishing them. This Act, by reserving the power to grant for fourteen years a monopoly to inventors, founded the law of patents. Now Anderson had got a patent for his pills before the passing of the Act, and it was not liable to the abbreviation. It still, I presume, exists. I remember an old "land" in the High Street of Edinburgh, dedicated to the sale of "Anderson's Pills," a popular medicine in the early part of the present century. There was a portrait of Anderson on the wall, which must have been durably painted on hard materials, for after it was neglected it required several years of the east winds and drifting showers of Edinburgh to obliterate it; and many persons may still remember how odd it was to see a portrait of a man with a high forehead and peaked beard, in the costume of the age of Shakespeare, and not unlike the usual portraits of him, staring out like a family portrait in a dining-room, from the grey cold walls of the High Street. I happen to know that, some twenty years ago, the property in "Anderson's Pills" was litigated in the Court of Session as a question of hereditary succession under an entail. By the law of Scotland, the privilege of making them would descend like landed property or any hereditary dignity.*

One of the Barclays was a physician, and appears

* During the printing of this, and before final correction, I have noticed a fresh advertisement of "Anderson's Pills."

to have lived about half his life abroad. The editor of one of his little medical tracts says he had it "from a sober person of good note, to whom the gentleman who had it out of Lipsius's mouth told it," how that great scholar said, "if he were dying, he knew no person on earth he would leave his pen to but the Doctor." This Barclay, influenced by devotion to scientific truth, was so disloyal as to publish a tract on the many beneficent influences of tobacco, though the weed had been solemnly condemned by his monarch in his celebrated 'Counterblast.' Barclay tells us, in his 'Nepenthes, or Virtues of Tobacco,' that "it hath certain melifluous delicacy which deliteth the senses and spirits of man with a mindful oblivion, in so much that it maketh and induceth the forgetting of all sorrows and miseries. There is such hostilitie between it and melancholie, that it is the only medicament in the world ordained by nature to entertain good companie." And in the climax of his laudation he says epigrammatically, "I durst be bold to say that tobacco is the mercure of vegetals, and mercure is the tobacco of minerals." He was one of the earliest of scientific Scotchmen who ventured to tell his science in the vernacular language. He wrote poems and literary criticism, but these works he would not trust to the rude medium of his native tongue, so they are conserved in Latin. His poems may be found in that collection of which it is said of Samuel Johnson, that although he knew it to be of Scotland, he admitted

that it would be a credit to the scholarship of any country—the 'Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum.'

This Barclay, like the rest of his name, including the apologist and the pugilist, was of Aberdeen, and so was the Davidson whose patriotic ebullitions, rising up in the midst of his alchemy and astrology, have been already spoken of. He calls himself "nobilis Scotus," but had he been of any worshipful family he would have had local celebrity, which he has not. He says that he began his great book on philosophical medicine when enjoying a peaceful and rather important position as Curator of the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, while he held the title of Physician to the King of France. He tells how he continued at his work while tossed about in voyages on the German Ocean and the Baltic and the Euxine, the Elbe, the Oder, the Bug, and the Dniester, through the roar of cannon, the tumult of advancing and retreating armies, and all the miseries, dangers, and difficulties of war, until he again found patronage and a peaceful retreat with John Casimir, the King of Poland. Among professional criticisms on his works it is noted that he denies the existence of the *plica polonaica*, a horrible and incurable disease, in which the blood passes out through the hair acting as small ducts; and his testimony is considered the more valuable that he lived in Poland and Russia, where the malady is reported to prevail. Of him and another native of the same district Sir Thomas Urquhart says—

"The excellency of Doctor William Davidson in Alchymy above all the men now living in the world, whereof by his wonderful experiments he giveth daily proof, although his learned books published in the Latin tongue did not evidence it, meriteth well to have his name recorded in this place; and after him, Dr Leeth (though in time before him) designed in Paris, where he lived, by the name of *Letu;* who, as in the practice and theory of medicine he excelled all the doctors of France, so in testimony of the approbation he had for his exquisiteness in that faculty, he left behind him the greatest estate of any of that profession then; as the vast means possest by his sons and daughters there as yet can testify."

Having thus got somehow among Aberdonians, it occurs that a good way of winding up this chapter with some kind of completeness would be to settle down on the district to which these belong, and offer something approaching to a full enumeration of the more remarkable of those born in or connected with it who represented their country in foreign lands. And here aptly enough comes up the name of one who, like Barclay, was a physician, a poet, and an Aberdonian — Arthur Johnston. His literary characteristics have a curious parallel with those of Ausonius, who was a physician of Bordeaux. Both seem to have turned aside from the ordinary topics of heroic or lyric poetry to indulge in genial reminiscences of the men or the places they were personally interested in. Among John-

ston's epigrams, as he called them, though many of them stray out of that term in its strict sense, one dwells on the delights of his own dear paternal home of Caskieben, on the banks of the little river Urie or Urius. Here he notices a phenomenon which doubtless enlivened many an evening ramble, that at the time of equinox the domain is touched by the shadow of the hill of Benochie—the same hill that is commemorated in the beautiful Scotch song, "I wish I were where Gadie rins, at the back o' Benochie."

His reputation is said to have budded at Rome, and his poems touch on friendships with many Continental celebrities. He did much injury to his own fame by his most elaborate work, which was the fruit of a preposterous ambition. George Eglisham, an Englishman, wrote a book to show that Buchanan was an overpraised man, especially as to his version of the Psalms; and for the purpose of proving his case he showed how he could do the thing better by giving a specimen of his own handiwork in the translation of the 104th Psalm. A controversy arose, in which Johnston, with others, poured abundance of contumely on Eglisham's effort. But while exposing another's incapacity for such a flight, he discovered his own; and actually set about—not merely a specimen, as Eglisham had given—but a complete rival version to Buchanan's Psalms. Here, of course, there was no opportunity for awarding distinctive merits to the two efforts,

and pronouncing how far each was "good of its kind." Johnston challenged Buchanan upon every line, otherwise he had no excuse for offering to the world a different one. Each was in a manner chained to the other, and the stronger would prevail throughout. But in the very method in which he set about his work he acknowledged the presence of a master; for while Buchanan revels with a sort of luxurious ease in all varieties of measure, as if each came to him in companionship with the tone and tenor of the special psalm, Johnston nailed himself down to the hexameter and pentameter couplet. There was an exception—the 119th Psalm—in which he ran over the gamut of Latin metre, as if to show that he could do so. But he is not without his champions. The Dutch are said to have preferred him to Buchanan. Hebrew scholars say he is a more faithful translator, showing great skill in expressing biblical conditions without departing from the course of pure Latinity; and it is easy to see that his work has a more quiet devotional air than the other, reminding one less of a heathen classic.

But Johnston's fame was afterwards irretrievably injured in the house of his friends by an attempt to lift him far above his master. This was the doing of a citizen of London, Mr Auditor Benson, who strove to get into a little niche in the temple of Fame by spending money on the printing of grand editions of great authors. By the bad advice of that William Lauder who charged Milton with plagiarism, and

forged passages in confirmation of the charge, Benson sent forth no less than three fine editions of Johnston's Psalms, accompanied by Lauder's eulogistic proclamations, which far overshot their mark. A long tedious controversy then broke out, and the whole affair brought a shot from the 'Dunciad,' which, in the opinion of the polite world, extinguished Johnston's fame for ever, though aiming at Benson's taste :—

> "On two unequal crutches propt he came,
> Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name."

It is an awful testimony to the despotic power of ruling geniuses, that though a man may have filled a high place in the serviceable literature of his age, and reaped solid rewards in the shape of wealth and honour, yet more than for anything of his own doing he is remembered by posterity through some sting from Dryden or Butler.

> "There was an ancient sage philosopher
> Who had read Alexander Ross over ; "

and many a sage philosopher has spent his time to less profit. Ross's 'View of all Religions in the World' is full of matter. It carries the reader over a vast tract of diversified knowledge, without leading him through the dreary wastes of discussion to which divines are often addicted; and the book has a strong claim on collectors, by its quaint biographies and portraits of illustrious fanatics.

Ross was the neighbour of Arthur Johnston, but long after both were dead their names became associ-

ated as fellow-instruments in the perverse machinations of William Lauder. Ross was the author of the 'Christiados,' which may safely be pronounced one of the queerest books ever brought into existence.* By a marvellous ingenuity he strings together on a new sequence nearly every line that Virgil wrote, adapting it sometimes with the change of a word—sometimes with no change at all—to what may be termed a poetical exposition of Christianity. One could easily suppose that if Virgil has devotees as Horace has, the jingle of this ringing of the changes might drive such a one to insanity. When Lauder brought his charges of plagiarism against Milton, he put Ross forward as one of the pillaged authors; and certainly in his opening there is a ludicrous incidental similarity to that of 'Paradise Regained.'†

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* 'Virgilii Evangelisantis Christiados libri xiii., in quibus omnia quæ de Domino nostro Jesu Christo in utroque testamento vel dicta vel prædicta sunt, altisona Divina Maronis tubâ suavissime decantantur, inflante Alexandro Rosæo.

Arma virumque *Maro* cecinit, nos acta Deumque,
Cedant arma viri, dum loquor acta *Dei*.

Roterodami, 1653.'

† "Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
Carmen, et Ægypto egressus per inhospita saxa
Perque domos Arabum vacuas et inania regna
Deduxi Abramidas; at nunc horrentia Christi
Acta Deumque cano, cœli qui primus ab oris
Virginis in lætæ gremium descendit," &c.

From the same root as Arthur came another poet, John Johnston, who, after studying at Aberdeen, is found successively in the universities of Helmstadt and Rostock. Gilbert Jack—born, says the complimentary Freher, in Aberdeen, a place illustrious for the capture of salmon*—taught philosophy at Herborn and Helmstadt, and became professor of philosophy at the University of Leyden, where he gave forth some disquisitions on physics and metaphysics. John Vaus, whose works on grammar are published by Ascensius, describes the difficulties of his journey to Paris to correct the press.† Of Robert Baron we do not know even so much, but some of his works on philosophy and divinity were published abroad, and all of them were in the hands of foreign scholars. James Gregory, the discoverer of the reflecting telescope, has only to be named: he is qualified for reception into the present company by living at Padua, where he published his quarto on that troublesome adjustment, the quadrature of the circle. He was married to the daughter of a David Anderson, called, from the multiplicity of his petty accomplishments, "Davy-do-a'-things;" and this Davy was a cousin of Alexander Anderson, another Aberdonian, who was professor of mathematics in Paris,

* In the 'Theatrum Clarorum Virorum.'

† See all that is known of him in Innes's 'Sketches of Early Scotch History,' p. 270.

and the author of a multitude of works on algebra and the other exact sciences which have excited the keen interest of adepts. Of him the unfailing translator of Rabelais says that he "was, for his abilities in the mathematical sciences, accounted the profoundlyest principled of any man of his time: in his studies he plyed hardest the equations of algebra, the speculations of the irrational lines, the proportions of regular bodies, and sections of the cone; for though he was excellently well skilled in the theory of the planets and astronomy, the opticks, catoptricks, dioptricks, the orthographical, stereographical, and schemographical projections; in cosmography, geography, trigonometry, and geodesie; in the staticks, musick, and all other parts or pendicles, sciences, faculties, or arts of or belonging to the disciplines mathematical in general, or any portion thereof in its essence or dependances: yet taking delight to pry into the greatest difficulties, to soar where others could not reach, and (like another Archimedes) to work wonders by geometry and the secrets of numbers; and having a body too weak to sustain the vehement intensiveness of so high a spirit, he dyed young, with that respect nevertheless to succeeding ages, that he left behind him a posthumary book, intitled 'Andersoni Opera,' wherein men versed in the subject of the things therein contained will reap great delight and satisfaction."

Among the plethoric volumes which slumber in

decorous old libraries may sometimes be found the bulky Greek grammar of a certain Alexander Scot,* We only know personally of him that he wrote certain other books; that he was an Aberdonian, and that he held a judicial office of some kind or other at Carpentras. His grammar, lying like some helmless hulk on the great sea of literature, might probably, on a week or two's careful and exclusive study, give forth some value to the modern inquirer. In its day the book had at least so much vitality as to be brought up on the side of Reuchlin in the controversies about the Erasmian innovations on the pronunciation of the Greek.

Under associations other than topographical we have already come in contact with several names connected with Aberdeen—as Bishop Elphinstone, Hector Boece, Bishop Leslie, Alexander Arbuthnot, Father Innes, Thomas Dempster, the two Chamberses, George Cone and James Laing, Sir John Skene, the Barclays, Gordon of Straloch, the theological Forbeses, and the physicians Duncan Liddel and Walter Donaldson. To go centuries further back to one whose literary fame is entirely of a home cast: John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, the author of the heroic poem called 'The Bruce,' went at least

* 'Universa Grammatica Græca, ex diversis Auctoribus, per Alexandrum Scot, Scotum, J.U.D. Nunc ejusdem auctoris fecunda cura facta politior, et locis necessariis non paucis, auctior. Lugduni, 1614.'

three times to France, for so many times had he letters of safe-conduct to pass through England thither, and one of these declares his purpose to be study.

Let me conclude this chapter with another patriotic chronicler of his times, not unlike him, though writing in prose, and coming down to that more fortunate era when his patriotism could include England.

The Burnets, like the Barclays, were a branching family, with many members of more or less distinction, but rooted in this district. Thomas, a physician, the brother of the bishop, wrote medical books, which passed through several Continental presses; but whether he went himself into other lands, or stayed at home, is not known. The bishop's eldest son studied at Leyden, and became Governor of Massachusetts. He had a younger son in some measure eminent in literature; but whether he qualified for a place here by crossing the Channel I am unable to say. It is of more consequence that a man of such mark as the bishop himself had a good deal to do abroad. Some of his wanderings were on business, and that of a not agreeable kind; but some of them were for enjoyment. His 'Tour in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany,' now little known, is a very amusing book, full of sagacious observation. It had the honour—rarely conferred then on an English book of travels—of being trans-

lated into German.* He was a very distinguished man, and yet somehow his name is seldom mentioned without a slight smile of derision. This cannot be caused by falsities in the foundations of his fame, for they were thoroughly sound. He was steady and brave as a politician, and narrowly escaped the thumbikin or the boots. He was a clear and vivid historian. I have the bad taste to think him a better writer than Clarendon, preferring his distinct unaffected story to the weighty woolsack magniloquence of the chancellor's stately sentences. Of his works on divinity, one at least, the 'Treatise on the Thirty-nine Articles,' has become a standard book. He was a mighty pulpit orator, and his audience, instead of contemplating with nervous anxiety the increase of the pile of leaves on the left-hand side of the cushion and their corresponding decrease on the right, felt as if they had lost something when his longest sermon was finished. The world in general is not afflicted with the cynicism that made Paley say of a friend, that he knew nothing against him except that he was a popular preacher; on the contrary, such an adept is often raised to an elevation too high and giddy for the ordinary understanding to bear steadily. How, then, with all his claims on admiration, has Burnet

* 'Des beruhmten Englischen Theolog., D. Gilberti Burnets, durch die Schweiz, Italien, &c., Reise.' Leipzig, 1688.

been somewhat under sneer? It is because he was a meddler in matters that he had no call to interfere with, and incontinent of tongue—a gossip and tattler, whose talk filled with dismay the hard, dry, serious persons engaged in games in which fortune and life were the stakes. The world has a desperate prejudice against men of this stamp. Had he been very profligate, or a tyrant, or a traitor, it would have been more easy to assimilate him to the dignity of history.

Chapter II.

THE SOLDIER.

The Dugald Dalgetties—The divisions at home carried out abroad—Scotsmen on both sides of the Thirty Years' War — Monro — Grey — Hepburn — The Leslies—The Jacobite refugees—The Keith Family —The Earl Marischal—The Field-Marshal—The Seven Years' War and Frederick the Great—Scotsmen in Russian adventures—Patrick Gordon in search of employment—His eminence in the Russian service—Peter the Great—Admiral Greig.

THESE chapters are not arranged on any principle of precedence or order among the classes of men who figure in them. We had a good deal of soldiering in the first volume; and now having had an interval of literature, it may be as well to get back to the field, were it only to be rid of the dust of the book-shelves.

The greater and far the more important portion of the military services of Scotsmen in foreign countries belongs to the history of the Old League,

so that this chapter is much shortened by what has been already said. We have seen how in that contest the Scots troops were purified of the taint that attaches to absolutely mercenary soldiers, because they were fighting the sworn enemy of their country on foreign soil. Their successors, who continued to swarm into other countries, could scarcely claim so high a place in the scale of motives; but even they stood in a higher place than absolute mercenries, like the Italian Condottieri, who were trained to the trade of serving any master who paid them, and killing any persons they were paid to kill, without any question as to the religion or the nationality of either side, or the question at issue between them. The Scots generally enjoyed the respectability of being engaged in their own quarrel. The union of the crowns could not entirely obliterate the old feuds, and the contests between the Cavaliers and their opponents was in Scotland tinged by the influence of the old feud with England and the friendship with France. In the next political epoch the Jacobites represented the French party and the Hanoverians the English.

From those who went into foreign battle-fields under such influences the dignity of the old ardent nationality had departed. They were fighting for a party, not for a country, and carried abroad with them the unseemly characteristics of civil strife. Sir Thomas Urquhart, the most delightfully sanguine of authors, is fain to derive consolation from

this peculiarity—it helps him to the conclusion that the Scots are an unconquered people; for wherever, in any great battle in the Thirty Years' War, they are beaten on one side, they must, for that very reason, have been victorious on the other.

It scarcely reconciles one to this theory to recall the powerful picture presented in Scott's Dugald Dalgetty. It is not from an uninstructed or inaccurate hand, for Scott's fictions contain fuller revelations on many features in the career of his own country than the histories of the gravest and dreariest of her investigators. Severity towards his countrymen is not a charge that can with any sincerity be brought against him; but if he had his allegiance to nationality, he had also his allegiance to art to give effect to. He had to make a picture—he made it without positive departure from the truth; but still Dugald—who is not without his virtues either—is taken from a rather extreme type of the Scots trooper of the Thirty Years' War.

I am not, therefore, inclined to accede to the truth and justice of the denunciation put into the mouth of the young Earl of Menteith, when he says, "Shame on the pack of these mercenary swordsmen! they have made the name of Scot throughout all Europe equivalent to that of a pitiful mercenary, who knows neither honour nor principle but his month's pay; who transfers his allegiance from standard to standard at the pleasure of fortune and the highest bidder; and to whose

insatiable thirst for plunder and warm quarters we owe much of that civil dissension which is now turning our swords against our own bowels."

Sir James Turner, it is true, speaks of having imbibed a touch of this spirit in foreign warfare. But even he, though somewhat notorious as a rough-handed and unscrupulous leader, alludes to it, with regret and penitence, as an error of his youth. "I had swallowed," he says, "without chewing, in Germanie, a very dangerous maxime which militarie men there too much follow, which was, that soe we serve our master honestlie, it is no matter what master we serve."* But no vestiges of such lax morality will be found in the 'Expeditions' of old Robert Monro, whence Scott drew his materials for the character and habits of the Rittmaster. Other defects it has in abundance. The title-page, beginning with "Monro, his expedition with the worthy Scots regiment (called M'Keyes regiment) levied in August 1626 by Sir Ronald M'Key, Lord Rhees, colonel for his Majesty's service of Denmark, &c. &c.," is of itself a piece of tough and tedious reading. The confusion, ambiguity, and

* 'Memoirs of his own Life and Times,' p. 14. Turner was the author of a very learned book, full of curious information on the antiquities of the art of war and the practice of his own day, called 'Pallas Armata—Military Essays of the ancient Grecian, Roman, and Modern Art of War,' written in the years 1670 and 1671, by Sir James Turner, Knight.

verbose prolixity of the narrative, involve the reader in immediate hopelessness, and keep him in perpetual doubt of the period, the persons, and the part of the world to which his attention is called. Far from being the production of an illiterate soldier who despises learning, it is saturated in a mass of irrelevant erudition. But it affords fine clear glimpses here and there of the character and habits of the Scottish cavalier of fortune; and on these Scott has seized with his usual practical sagacity. "Sir," says our friend Dugald, "I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, headpiece and bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint." These words are taken precisely from Monro, with a material alteration to heighten the picture for northern readers, after the example of the Greenland missionary in his description of the place of torment. Instead of a "bitter frost," Monro says, "in a hot summer-day, till I was aweary of my life;" and oddly enough adds, "which ever after made me the more strict in punishing those under my command." So wholesome, we suppose, had he found the lesson.

But while there are such resemblances and identities as this, we shall search in vain through Monro's prolixities for the greedy and mercenary spirit which is made to inspire the talk of the otherwise single-

minded and honourable soldado, as if it were the current slang of his trade, which he could not help mechanically imbibing. Monro has a thorough, and perhaps a rather ludicrous, sense of the worth of himself and his comrades. He speaks of "my Lord Spynie being present with his regiment, consisting of brave and valorous officers, being all worthy cavaliers of noble descent and of good families, having action, valour, and breeding answerable to their charges; they were desirous to gain honour and credit against a powerful enemy with whom they were engaged." "It is the property of our nation," he says, "an army being near, in time of alarm to be in readiness before any other nation." And when Stralsund obtains Sir Alexander Leslie for a governor, instead of luxuriating, after Dalgetty's manner, in a contemplation of that fortunate soldier's privileges and allowances, he enlarges on the special blessing bestowed on the community in having obtained a Scotsman for their ruler—"And what a blessing it was to get a good, wise, virtuous, and valiant governor in time of their greatest trouble; which shows that we are governed by a power above us." And so, becoming more eloquent by degrees on the good fortune of Stralsund and the merits of his countrymen, he concludes: "It faring then with Stralsund as with Sara: she became fruitful when she could not believe it, and they became flourishing, having gotten a Scots governor to protect them, whom they looked not for, which was a good omen

unto them, to get a governor of the nation that was never conquered; which made them the only town in Germany free as yet from the imperial yoke by the valour of our nation, which defended their city in their greatest danger."

But there are better things even than this nationality in Monro's unreadable book. The sentiments following appear to be just and commendable, and in every way honourable to the heart and head of the person uttering them:—

"Continency is a virtue very necessary for a soldier, for abstaining from many inordinate appetites that follow his profession, that he may the better suffer hunger, cold, thirst, nakedness, travel, toyl, heat, and what else, patiently, never mutinying for any defect,—for it is the greatest victory we can attain unto, to overcome ourselves and our appetites."

"It is also very necessary, at such service, if we have time, that we be careful to bring off our comrades' bodies killed on service, that died honourably before their enemies, to be laid in the bed of honour, in burying their bodies as becomes Christians. We are also tied in duty to our comrades that were with us in danger, if either they be wounded or mutilated, to care for their safeties so far as lieth in our power. And we must not prefer the safety of our own bodies to the public weal of our comrades or countrymen dead or living, but we ought, with the hazard of our own lives, to bring off the dead and hurt."

The contest which ended in the independence of the United Provinces saw Scot contending with Scot, and fighting out in the Dutch marshes the bitter animosities which desolated their own mountain homes. The Scots in the service of the States were formed into a separate body, known in their own country as the Dutch Regiments, and in Holland as the Scottish Brigade. In the curious annals of the house of Seton there is an account of the adventures of George Lord Seton, who, an enthusiastic follower of Queen Mary, was found by the government of the States endeavouring to seduce the Scottish troops over to the side of Spain and the Queen of Scots. "The rebellious States of Holland," says the indignant family historian, "did imprison and condemn the said George to ride the cannon;" and he only escaped a worse fate through the earnest intervention of his countrymen, who would not see a kindly Scot sacrificed to foreign vengeance, however readily they would themselves have cut him down in fair contest. In this Scottish corps, a short time before the Revolution, there were, if we may believe an anecdote which rests chiefly on tradition, two rival claimants for promotion, of totally opposite genius and character, whose rivalry was extinguished in a memorable contest—John Grahame of Claverhouse, and Mackay of Scourie, the leader of the Revolution army at the battle of Killiecrankie. Mackay, though he showed himself so far inferior to his opponent in the genius of war, was a man of remark-

able attainments in the organisation of warfare. We owe to him one of the greatest improvements of modern warfare—the fixed bayonet, which enabled the soldier to charge immediately after fire, instead of waiting to be cut down in the attempt to screw the blade upon the barrel.

The cause of the Elector Palatine—the husband of the daughter of King James—attracted the national sympathies of the Scots. In 1620, a considerable body of adventurers, recruited to that service by Sir Andrew Grey, found their way to Bohemia through marvellous difficulties. But the cause to which they had devoted themselves was abandoned by its head, and they found themselves in the forlorn and alarming position of an army without a leader, and, what was worse, without a paymaster. Their position, in its difficulties, was not unlike that of the Ten Thousand. But while the Greeks were so totally alien in personal and national habits from the Oriental tribes whose territories they required to pierce, that an amalgamation with them was not to be anticipated, Sir Andrew Grey's contingent, mixing with mercenary soldiers of all countries, would undoubtedly have been individually absorbed into corps belonging to other nations, but for their peculiar nationality, which kept them together as a separate body. They served for some time under the banners of Mansfeldt, then assisted the Dutch against Spinola, and passed into the hands of the King of Denmark.

They at last found their true master in Gustavus Adolphus, who knew their qualities well, and made full use of them in building up the great fabric of his fame. Mr Grant enumerates thirteen regiments of Scottish infantry in his service; and many other corps in his great army, where the pikemen were Swedes, English, or Germans, had Scottish officers. The great events of later warfare have not eclipsed the brilliant achievements of this host, or rendered less wonderful the stride in effective discipline accomplished under the command of the King of Sweden. And if we are not to concentrate the glory, as well of every dashing enterprise as of the great advancement in discipline and strategy, entirely upon the crowned leader of this wonderful army, Scotland is entitled to a large—perhaps the chief—share in its aggregate fame.*

"The misfortune," says Colonel Mitchell in his 'Life of Wallenstein,' "which befell a detachment of seven hundred Scotch soldiers, under the command of Colonel Robert Monro, deserves to be recorded, as it shows what courage and resolution can effect even in situations that appear hopeless."

* Those who desire a separate narrative of the services of the Scots under Hepburn, Hamilton, Turner, Lumsden, Forbes, Ruthven, Grant, the Leslies, the Lindsays, and the other innumerable Scottish leaders who served the Lion of the North, must read the zealous and affectionate narrative given by Mr Grant in his 'Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn.'

While on their way to join the Swedish army they were shipwrecked. Managing to get ashore on rafts, they found that they were eighty miles from the Swedish outposts, and on the island of Rugen, all the fortresses of which were in the hands of Imperialists. They had landed their arms, but they had no ammunition; and, as Monro remarks, "the enemy being near, our resolution behoved to be short." He managed to find an old dismantled castle, which seems to have been left in the hands of its feudal owner, found to be a secret partisan of Gustavus. For some powder and shot, if he could furnish it, Monro offered to clear away the Imperialists. Getting into the old castle secretly, the Scots pounced, in the middle of the night, on the Imperialists, prepared for attack from without, but not from within; and as the nature and quantity of the force so unexpectedly appearing could not be estimated, the usual effect of a panic followed, and Monro performed his promise of clearing off the Imperialists. When the island was deserted by them, he managed to hold it against all comers, and it was a very valuable acquisition to the side of the Swedes. He made good the post till relieved by his countryman, Sir John Hepburn, and then both were in a position to act with effect.*

Hepburn blockaded Colberg. The great Montecuculi was sent to relieve the place, and it was im-

* See Harte's 'History of Gustavus Adolphus,' i. 232.

portant that he should be stopped on his way. Monro, with some companies of Scottish infantry, found a defensible post in Schevelin, on the Regá. Montecuculi, with his large force, haughtily called on them to capitulate, and not interrupt his passage. Monro, inspired with an epigrammatic spirit, answered that he did not find the word "capitulation" in his instructions. The Scots defended the place bitterly. They were obliged to burn the town; but they held the castle until the exasperated Italian abandoned the attack and retired. Thus, in Colonel Mitchell's words, "the future rival of Turenne, having lost both time and men before an old ruinous castle, was unable to relieve Colberg, which surrendered shortly after."

Their gallant efforts were not always so fortunate. A thousand of them served with an equal number of Swedes in the defence of New Brandenburg. With a wall in ruins, a moat nearly filled up, and only a couple of falconets, or two-pounders, as their whole artillery, they were surrounded by Tilly's army, provided with a perfect battering-train. An accidental blunder made them deem it their duty to hold out. Instructions to capitulate on terms had been transmitted, and miscarried. It cost Tilly a long contest and two thousand men, and he took payment in the slaughter of the garrison. Colonel Mitchell, to whose investigations our knowledge of this incident is owing, tells us that "in the old town records, which give an afflicting account of the

cruelty exercised towards the citizens, a Scotch nobleman, called Earl Lintz [Lindsay?], is mentioned as having defended his post long after all other resistance had ceased." "This nine days' defence," he says, "of an old rampart without artillery, proves how much determined soldiers can effect behind stone walls; and is exceedingly valuable in an age that has seen first-rate fortresses, fully armed, surrender before any part of the works had been injured—often, indeed, at the very first summons."

In no way, perhaps, can a better general idea of the importance of the Scottish troops in the wars of Gustavus be formed than by a perusal of the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' attributed in the critical world by a sort of acclamation to De Foe. Some have maintained, to be sure, that it must have been printed off from the actual diary or memorandum-book of an English gentleman volunteer. But as evidence that it has been corrected by a descriptive pen, one little particular will be sufficient. Ignorant of the provincial character of the force which entered England under Leslie, before the treaty of Berwick, as Lowland Scottish Covenanters, the author, under the supposition that they were Highlanders, gives a very picturesque description of them, drawn from the experience of the march to Preston in 1715. This alone is sufficient to show that, if the narrative be taken from the memoranda of one who actually served, it has been decorated for the press; and where was then the pen save De

Foe's that could have given it so searching and specific an individuality?

The Scottish contingent holds the first place throughout the narrative, and the presumption that it was perfected by De Foe—probably from the rude journal of some soldier unskilled in letters—does not incline me to question the justice of the merit assigned to our countrymen. De Foe was not their friend; he was a thorough "true-born Englishman;" and when we read his distinct and animated account of the services of the Scots, we must presume that he is communicating the actual statements contained in the journal of an English cavalier; or, in the supposition of the narrative being purely inventive, that its ingenious author constructed it out of such materials as would be capable, from their substantial truthfulness, of standing the test of investigation. The Castle of Marienburg, for instance, is to be attacked. It stands on a steep rock, with strong outworks, and the garrison is large and well found. The cavalier, when describing its capture, says, "The Scots were chosen out to make this attack, and the King was an eyewitness of their gallantry. In this action Sir John [Hepburn] was not commanded out, but Sir James Ramsay led them on: but I observed that most of the Scotch officers in the other regiments prepared to serve as volunteers, for the honour of their countrymen, and Sir John Hepburn led them on. I was resolved to see this piece of service,

and therefore joined myself to the volunteers. We were armed with partizans, and each man two pistols at our belt. It was a piece of service that seemed perfectly desperate: the advantage of the hill; the precipice we were to mount; the height of the bastion; the resolute courage and number of the garrison, who from a complete covert made a terrible fire upon us,—all joined to make the action hopeless. But the fury of the Scots musketeers was not to be abated by any difficulties: they mounted the hill, scaled the works like madmen—running upon the enemy's pikes; and after two hours' desperate fight, in the middle of fire and smoke, took it by storm, and put all the garrison to the sword." The cavalier tells us that he was, on Sir James Ramsay being disabled, intrusted with the command of 200 Scots, "all that were left of a gallant regiment of 2000 Scots which the King brought out of Sweden with him under that brave colonel." Along with the remaining 200 there were thirty officers, who, having lost their men, "served as reformadoes with the regiment." They were in the town of Oppenheim, which they were instructed to hold, while Gustavus and Hepburn attacked the castle garrisoned by 800 Spaniards. The cavalier says that the reformadoes came running to him, saying that they believed, if he would give them leave, they could enter the castle by a surprise, and take it sword in hand. "I told them I durst not give them orders, my commission being only to keep and defend the town; but they being

very importunate, I told them they were volunteers and might do what they pleased, that I would lend them fifty men, and draw up the rest to second them or bring them off as I saw occasion, so as I might not hazard the town. This was as much as they desired. They sallied immediately, and in a trice the volunteers scaled the port, cut in pieces the guard, and burst open the gate, at which the fifty entered." "The Spaniards were knocked down by the Scots before they knew what the matter was, and the King and Sir John Hepburn, advancing to storm, were surprised when, instead of resistance, they saw the Spaniards throwing themselves over the wall to avoid the fury of the Scots." Even the iron rigidity of Gustavus must unbend to so brilliant a disregard of discipline. His reception of the successful storming-party is told briefly enough, but with much character. "The King came on and entered on foot. I received him at the head of the Scots reformadoes, who all saluted him with their pikes. The King gave them his hat, and, turning about—'Brave Scots—brave Scots,' says he, smiling, 'you were too quick for me.'" He had a speedy opportunity, according to the cavalier, of seeing the mettle of these restless spirits in the attack on Creutznach. "The first party," says the cavalier, "were not able to make anything of it; the garrison fought with so much fury that many of the volunteer gentlemen being wounded, and some killed, the rest were beaten off with loss." The King was dis-

pleased, and ordered the assault to be renewed. It was now the turn of the reformado Scots volunteers. "Our Scots officers," says the cavalier expressively, "not being used to be beaten, advanced immediately," and the work was accomplished.

They were not so satisfactory in the execution of some of the work which Gustavus wanted done, and the national pride came out occasionally in a way which so rigid a disciplinarian did not like. At the siege of Frankfort he ordered Monro one evening to construct a mining line of approach before morning. The General kept his men at work as well as he could, but Gustavus was much displeased at the scant progress they had made, and, forgetting his usual caution in such matters, he gave utterance to a general remark that "the Scots, however excellent in the open field, were too lazy and too proud to work, even in cases of the utmost extremity, which abated more than one-half of their military merit." *

The army of Gustavus sent back to Scotland many a military commander trained and instructed to bear a share in the wars that were to desolate Britain. Among these were the two Leslies—Alexander, who led the Covenanting troops to the English border; and the far more skilful David Leslie, Lord Newark, who divided with Cromwell the fame of victory at Marston Moor. The distance by which Scotsmen were in that age severed from each other

* Harte, i. 283.

in opinion and party, is forcibly recalled by the recollection that the name of Leslie was nearly as memorable in the Imperial camp as in that of the Swede. Near the hill of Benochie stands the ruined Castle of Balquhain—a stern, simple, square block, as destitute of decoration or architectural peculiarity as any stone boulder on the adjoining moor. A cadet of the Leslies of Balquhain became a Count of the Empire, and Imperial ambassador to Constantinople. The service which proved the foundation of his eminent fortunes is not one to be dwelt on with satisfaction. His name is too well known in connection with the death of Wallenstein. His son James, who succeeded to his hereditary honours and his lordship of Neustadt, gained a worthier fame in the defence of Vienna against the Turks.

I here, before stepping onwards to a later period, offer an enumeration of Scotsmen in the German wars by the loquacious Sir Thomas Urquhart. It is not liable, by the way, to the reproach of his usual wandering profuseness of language—its leading defect, on the other hand, is its too great resemblance to a muster-roll. It is after he has been enlarging on the older services of his countrymen that he winds up:—

"Nor did their succession so far degenerate from the race of so worthy progenitors, but that even of late (although before the intestine garboyles of this island) several of them have for their fidelity, valor,

and gallantry, been exceedingly renowned over all France, Spaine, the Venetian territories, Pole, Moscovy, the Low-countryes, Swedland, Hungary, Germany, Denmark, and other states and kingdoms; as may appear by General Rutherford, my Lord General Sir James Spence of Wormiston, afterwards by the Swedish king created Earl of Orcholm; Sir Patrick Ruthven, governor of Ulme, general of an army of High-Germans, and afterwards Earl of Forth and Branford; Sir Alexander Leslie, governor of the cities along the Baltick coast, field-marshal over the army in Westphalia, and afterwards intitled *Scoticani fœderis supremus dux;* General James King, afterwards made Lord Ythen; Colonel David Leslie, commander of a regiment of horse over the Dutch, and afterwards in these our domestic wars advanced to be lieutenant-general of both horse and foot; Major-General Thomas Ker; Sir David Drummond, general-major, and governor of Statin in Pomerania; Sir George Douglas, colonel, and afterwards employed in embassies betwixt the soveraigns of Britain and Swedland; Colonel George Lindsay, Earl of Craford; Colonel Lord Forbes; Colonel Lord Saint Colme; Colonel Lodowick Leslie, and in the late troubles at home, governor of Berwick and Tinmouth-sheels; Colonel Sir James Ramsey, governor of Hanaw; Colonel Alexander Ramsey, governor of Crafzenach, and quartermaster-general to the Duke of Wymar; Colonel William Baillie, afterwards in these our intestin broyls pro-

moved to the charge of lieutenant-general; another Colonel Ramsey, besides any of the former two, whose name I cannot hit upon; Sir James Lumsden, colonel in Germany, and afterwards governor of Newcastle, and general-major in the Scottish wars; Sir George Cunningham, Sir John Ruthven, Sir John Hamilton, Sir John Meldrum, Sir Arthur Forbes, Sir Frederick Hamilton, Sir James Hamilton, Sir Francis Ruthven, Sir John Innes, Sir William Balantine; and several other knights, all colonels of horse or foot in the Swedish wars.

"As likewise by Colonel Alexander Hamilton, agnamed *Dear Sandy*, who afterwards in Scotland was made General of the Artillery, for that in some measure he had exerced the same charge in Dutchland, under the command of Marquis James Hamilton, whose generalship over six thousand English in the Swedish service I had almost forgot, by Colonel Robert Cunningham;" but I must really spare the reader two-thirds of this portentous list, and skip for him to the conclusion. "Colonel Alexander Cunningham, Colonel Finess Forbes, Colonel David Edinton, Colonel Sandilands, Colonel Walter Leckie, and divers others Scottish colonels, what of horse and foot (many whereof, within a short space thereafter, attained to be general persons) under the command of Gustavus the Cæsaromastix, who confided so much in the valour, loyalty, and discretion of the Scottish nation, and they reciprocally in the gallantry, affection, and magna-

nimity of him, that immediately after the battle at Leipsich, in one place, and at one time, he had six-and-thirty Scottish colonels about him; whereof some did command a whole brigad of horse, some a brigad composed of two regiments, half horse, half foot; and others a brigad made up of foot only, without horse: some againe had the command of a regiment of horse only, without foot: some of a regiment of horse alone, without more; and others of a regiment of dragoons: the half of the names of which colonels are not here inserted, though they were men of notable prowesse, and in martial atchievements of most exquisite dexterity; whose regiments were commonly distinguished by the diversity of nations of which they are severally composed; many regiments of English, Scots, Danes, Sweds, Fins, Liflanders, Laplanders, High-Dutch, and other nations serving in that confederate war of Germany under the command of Scottish colonels."

It were idle to follow up the history of the Jacobite refugees, driven out by the Revolution of 1688, after what Aytoun has said for them both in prose and song. I shall therefore take a step onwards to the period of those later civil contests in which the older among us have felt something like a practical interest, not so much from zeal in the cause of either side, as from actual intercourse with persons in whom that zeal had once burned with expectations of practical result. There are no more delightful re-

collections to be called up than those of the departing spirit of Jacobitism, exhibited in the talk of old people who had led many years of quiet peaceful life cherishing the recollections of their youth. The air and tone of thorough gentlefolks belonged to them, softened down by a tinge of the sadness borne by those who "have seen better days." For if they had not absolutely felt the fall from affluence to poverty, nor remembered the sudden flight from the dear old tower of their fathers to seek a distant home—yet in their childhood these things were so vividly remembered as domestic specialties that they left something like the impression of realities. It is from this that the romance of 'Waverley,' when it burst on the world, shot a thrill through many a heart in Scotland, such as people elsewhere cannot have experienced or conceived—such as genius alone is incapable of achieving.

Of "the Jacobite relics" among us no other is probably so remarkable as the ruined Castle of Dunnottar. To the sea-borne traveller it is the most conspicuous stronghold along the east coast, for it is higher perched and more extensive than its rival Tantallon. Crowning a bluff peninsula which drops to the sea in precipices of ragged conglomerate, its indented and scattered outline is more like the ruin of a town or a national fortress than of a private dwelling-place. No other feudal castle in Scotland, indeed, appears to have covered so wide a space of

ground, or to have been capable of receiving within the cincture of its defences so large a garrison. Generally the remains of Scottish strongholds have a lean and gaunt aspect, as if their strength depended on the narrow front to be defended rather than on the numerous garrison; but here there are vestiges of a widespread magnificence, more beseeming a royal than a baronial establishment. And perhaps the effect of the scene is rather heightened by a certain air of modernness in the buildings. They do not entirely belong to a past historic period, severed by intervening centuries from our sympathies. There doubtless is the old square keep, the relic of the primitive age of baronial architecture, frowning in austere gloom over all. But among the ruins scattered around we see the traces of modern comfort and social habits. The deserted mansion-house is combined with the ruined fortalice, and tells us not only of ancient feudal power decayed, but of modern wealth and hospitable profusion suddenly stopped. Comparing it with anything that may be seen in England, it thus eloquently informs the traveller that he is in a country where the traces of civil tumult are more recent, and where the passing over them of centuries has not entirely softened down the traces of conflict, as in the halls devastated by the Wars of the Roses, with the mellowness of antiquity. Yet the ruin speaks to us from a period sufficiently remote to keep clear of the living political excitements of this age. Very nearly a century

and a half have now passed since the chimneys ceased to smoke, and the whole busy world of life deserted that vast range of edifices.

The impression natural to such a scene is deepened and strengthened when we associate it with the career, spent so far away, and in scenes so different, of the two young men who were the last to lord it within those wasted walls. When George I. ascended the throne, the head of the house of Keith, and the inheritor of the title of Earl Marischal, was a young man of two-and-twenty, and his brother James, afterwards Frederick the Great's Field-Marshal, was some three years younger. They were nearly related to Mar, the leader of the insurrection, and were sharers in the official proscription which created so many enemies to the new dynasty. The Earl was deprived of his commission, and, returning home to Dunnottar, to wait events in his own stronghold, he met his brother James, who was going southwards to seek service under the new king. The news which the Earl had to tell about himself were not propitious to such an object, and the brothers returned to Scotland together. Nothing was more natural than that they should join in the outbreak; and whatever may be said of their cousin Mar, and of other veteran politicians who had deliberately offered their services to the Hanoverian before they discovered that their allegiance was due elsewhere, it would be as unjust to attribute selfish motives as it would be unreasonable to at-

tach serious political convictions to the conduct of the two young men who, in the impulse of the moment, threw themselves into the cause of their kindred.

When ruin fell alike on their adopted cause and their own fortunes, it is pleasant to contemplate the manly resoluteness with which the two young men set themselves to the creation of their own fortunes, without casting back an enervating thought to the sure fortune and the brilliant prosperity that had departed from them. Each of them made for himself a place in history, and achieved a fortune far above the home respectability, affluence, and rank from which calamity had driven them. There are considerable materials for the history of the public life of both. A fragment of an autobiography left behind by the younger will enable the biographer to trace him through the period of his early struggles down nearly to the point at which he is taken up by fame, and his personal adventures become a part of European history.

On the dispersal of the Jacobite army at Perth, the two brothers wandered to the Western Isles with the Clanranald Highlanders. After remaining for some months in hiding, they were removed by a French vessel, "and, after a very pleasant passage, arrived the 12th May, new style, at St Paul de Leon, in Brittany," and thence went to Paris. Their prospects at first were dim enough. "I lived," says James, "most of that time in selling horse-furni-

ture, and other things of that nature which an officer commonly carries with him; and though I had relations enough in Paris who could have supplied me, and who would have done it with pleasure, yet I was then either so bashful, or so vain, that I would not own the want I was in." Next year he "thought it high time, being about twenty years old," that he should have some distinct position in the world. In 1718 the Spanish war opened a prospect to him, of which he confesses that he did not take immediate advantage, because "I was then," he says, "too much in love to think of quitting Paris; and though shame and my friends forced me to take some steps towards it, yet I managed it so slowly that I set out only in the end of that year; and had not my mistress and I quarrelled, and that other affairs came to concern me more than the conquest of Sicily did, it is probable I had lost many years of my time to very little purpose—so much was I taken up with my passion." This is the sole faint tinge of romance in the career of Marshal Keith; the rest of it is all hard work and successful ambition.

His desire to take service in Spain suited precisely the views of Cardinal Alberoni, who had quarrelled with England, and projected an expedition to Britain in aid of the Stuarts. Through the Duke of Ormond, the leader of the exiled Jacobites, the two Keiths were sent on a secret mission to Madrid. They arrived together at Palamos on the

coast of Catalonia. The authorities received them at first with surly suspicion, which, suddenly thawing, was converted into a mysterious courtesy and respectfulness, little less embarrassing. Thus, at Barcelona, having sent to request of Prince Pio, the captain-general of the province, that they might be exempt from the usual examination at the ports, they were surprised presently to see "a coach with six mules," carrying the prince's livery, arrive at the door of their inn, containing a personage whose respect for the two strangers was more deep and profound than all they had yet encountered.

The mystery was speedily explained. The Cardinal had imparted to the captain-general the confidential information that the Chevalier de St George —or the King of England, as he was of course termed—was likely to pass incognito through Catalonia; and when two handsome, noble-looking young Scotsmen entered the territory with high credentials, and no ostensible title or function, who could they be but the exiled monarch and his confidential attendant? The discovery of his mistake, of course, made the captain-general feel a little ridiculous. "I believe," says Keith, "he was sorry to have given himself so much trouble about us when he knew who we were; yet he received us very civilly, though with some embarras."

The two young men were intrusted with eighteen thousand crowns by the Cardinal, who engaged to put at their disposal six companies of foot. The

elder brother remained in Spain, and sailed with the expedition when it was completed, while the younger undertook to visit the Jacobite exiles dispersed through France, and make arrangements for their secretly leaving the country and joining the expedition—a delicate and difficult duty, which was fraught with extreme risk, at a time when France and Spain were at war, and when, consequently, the young diplomatist must have carried everywhere with him the evidence that he was in correspondence with the enemy.

James Keith at last left Havre with his Jacobite friends in a small vessel, which narrowly escaped the English fleet, and he found his brother with the Spanish troops at Stornoway. Their attempt led to the incident in history called the Battle of Glenshiel. The project was acutely conceived. It was intended that, while Ormond landed with a large expedition in England, the little body of Spaniards and Scottish Jacobites should march through the glens and surprise Inverness; but an unexpected attack by Wightman, with a superior force, on the borders of the wild Loch Duich, crushed the attempt at its opening. The battle was not in itself decisive; and had there been ulterior hopes for the Jacobites, they might have defended the narrow gorge running through a range of the loftiest and most precipitous mountains in Scotland; but news had come of the failure of Ormond's expedition, and after a consultation the Spaniards surrendered as

prisoners of war, "and everybody else took the road he liked best." "As I was then," says James Keith, "sick of a fever, I was forced to lurk some months in the mountains; and in the beginning of September, having got a ship, I embarked at Peterhead, and four days after landed in Holland at the Texel, and from thence, with the Earl Marischal, went to the Hague, to know if the Marquis Beretti Landi, then the king's minister at that Court, had any orders for us; and his advice being that we should return with all haste to Spain, we set out next day by the way of Liege, to shun the Imperial Netherlands, and enter France by Sedan, judging that route to be the least suspected."

But this proved a miscalculation. On their arrival at Sedan, the town-major, finding them without credentials or passports, ordered them to be carried to prison, "which," says Keith, "was executed with the greatest exactitude." They had just time to destroy their commissions from the King of Spain, which might have brought them to the gallows as spies, when they were searched. The only available document found on them appears to have been a complimentary and familiar letter from the Princess of Conti, which bore so strong a testimony to their rank and favour at court that they were at once liberated. They returned to Spain, to find the Cardinal prostrate and powerless. This event affected them in a manner curiously illustrative of the Cardinal's suspicious policy. The commissions, as we

have seen, had been destroyed, and no record of them could be found in the proper office; "the reason of which was, that the Cardinal kept always by him a certain number of commissions already signed by the King, and filled them up himself without acquainting the minister-of-war, for those whom he did not wish should be seen publicly."

For a few years James Keith led a wandering, restless life. He "knew nobody, and was known to none;" and admits that he was for some time glad of a seat at the table of a certain Admiral Cammock. He discovered that, as a heretic, he could never hope for promotion in Spain; but when the war with Britain broke out in 1725, he obtained temporary employment, conscious at the same time that he owed it entirely to "the mere necessity to be revenged on the English."

He was immediately connected with a piece of service, of which his account is interesting, as it shows how narrowly we escaped losing Gibraltar by such a chance blow as that by which it was originally acquired. Troops were gradually marched to St Roque, within a league of the fortress, until the number of all classes there concentrated was 20,000. Keith thought that, had their commander been more enterprising or less formal, the place might have been seized; but the Count de las Torres would take no fortress otherwise than in a legitimate manner by a practicable breach.

The garrison was but 1000 strong, "and the

service of the place was so negligently observed, that very often the guard of the port was not above a dozen men. They allowed our soldiers to come into the town in what numbers they pleased, without ever searching them for hidden arms; and at less than 400 yards from the place there are sand-banks, where a thousand men may lie concealed, and which they then had not the precaution to make reconnoitre in the morning." "How easy," continues the young soldier, "would it have been to have rendered ourselves master of the gate (for sometimes we had above two hundred soldiers and forty or fifty officers at a time in the place), and then have made our grenadiers, hid among the sand-banks, advance."

The formality of the old general was by no means justified by the effective precision of his arrangements. The army was all assembled, and the trenches should have been opened; "but very misfortunately," as Keith says, "we had no cannon." So soon as the artillery was brought up, Admiral Wager arrived with his fleet, and the fortress was saved to Britain.

Finding no scope for his ambition under so sickly a government, the young man offered his services to Russia, where they were accepted with the readiness of a government which had had experience of the value of Scottish heads and hands. He arrived in time to witness the strange scene of intrigue, political restlessness, and barbaric extravagance which

opened on the death of Peter the Great, who, as Keith says, "loved more to employ his money in ships and regiments than sumptuous buildings, and who was always content with his lodging when he could see his fleet from his window." The young Scot looked about him with an observant eye, and his few dry notices of passing scenes would be valuable to a historian of Russia. He remained three weeks at Cronstadt before proceeding to Moscow to have an audience of the Emperor. But "the Emperor was not then in that city, having gone some days before a-hunting," and he did not return for three weeks. Even in this little statement there was much significance. The young monarch was in the hands of the Dolgorouskis, who, to serve their ends and seduce him from state affairs, kept him in the field until they literally hunted him to death and lost their prize. His marriage with a Dolgorouski daughter was in the mean time their great object; "and that the affectionate councils of Count Osterman might not obstruct their private interest, they kept the Emperor hunting most of that summer and harvest at a distance from Moscow and Count Osterman; and having carried their whole family along with him, they used all possible methods to hasten the projected match, which, soon after the Emperor's return, was publicly declared, to the grief of the greatest and best part of the empire, who saw the schemes of Peter the Great neglected and like to be forgot, and their prince governed by

one much fitter to direct a pack of hounds—which had been his study the greatest part of his life—than such a vast empire."

Whatever rottenness he saw in the state of Russia cannot have been the result of disappointed expectations, for promotion came on him so rapidly as to take away his breath. At the end of a year he found himself one of the three inspector-generals of the Russian forces, having for his department "the frontier of Asia along the rivers Volga and Don, with a part of the frontiers of Poland about Smolensko." In his first year of duty he passed in review thirty-two regiments, and travelled 1500 leagues. In 1734 he had to give his assistance in the coercion of Poland. He served unwillingly, not deeming the duty "a very honourable one;" and he describes with some indignation the heartless agrarian devastation accompanying the movements of the Russian troops.

His next work was on the other side, when Russia was pressing in upon the Turkish empire, ever standing the insults of the Tartars to a certain point, then quarrelling with them, and coming off with "a material guarantee." In 1737, Azoff on the Black Sea was stormed by a large Russian force, commanded by Munnich, with Keith, and Lacy an Irishman, under him. According to the accounts we have of this affair, an aide-de-camp came to Keith, directing him to advance within musket-shot, to which he answered that he had been so for some

time; a second direction came to advance within halfmusket-shot; he did so, but at the same time sent a remonstrance to Munnich against the aimless sacrifice of life incurred. A third message came to say that Munnich expected Keith to co-operate with him in an escalade. When he went on to climb, he found a ditch twelve feet broad, with no available means for crossing, and no shelter; and after his men had been thinned by the fire, they dropped away. Meanwhile a house had been set on fire, and the flames spread till they blew up a powder-magazine. The town was taken, much to the surprise, apparently, of the besieging general. He complimented Keith as having been by his firmness the real cause of the success; but Keith was angry at the waste of life and general recklessness shown in the affair, and said he had merit for nothing but obeying orders.*

He caught in this affair a wound in the knee, which gave him more trouble than he at first expected. His body was recognised by it when found stripped on the bloody field of Hochkirche. His elder brother, hearing of it, came to visit him. They had a delightful meeting, and adjourned to Paris, the brother insisting that he had no trust in Russian medical skill.

James Keith broke away from the Russian service

* 'Leben des Feldmarshalls Jakob Keith. Von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense,' p. 59.

in 1747, and was readily caught up by Frederick the Great, then organising his grand project. A letter published by Lord Dovor explains the cause of his quarrel with the Russian service. The chief burden of his complaint is that which ever touches the soldier most keenly—a command, to which he thought himself entitled, given to another. But he founds also on the Russian Government having refused to receive his brother. Now, however, whether as a burden to be borne for the sake of James, or for his own value, Frederick accepted the elder brother. He became an eminent favourite—was appointed governor of Neuchatel, and overloaded with distinctions. It has fallen to the lot of few, indeed, to be so widely and so ardently beloved. D'Alembert bestowed on him an éloge. Frederick, it is said, never tired of him, or gave him impertinence. But, what is far more wonderful, Rousseau, when he was snarling at all the world, and biting those who comforted or caressed him, licked one hand alone, that of his venerated and patriarchal patron, Le bon Milord Maréchal.

It is stated in several histories and biographies that he bought his peace with the British Government by revealing to them the family compact of the Bourbons, which he had learned as ambassador from Prussia to the Court of Madrid in 1759. I never could find any distinct authority for this statement. It is certain, however, that in the following year his disabilities were removed by Act of Parlia-

ment, and he succeeded to the estate of Kintore, which had been preserved in a collateral branch of his family by an entail. He purchased another of the family estates, where he desired to shelter Rousseau; but that troublesome visitor took flight before the arrangements for receiving him at Keith Hall could be completed, otherwise he might have lived long enough under his patron's roof to find that there was another enemy leagued against him. The Earl Marischal had lived too much in foreign courts and among French philosophers to relish the climate or the society of Aberdeenshire. He wrote some complaining and amusing letters to his friends, commencing sometimes in English, but generally lapsing into French, as a relief to the labour of composing in the forgotten language of his boyhood; and at last he found it better for "an old Spaniard, and a sort of Guebre in religion," as he called himself, to creep back "nearer to the sun."

Before leaving him to go back to the more active career of his younger brother, the opportunity is taken to mention a sentimental affair with which a French lady of celebrity has invested him. Although the heroine of it is that Madame de Créquy, of whom the reminiscences given to the public have been maintained by the critics to be a collection of fictions and forgeries, there seems to be no harm whatever in believing the story, professed to be delivered to her grandchildren, of her girlish attachment to Milord Maréchal—she says it was the

only predilection she ever had in her life, except for Monsieur de Créquy, to whom she thought fit to impart the love-passage as something that concerned him. "If you wish," she tells the grandchildren, "to have an idea of his face, you must look at that charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favourite of Henry III., which you inherited from the Constable de Lesdiguières." And there is a full-length portrait of the Earl Marischal in the college founded by his ancestor, which, in its youthful beauty and candid mildness of expression, justifies the old lady's romantic description. "We began," she continues, "by looking at one another, first with surprise, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next we used to listen to the conversation of each other, without being able to answer a word, and then neither could speak at all in the presence of the other, owing to our voices at first trembling, and then failing us altogether."

All this is common enough, and quite French. What follows is French also in its general characteristics, but it is a morsel of the purest and sweetest kind of French sentiment, and will strike every one who reads it with its resemblance to Thackeray's story of the youthful reminiscences communicated by the Countess de Florac to Colonel Newcome. When the young people had arranged all for themselves, their union was abruptly and remorselessly stopped because the Earl was a heretic. The young lady, though she had overlooked the im-

pediment, could not question the justice of the sentence. "I refused," she says, "the hand of Milord Maréchal, and two days afterwards he set out to return to his own country; from whence he wrote to say that grief and despair would lead him to acts that might bring him to the scaffold."

When next they met her grandchildren were born, and the Earl had passed his seventieth year. He presented her with some French verses—the only poetry, as he told her, that he had ever written—about white hairs covering an old wound. But Madame's own remarks on the meeting conveyed more subtle sentiments better expressed. "When we met again," she says, "after the lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. There is a world of difference between the love which had endured throughout a lifetime, and that which has burned fiercely in our youth and then paused. In the latter case, time has not laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings; a delusion has subsisted on both sides, which experience has not destroyed; and, delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness, till, when we meet in a grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure, so solemn, arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable."

During those years of dignified quiet which fell

to the lot of his elder brother, James was gaining a name in history by his share in the Seven Years' War. The historian of Frederick the Great stops for a minute to say of him:—"Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim in the books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type: the broad accent, with its sagacities and veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappings. Not given to talk unless there is something to be said, but well capable of it then. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own." *

Keith shared with the King the responsibilities of the battle of Lowositz—the first in the Seven Years' War. He had afterwards much work of various kinds on his hands; and, among others, there was one affair in which he and his master got a good deal of historical obloquy—the celebrated seizure of the secret papers in the archives of Dresden, when the Queen stood with her back to the cabinet in which they were, and said she would resist their seizure. On this the German biographer says, "There is no ground for the story, that during this transaction Keith used personal violence to the

* Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' iv. 389.

Queen of Poland, and gave her a push when she objected to his intention of opening the archives; inasmuch as not he, but a person commissioned by him, demanded the key of the archives from the Queen; and it was most probably through Major Wangenheim's urgent solicitations that she was at last persuaded to withdraw from the door of the archives, the entrance to which she had prepared to defend in person. But, naturally, Keith would have been obliged to order the removal of the Queen by force, had it been necessary; and her threat, that he would be disgraced before the eyes of all Europe after such treatment, and would be abandoned to shame by his own king, would have failed to make any impression on the experienced soldier." *

Carlyle has looked at the official account of this transaction furnished to his own court by Steinberg, the Austrian ambassador. Though Keith was in command, it appears that the officer told off for the special duty of opening the cabinet was Wangenheim. The Queen stood before the door, and said that, if violence were to be used, it had best begin with her; but on being assured that force actually would be used, she gave way, and avoided actual handling.†

The German biographer tell us that "Keith continued to enjoy the King's entire confidence and favour, and recommended himself by many services

* Von Ense, p. 117-18. † Carlyle, iv. 524.

not within the class of duties for which his services were retained. At one time we find him interceding for an English manufacturer of woollen goods to be allowed to settle in Prussia; at another time seeking to open the East Indian trade to Prussian industry. He takes the trouble to translate the debates of the British Parliament for the King's perusal." We are then told of designs furnished by Keith for massive bridges over the Spree, which had to be postponed while the King organised his larger projects; and then come some little affairs, which show, what is not generally known in this country, that the Field-Marshal was an authority on matters of art.

"In March 1756 the King found time, and was in the humour, to listen to proposals addressed to his artistic taste. Keith became the medium of ordering pictures from the Italian painters, Pompeo Battoni and Constanzo; also from the then celebrated Mengs, whom the King wished to paint for him two pictures, for which he proposes as suitable subjects 'The Education of Adonis' and 'The Judgment of Tiresias.' The prices to be paid, and the conclusion of the business, he leaves altogether to Keith's decision and judgment; who in April, during his journey through the country to Karlsbad, arranges the affair in Dresden, and sends the pictures, together with the correspondence about them, to the King. On this Frederick answers: 'My dear Field-Marshal,—I send you back your correspondence about the pictures, thanking you for

the trouble you have taken in the affair. Would you have the kindness to order the two pictures from Mengs, and to tell me to whom and by whom I should have the money placed, so that I may pay in advance on my return from Magdeburg? I hope with all my heart that the waters may do you all the good possible, assuring you of the high esteem and friendship which I shall preserve for you all my life." *

The soldier who puts his sword at the command of a foreign power, whether from merely mercenary or from higher motives, cannot expect that lofty fame which attends the patriot hero. There are few interested in immortalising him. It is not a pleasant task to the historian of the country he has served, to dwell on the merits and achievements of the stranger, and give him the fame of their national victories. The enemy cannot be expected to sound his praise; and to his own countrymen he is in some measure a deserter. Whether it be from the natural propensity of the biographer to construct a hero, or from the influence of honest truth, the German biographer gives Keith a far more important place in the Seven Years' War than one finds usually assigned to him. He felt as every native of this country should feel, a loathing at the waste of human life he

* Von Ense, p. 109-13. The King's letter, like all the others from him quoted in this little book, is in French.

had seen in Russian operations; and from Frederick's difficulty of getting troops, and his policy of making them valuable by training, an economical commander was a great object to him. Here are some of the incidents of the campaign of 1757. When Frederick had recovered from his great disaster, had fought the battle of Prague, and was besieging that town, Keith's division was seriously endangered by an attempt at a surprise. "During the night between the 23d and the 24th of May, Prince Charles of Lorraine, with twelve thousand men, made a violent attack on Keith's post. The best Austrian troops were chosen for this purpose; the greater part of their cavalry, the whole of the grenadiers, and sixteen volunteers out of each ordinary company, had formed before the ramparts, to take immediate advantage of every success, and to cut their way through the Prussian line. Brandy was distributed to the men, and the assurance was given at the same time that a French army would attack the Prussian rear. In dead silence the troops marched out of the camp under the command of General Laudon, arranged themselves in battle array, and then pressed forwards towards the left wing of the Prussian army. At about half-past one the first shots were fired. Keith was immediately on horseback, and gave orders; in fifteen minutes the Prussians stood ready. The troops in the intrenchments, which were first stormed, fought bravely, and kept the enemy's superior force at bay

until they received support. Reiterated assaults were vigorously driven back. At three o'clock Keith himself appeared on the front, and flung the Austrians back, with the loss of 1000 killed and wounded. . . . The King, who heard of the battle in his camp at Saint Michael, on the other side of the Moldau, without being able to participate in it, was much delighted at Keith's victory, and hoped to reap great results from it. He wrote, May 24, in his own handwriting: "My dear Field-Marshal,—The night of the 23d will prove as decisive as the day of the 6th. I thank Heaven for the advantages which you have gained over the enemy—above all, for the slight loss which we have sustained. I hope now, more than ever, that all that race of Austrian princes and *gueux* will be obliged to lay down their arms. It is possible for four thousand men to attack Kirschfeldt; but the Austrians from Prague undertake more than their forces are capable of accomplishing in attacking a corps of my alert and well-posted troops. I believe that the honour of the generals will force them to make another attempt on my position; but if that fails, and if the bombardment makes some progress, all will be well. I salute you, my dear Field-Marshal, with all my heart.—FREDERICK."

In a postscript he again refers with glee to *le peu de perte.**

* Von Ense, p. 151-53.

The ordinary histories state how, in October 1757, Keith was driven into Leipzic, and there held out till relieved by the King; but the biographer tells us a good deal more. "On October the 22d, Keith informed the King that the enemy were advancing towards Leipzic — both French and Imperialists. It appeared impossible to hold the town against such a superior force. But Frederick wrote from Grochwitz on the 23d: 'You will not be attacked by these people at Leipzic; they fear destroying the town; but as they are growing audacious now, I flatter myself that, in marching towards them, a battle may ensue which will rid me of them.' Besides this the King promises speedy help; Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is advancing round by Halle, and he himself only waits for Prince Maurice of Dessau to march on Leipzic also. Keith promised to hold out, although he did not conceal the fact that, in the case of a serious attack, he would be lost; for the place had scarcely any fortifications left, and he was destitute of ammunition — even cartridges. On the 24th of October, Austrian hussars appeared, against whom Keith sent a party, who skirmished with them for three hours. On the same day a division of the enemy's army, consisting of more than 8000 men, followed, and summoned the Prussians to surrender in the name of the Prince of Hildburghausen, who commanded the Imperial army. Counting all the men hurriedly collected by Keith out of Halle,

Merseburg, and Weiszenfels, his forces scarcely amounted to 4000 men. The Prince of Hildburghausen and the Prince of Soubise had already been informed at Nurenburg, on the 22d, that the number did not exceed this, and had joked a great deal about that 'army;' they scarcely expected resistance. But Keith let them know, through the commandants of the town, that he would defend it to the last man, and in his own name he added: 'Tell the Prince of Hildburghausen that by birth I am a Scotchman, by choice and duty a Prussian; and I am determined so to defend the town that neither the Scotch nor the Prussians shall be ashamed of me. The King my master has commanded me to keep the place, and I shall keep it.' The next morning early he assembled the town-council before him, and made the following address to them: 'I must inform you, gentlemen, that the Prince of Hildburghausen has sent me a summons to surrender the town to him, which, however, I am not going to do. He threatens, in case of a refusal, to resort to extreme measures. Thus he sets me an example to do so likewise; and so to him you must impute the misfortune to which your town is exposed. If you wish to avoid this, I advise you to go to him, and persuade him, for your sakes, and those of the rest of the inhabitants, to spare the town, for otherwise I will burn the suburbs on the first news of his attack; and if that will not stop him, I shall go and not even spare the town.' The

delegates could make nothing of the Prince; he would grant no more than permission to the Prussians to leave the town unhindered. When Keith rejected a second summons, and also this degrading offer, the Prince was enraged, and sent him a message to say, that if Leipzic was set on fire he would lay Berlin and Potsdam in ashes. Keith laughed at this threat, and made every preparation for defence, had trenches dug, ramparts raised, and set hussars and riflemen to skirmish with the enemy. Frederick wrote to Keith from Eulenburg, October 25th: 'Be easy; the Prince of Hildburghausen will not eat you; I will answer for it.' And Keith answered on the 26th: 'I have just received the letter in which your Majesty tells me that you are going to bring me powder, artillery, and everything needful. When I have that, he who wishes to eat me will perhaps find me a very tough morsel.'" *

There is not perhaps very much colour in the following sketch of Keith's social character, but it gives glimpses of a fine nature: "The friendly intimacy between Keith and the King was never shaken, unless that sometimes the press of business and the emergencies of warfare called forth a hasty or harsh word, which, however, never awakened anger in Keith, and was soon followed by expressions of confidence and affection from the King. All Frederick's generals had to suffer from his bad

* Von Ense, p. 181-83.

humour, but he no less from their touchiness and jealousy. Winterfeldt and Keith were exceptions; and Keith was the least burdensome to the King through discontent and ambition, agreed with his brother officers, obeyed and commanded with the same zeal, and led the smallest corps as willingly as he would a whole army. He stood on amicable terms with Schwerin. Schmettau was devoted to him; Winterfeldt enjoyed his esteem; Seydlitz and Zieten seemed, without any near personal relation, to hold by him. The only person spoken of as really an enemy of Keith is Prince Maurice of Dessau, who tried secretly to slander him to the King; but that brave, but at the same time unsociable and reckless prince, who could not speak French, and only stuttered German, had consequently very few collisions with Keith; and when he once, in Dresden, in a fit of hypocrisy or humour, showed Keith the most enthusiastic devotion, and even kissed his saddle-cloth, Keith responded only with a smile, and the words 'Good, good!' which Kalckreuth interprets as, 'Be off! I don't believe you.'"*

His end was that which the true soldier desires. He was killed by a cannon-shot in the great battle of Hochkirche in 1758. Besides other and more conspicuous commemorations, his monument, with Metastasio's inscription, was placed in the village church of Hochkirche by his cousin Sir Robert

* Von Ense, p. 271.

Murray Keith, who thus writes about it: "Lord Marischal has agreed to my erecting a decent grave-stone to the memory of his late brother, and in the place where he fell. They sent me two inscriptions, but they were long and languid. I have engaged Baron Hagen and his friend Metastasio to touch me up something manly and energetic; and in the course of this summer my tribute of veneration for the memory of a brave and honest man will be recorded in monumental marble." *

Besides Keith, there were many—one is inclined to think, too many—Scotsmen employed in the construction and consolidation of the power of Russia. Our old friend Sir Thomas Urquhart, writing before the middle of the seventeenth century, professes to give a list of "those Scottish colonels that served under the great Duke of Muscovy against the Tartar and Polonian." Of these, one very conspicuous man, Thomas Garne or Garden, was elected king of Bukharia "for the height and grossness of his person—being in his stature taller, and greater in his compass of body, than any within six kingdoms about him."

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* 'Memoirs of Sir R. Murray Keith,' i. 151. The inscription is: "Jacobo Keith, Gulielmi Comitis Marescalli hereditarii regni Scotiæ, et Mariæ Drummond filio, Frederici Borussorum regis summo exercitus Præfecto, viro antiquis moribus et militari vertute claro, qui dum in prælio non procul hinc inclinatam suorum aciem mente, manu, voce, et exemplo restituebat, pugnans ut heroes decet, occubuit et xiv. Octobris, anno MDCCLVIII."

Urquhart, who professes to have been acquainted with this giant, and who maintains that his mental was as conspicuous as his corporeal superiority, states that, on account of a small personal sacrifice that was required of him, he declined the Mohammedan principality, and remained in the Muscovite service. The bearded grim old Dalyell of Binns was bred in the same service, and hence his paroxysm of rage on being called at the council-board "a Muscovy beast, who had roasted men."

Gordons seem to have been in great force in the court and camp of Peter the Great. One of them, a general, wrote a life of the Czar; another wrote what is far more interesting, his own life in the form of a diary, from which I have drawn the following sketches :—*

Gordon was a native of Buchan. Washington Irving attributed in a great measure to the influence of the fine scenery of the Hudson, that genial and imaginative turn of mind which has made his works so pleasing. Perhaps the scenery of Buchan had its influence in toning the intellect of Patrick Gordon. The staple of the district is a flat cake of granite, which nature has clothed inland with heather and seaward with sand, although the indomitable perseverance of the inhabitants has made

* 'Passages from the Diary of General Patrick Gordon of Auchleuchries, A.D. 1635—A.D. 1699.' Printed for the Spalding Club, 1859.

many an acre smile in grain and pasture. How hard their struggle has been is exemplified by one parish, which, after being rescued from barrenness, was again, in one night, covered deep in sand; the walls of the church may be seen peeping through the yellow waste. This unlovely district signally contradicts the theory that grand scenery is necessary to the production of great men. Perhaps it has not given much to the world in the shape of æsthetics or the lyre—though there are a set of curious poems in "broad Buchan." But it has supplied men of the clearest brains, the strongest arms, and the most determined wills, to a country in which these commodities have never been wanting.

There is something savouring of granite and east wind in the harsh nomenclature of Gordon's surroundings. The paternal estate—dreary and sterile enough, no doubt—bore the name of Auchleuchries, of old a dependency of the barony of Ardendraught. Then we have among his ancestry Ogilvy of Blarac, and the Gordons of Pitlurg, of Straloch, and of Coclarachy, and their feudal foe, Strachan of Achnagat, and Patrick's neighbour, Buchan of Auchmacoy, with whom, after he has become a great man, he has a merry rouse and a reminiscence of auld langsyne at my Lord Chancellor's table. To such topographical characteristics might be added Bothmagoak, Ardendracht, Auchmedane, Auchmyliny, Kynknoky, Auchquhorteis, Creichie, Petuchry,

and others equally adapted for pronunciation by Cockney lips.

Patrick was born in 1635. His father was not the laird but "the gudeman" of Auchleuchries—an important distinction in the homely hierarchy of ranks beyond the Grampians. An estate held directly of the crown was a lairdship; when lands were held of any of the great families, such as the Dukes of Gordon or Earls of Sutherland, they were but a gudemanship. In 1640, on Lammas-day, he was sent to school at Grochdan, "and put to lodge and dyet by a widow called Margaret Allan." Four years afterwards he migrated to a school at Achridy; and then, the great troubles of the seventeenth century having broken out, "all public schools were abandoned;" so he went to live with his father at Achmade, the genius of the Buchan guttural seeming still to guide his steps.

In 1651, being sixteen years of age, he entered on the great resolution which decided his destiny. He belonged to a family, or to "a house," as he calls it—for it was not becoming to apply the humble word family to his illustrious ancestors—who followed the old faith, the prospects of which were becoming darker every day; and so, after giving certain reasons for the step he was going to take, he says, "But most of all, my patrimony being but small, as being the younger son of a younger brother of a younger house, I resolved, I say, to go to some foreign country, not caring much on what pretence,

or to which country I should go, seeing I had no known friend in any foreign place." Patrick being obstinate, his father and uncle accompanied him to Aberdeen, where, with a provision in clothes and money, he went on board a merchant-ship belonging to Dantzic, David Bartlman, skipper. The vessel touched at Elsinore, where, he says, "we went ashore, and dined in a Scotsman's house very well for twelvepence a man, and at night returned to the ship." On reaching his destination at Dantzic, he "lodged in a Scotsman's house, in the Holy Ghost Street, our landlord being called John Donaldson." As he began, so he went on, finding fellow-countrymen dotted here and there at convenient posting distances, on through Austria and Russia, to the very extremities of European civilisation. He set off for Königsberg with another countryman of his own, Thomas Menzies, and on the way met with Father Blackhall, also a native of Scotland, eminent among the Jesuits.* Another countryman and Jesuit priest, named Alexander Michael Menzies, now casts up; and Gordon finds himself—how he does not explain, nor does he seem to have himself known—in the toils of this scheming and zealous

* See 'A Brief Narrative of the Services performed to Three Noble Ladies.' By Gilbert Blackhall. Printed for the Spalding Club. It is so full of interesting incidents, both in France and Scotland, that I have been afraid to begin with it, lest it should add to an unexpectedly enlarging book.

order. He found himself a student at a college they had at Branensburg, near Königsberg; but, though a zealous Romanist, this was far from being the destiny he desired: "albeit," he says, "I wanted not for anything, the Jesuits always bestowing extraordinary pains, and taking great care in educating youth; yet could not my humour endure such a still and strict way of living." He resolved to be off. It is evident that a feeling of respect prevents him from explaining that he was in some shape under restraint, since the method of his departure was an escape, planned with a special view to avoid the vigilance of Father Blackhall. Not seeing any other path open to him, it was his intention to return home—an intention in which he was frustrated by his destiny.

He thus rather picturesquely describes his departure: "On a Tuesday, about ten o'clock, I took my journey on foot to save expenses, for I had no more money left than seven rixdollars and a half, and one suit of clothes which I had on. So, taking my cloak and a little bag, wherein were my linens and some books, with a staff in my hand, I pilgrim'd it away all alone. I had not learned any Dutch, by reason of our speaking Latin in the college, but had acquired and written down some words necessary for asking the way, victuals, and suchlike. My portmantel I carried for ease on my back betwixt villages, or when I did see nobody; but, coming to any village or meeting anybody, I took it under my

arm. Thus accoutred, I went privately round the old town, P. Menzies only convoying me to the high-way. I walked the well-known way through the wood to Frawensberg, pleasing myself either with trifling fancies, or such objects as offered on the way."

It was all very pleasant at first, and until the hardships and dangers of such an enterprise began to press upon him. After a while, he came to that established curse of the pedestrian's existence—a severance of the roads to right and left, with nothing whatever except a fortunate guess to indicate the one he ought to take. To add to the unpleasantness of the difficulty, he had entered a forest; but there was nothing for it save to choose the likelier of the two ways. It was then that the first cloud passed over the boy's heart.

"After I had gone a pretty way into the wood, and doubting whether I was right or not, I began with serious thoughts to consider my present condition, calling to mind from whence I was come—from my good, loving parents and friends—and where I was now, among strangers whose language I understood not, travelling, myself knew not well whither, having but seven dollars by me, which could not last long, and when that was gone I knew not where to get a farthing more for the great journey and voyage which I intended. To serve or work I thought it a disparagement; and to beg, a greater. With these and suchlike thoughts, I grew so pensive and sad, that, sitting down, I began to lament

and bewail my miserable condition. Then, having my recourse to God Almighty, I, with many tears, implored His assistance, craving also the intercession of the blessed Virgin and all the saints in heaven. Then, getting up, I went forward, continuing in prayer with great fervency, when, on a sudden, from the right hand, came an old man riding, whose grey hairs might exact and force reverence from the haughtiest heart. He, seeing me crying in crossing my way, said to me in Dutch, which I understood so—'Cry not, my child; God will comfort you.' I was very astonished at his sudden appearance and words, and also ashamed that anybody should see me in such a plight. However, keeping on my way, I began to recollect myself, and to think that God had sent this old man of purpose to direct me from such passionate fits, the conceit whereof made me rouse up myself and walk on more cheerfully."

He does not tell how it was that the old man spoke in a language understood by him; but the passage is sufficient to show how, even when he feels himself subdued by the overwhelming conditions he is surrounded by, the natural pride and self-reliance of the Scot break forth. Far from seeking help or protection from the august stranger, he is ashamed that human eyes should have beheld him in his moment of transitory weakness. At night he comes to a village, and lodges in the *cruc*, the term by which he almost always designates an alehouse or village tavern: it is a variation of

the low-Dutch *kroeg*, which has the same signification. The landlord asked him various questions, to which he returned no answer, for the satisfactory reason that he did not understand them. However, they sat at meals together, and he indulged in half a stoup of beer. When he asked for a sleeping-place, he was shown an empty waggon in the stable, and then he laid his cloak one half above and one half under him, with his coat and portmanteau under his head; and so (being exceedingly wearied), he laid him down.

A good-natured maid of the inn had already shown the boy some kindness; and ere he went to sleep, "by-and-by came the maid, and, reaching me a pillow, began to laugh downright, then jumped away in such haste, as if she had been afraid of some infection. I made but one sleep the whole night, and got up half an hour before the sun, and, bringing my pillow to the room, asked what I had to pay. The landlady told me a stoup of beer, which I paid; and then asked what I had to pay for victuals, and, she answering, Nothing, I thanked, and went on my way."

The full significance of such a picture of sordid hardship can only be felt by keeping in view the climax to which the narrative is gradually coming. The poor youth, who endures all that is endured by the beggar's brat, except that he will not beg, rises to an eminence which, in power and external pomp, far excels that of the greatest nobles in his own

poor but free country. Covered with the many honours and decorations of the barbarian court of the Czar—invested with vast estates and feudal powers—he becomes more like a petty sovereign than a subject.

In his next day's journey he fell in with two "sturdy fellows," both professing to be, like himself, on their way to Dantzic. They pestered him with questions, against which he had his old defence; and although he appears to have believed that they had evil designs, and was warned against one of them as a professed robber, he seems to have thought that the meagreness of his purse would protect him against this, as his deficiency in language protected him from the lesser evil. Two days being passed, he says, "The next morning I was not able to go farther. My feet, not being used to such hard travel, were full of blisters, and the skin off in many places." He got a cast in a waggon, and at last reached Dantzic, where he found his old landlady. Poor comfort awaited him here, however: he was told that the last ship of the season bound for the British Isles had sailed, and he must have to wait some ten months for the next year's fleet. What was he to do?

His countrymen seem to have swarmed in the district, for his landlady had only to let it be known that she had a Scottish youth on her hands who seemed in great perplexity, and was, as she feared, in need of money, to bring a crowd of them to her

table. They offered aid to their countryman, but not in the direction of his ambition, for they had followed the arts of peace, but his selected destiny was war. Yet they were kind in advising him, and it was his interest as well as his desire to be civil to them. "So, the next day at dinner, these merchants began to persuade me to turn merchant, to the which I, finding my nature averse, answered in fair terms however, not being willing to disoblige any."

The practical conclusion of the advice he received was, that his best chance was in Poland; and he set out, consequently, on a devious journey to Warsaw. He was recommended to take on his way a countryman, of his own clan, "living in a town called Culm, about twenty miles off, who was a very civil man, and would be very glad of my company."

He sailed along the Vistula in a flat-bottomed barge. There was no room for stepping about; he could only crouch in one position; and his only relaxation was an occasional walk on the bank, as the lazy vessel sweltered along. But the view, whether from the vessel or the towing-path, was not interesting, for the river was lined with high embankments, over which nothing could be seen but the occasional top of a house.

At Culm his countryman received him, and harboured him during the winter months, when travelling was impracticable. His impatience to start for

Warsaw was excited by the welcome news that the Duke Ivan Radzevill "had a life-company, all or most Scotsmen," which he might pretty securely calculate on entering.

He arrived at Warsaw when the Seym, or national parliament, was sitting, and took a lodging in the Lesciniski suburb. There was no Radzevill with his life-company of Scots there, however; and, bitterly disappointed, Gordon again thought there was nothing for it but to return to Scotland. There were many of his countrymen in Warsaw, but his pride would not permit him to approach them in his penury and dejection, for he had but eight or nine florins left, wherewith, as he justly remarks, he "was not able to subsist long in Warsaw, nor travel far either." He got an opportunity of being franked to Posen, by a man who went thither in charge of several horses, and seems to have worked his way by assisting in driving the horses. Posen is one of the few places which have tempted him out of his Spartan or Buchan brevity:— "The buildings are all brick—more after the ancient form, but very convenient, especially those lately builded. The marketplace is spacious, having a pleasant fountain in each corner; the shops all in rows, each trade apart, and a stately Radthouse, &c. There are divers monasteries of both sexes and several orders, and a vast cathedral, which make a stately show. The suburbs are large, and decored with churches and monasteries. The city is fortified

with a brick wall, yet very tenable by reason of its vastness. But that which surpasseth all is the civility of the inhabitants, which is occasioned by its vicinity to Germany, and the frequent resorting of strangers to the two annual fairs, and every day almost. The Poles also, in emulation of the strangers dwelling amongst them, strive to transcend one another in civility."

There he immediately met a fellow-countryman named Lindsay, whose conduct put the youth's pride and sagacity both to the test. "He was imperiously inquisitive of my parents, education, travels, and intentions." On being told of his birth, the stranger exclaimed—"Gordon and Ogilvie!! these are two great clans; sure you must be a gentleman." Patrick knew this to be said in derision of his sordid condition; but he sagaciously made answer, that he hoped he "was not the worse for that." The kindness he received at Posen probably gave him his favourable impression of the place, for he was seized on by a swarm of his fellow-Scots—"Robert Farquhar, James Fergusson, James Lindsay, James White, James Watson, and others." They recommended him to the good graces of a young nobleman named Oppalinski, with whom he travelled, in what capacity does not clearly appear, to Hamburg.

This was in the year 1655, when Hamburg, like many towns in Northern Germany, was filled with emissaries recruiting for the great Swedish army,

and all the inns were full of cavaliers "ranting and carousing." Patrick evidently felt, though he does not tell, that as this great mustering and marshalling afforded various opportuities, differing greatly from each other, for effecting his design, he must be cautious, and pick his footing warily. He was strongly tempted by the talk of two recruiting officers, a cornet and quartermaster, who, knowing whence he came and what his views were, showed him much kindness and attention, he permitting them no opportunity for fixing their society on him save at meal-time.

The recruiter is probably much the same all the world over, and the following is as good a specimen of him as Sergeant Kite: "In all their discourses they extolled a soldier's life, telling that riches, honours, and all sorts of worldly blessings lay prostrate at a soldier's feet, wanting only his will to stoop and take them up; then, falling out in commendation of our countrymen, than whom no better 'sojers' were of any nation to be found, and that albeit nature had endowed them with a genius fit for anything, yet did they despise the ease, advantage, or contentment any other trade might bring, and embraced that of a soldier, which, without all dispute, is the most honourable."

No compliments could be more skilfully put, and no sentiments could have been expressed more in harmony with those which were fermenting in the mind of the ambitious young Scot; but he believed

he could make a better bargain for himself than these men could give him, and he held on till, one day at dinner, the quartermaster electrified him by the information that there was in the city a Scotsman—a neighbour—in fact, a member of the worshipful family of Gordon of Troup, in Banffshire, holding the rank of Rittmaster. This was conclusive, and away the youth hied to pay his respects where they were so eminently due. "I told him that, hearing of a person of such quality as he was being come to this city, I could not be satisfied with myself until I had paid my respects to him with a visit, hoping that he would pardon my abrupt intruding myself, &c." There was much coming and going of military people, and trampling to and fro, in the Rittmaster's house. At a carouse where they "were all pretty well warmed," the important question was opened; but he was still cautious, and mumbled something about his intention of returning home. They laughed at him, and insisted that his friends would say he had gone to the Continent to see what o'clock it was, and returned as wise as he went. "But what needed," he says, "many persuasions, it being a course to the which I was naturally inclined; so that, without any further circumstance, I gave my promise to go along, so ignorant I was of such matters at that time."

His career at this juncture was interrupted by a remittent fever, which threatened abruptly to close

it. On the 15th of July 1665 he joined the Swedish army, encamped on a large meadow near Stettin. "It consisted of thirty brigades of foot and 7000 Reiters, being in all about 17,000 men, with a gallant train of artillery. It was a most delightful and brave show, the Reiters being very well mounted, and the foot well clothed and armed, and, above all, the officers in extraordinary good equipage."

It has doubtless been seen already, and will presently become more apparent, that Patrick Gordon did not shackle himself with the higher motives professed by Monro and his school. The soldiering of the day was no longer in conflicts of principle like the struggle for freedom in Holland and the Thirty Years' War, but had become a mere scramble for territory among greedy kings. A youth struggling upwards from sheer want, could not stand on the dignity of his position and exercise a restraining influence on the rapacity of his royal employer as the Earl Marischal or his brother might. Gordon went into the system as he found it, pretty heartily; and he affords us a genuine, and perhaps a favourable, picture of the superior officer in the Continental wars, such as he was from that day down to the first French Revolution.

He now held a command in that foolish invasion of Poland, the first of those aggressive acts of Sweden which gave her a bad character throughout Europe, and brought her ultimately to grief. Pa-

trick Gordon had perhaps as much right, in consideration of his pay and rank, to plead an honest espousal of the cause he was fighting for as any other of its promoters, from the King of Sweden downwards. Professing no devotion to any higher motive for his own conduct than a selfish ambition—an aspiration after military renown, rank, and pay, combined in large and due proportions—he took the measure of his master's conduct in the following terms, which embrace his own private opinion, as distinguished from the views adopted by the philosophers and politicians of the age :—"But, to tell you briefly, the main reason was this. The Swedish King having been bred a soldier, and having now obtained the crown by the resignation of his cousin, Queen Christiana, would needs begin his reign by some notable action. He knew that the remembrance of the honours and riches obtained by many cavaliers in the German wars, under the Swedish conduct, would bring great confluence of soldiers to him when it should be known that he was to arm, which, by reason of the late universal peace in Germany and the many forces lately disbanded, would be more easily effectivated. Having in his conceit already formed an army, there was no prince or people except Poland to which he could have the least pretence—albeit princes indeed never want pretensions to satisfy their ambition, and will have their pretences looked upon as solid and just reason."

We shall see that Patrick Gordon practised and avowed a code of political ethics which responded pretty accurately to those of the ambitious king. But first I give a passage which tells in a few words its own story, and furnishes a powerful exemplification of the ferocity generated by the contemporary civil conflicts in Britain. The date is 1658:—"Whilst we lay in this Werder, an English ambassador called Bradshaw, having been on his journey to Moscovia, and not admitted, returned this way, and was lodged in Lamehand's tavern. We getting notice thereof, and judging him to be that Bradshaw who sat president in the highest court of justice upon our sovereign King Charles I. of blessed memory, were resolved, come what will, to make an end of him; and being about fifteen with servants, six whereof might be accounted trusty weight men, the others also indifferent, we concluded that, doing the feat in the evening, we could easily make our escape by benefit of the strait ground and darkness of the night, and so, being resolved, we took our way thither. Being come near, and asking a boor come from thence some questions, he told us that just now some officers were come from Elbing to the ambassador, and some forty dragoons who were to guard and convey him to Marienburgh, which made us despair of doing any good, and so we returned. We had resolved to make our addresses to him, as sent with a commission from Field-Marshal Von Der Linde to him;

and being admitted seven or eight of us, to have gone in and stabbed him, the rest guarding our horses and the door; and so, being come to horse, make our escape to Danzic."

Even if they had been successful, they would have found that they had not done "any good" in their own sense of the term, for the Bradshaw they were to put to death was not the Bradshaw who had committed the mortal offence. If they had slain him, no doubt they would have been disappointed that they had thrown away their exertions and peril in extinguishing the wrong life; but Gordon has not the affectation to express a word of thankfulness for not having done it. He seems, on the whole, rather to regret that a project so well planned should have come to nothing.

So long as it remains a fixed principle that every writer of biography is to bring his hero through, attributing to him all the virtues under heaven, and fighting with splenetic bitterness against every accusation against him, it is fortunate that we have autobiographies in which people speak about their own conduct in a sensible, practical, business-like way, without attempting to make themselves better than the best men of their day, or even very much better than they are. It is from good sort of fellows—not wiser than their neighbours, and not pretending to be better—telling a few facts without much consciousness of their significance, that we know the truth about history and the condition of

governments and peoples. Take up any ordinary history, and see what it says about any campaign, in the European wars of the seventeenth century, for instance. There are sentences duly turned and balanced, about ravaging a territory from one extremity to the other, sweeping away the fruits of the soil and the accumulated produce of industry, subjecting the people to the horrors of military havoc, without respect for age or sex, &c.; and yet, if we read a memoir of any actor in such scenes, we find him accredited to the world by his biographer as everything that is disinterested and gentlemanly, according to our modern notions of "an officer and a gentleman."

Hence the use of people telling their own story in their own way, and according to the lights conferred upon them. If Gordon ever perpetrated what would have been a crime in his own social circle, of course he would not have told it, for his autobiography is not a confession; and except an occasional hard boose, with its consequent headache, mentioned with an apologetic explanation that it was against his nature and forced upon him, he sets forth his practice like a man who has nothing to be ashamed of. The editor of the volume justly remarks that, in some instances, he appears to have aided the natural rapacity of the German mercenaries by what might be called "a wrinkle" from Highland practice. Thus he levies a sort of black-mail by engaging for certain dollars to protect certain cattle; and in other in-

stances, with the full knowledge that the beasts have been driven away by men under his own command, he claims and pockets tribute for their restitution.

The way in which Gordon dealt with employers for his services as a military commander would shock "the service" at the present day; but it is nevertheless as well that we should know it from the statement of one who practised it, and was so little ashamed of it as to be very explicit about his method of transacting business. He was repeatedly taken prisoner by the Poles, and on each occasion tempted to serve with them; but he always declined, and went back to the Swedes on exchange of prisoners. At length, in 1659, after he had been four years in the service, having come to the conclusion that the Swedish cause was not likely to be a propitious one, and being a prisoner in the hands of the Poles, who, somewhat conveniently, refused in this instance to exchange him, he began to listen to the proposals made to him. He was offered by John Sobieski, whom he calls "a hard bargainer, but courteous," the command of a body of troops permanently stationed on the Sobieski domains—a sort of household regiment apparently. This offer did not suit his views, as he found that, however high and lucrative the appointment might be, it shelved him out of the way of promotion. He preferred, therefore, the next appointment offered to him, that of quartermaster. He had not been long in the Polish service ere he heard of the restoration

of the Stewart dynasty, and naturally thought of Britain as the proper field for his ambition. "But," he says, "my father informing me that the armies were disbanded, and that only a few troops were continued in pay, and that the charge of these was given to the nobility, and to such persons as had extraordinarily deserved and suffered for his Majesty, and that without a good stock it was very hard living in Scotland," — he remained where he was, but not contentedly, for the Polish army and the Diet were at feud, and Gordon's sagacity taught him that the service was not one of sufficient force and compactness to offer scope for the genius of a great commander—an outlook in the direction of ambition, rare, it may be supposed, among young soldiers just entering on their career, and glad to have secured the first step. He had an eye then on the service in which he finally distinguished himself: "I had great temptation from the Muskovitish ambassadors; for having by order conducted some of their chief officers to them about their ransom, as also they having ransomed two officers from me, they very earnestly desired their colonels to engage me in the Tzaar's service, to the which I seemed to give half a willing ear. So they promised that I should not be longer detained than three years—one year whereof to serve as major, and two for lieutenant-colonel. Yet did I not accept of these offers, but only kept them in hand to have another string for my bow."

Meanwhile a prospect opened to him of service under the head of all the Christian kings. "The Roman emperor's ambassador, the Baron D'Isola, got orders from the emperor to engage officers to levy a regiment of horse; to which purpose he engaged Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, commonly called Steelhand, who, using all the pressing reasons he could to persuade me to engage with him, telling me of the honourable service, the good pay, with the advantage and easiness of the levies at this time; wherewith being overcome, after mature consideration I resolved to engage; and so we entered into a stipulation, four of us, to levy a regiment of eight hundred horse." The person called Steelhand was another Patrick Gordon, who frequently figures in his namesake's narrative. He was excommunicated in Scotland by his title of "Patrick Gordon of the Steelhand"—a designation which he obtained doubtless not without fitting reasons, though they are not explained; he was to be the colonel, and, besides our hero, the other two field-officers were to be John Watson and Major Davidson—Scotsmen all.

This brilliant prospect was, however, immediately blighted. "The tenth of July, by an express from Vienna, the Roman emperor's ambassador received an order not to engage any officers, or to capitulate for the levying of men; and, if he had engaged any already, to discharge them the handsomest way he could." Gordon was retained in the service he had adopted, but not in a shape suited to his ambition.

He was to hold a secondary rank on a peace establishment, instead of casting his lot into the chances and changes of the mighty contest with the Turks, which was unfortunately, as he felt, coming to a close.

He lets us into his secret estimate of his position, and it seems to have been sagaciously taken. "Soldiers of fortune," he says, "unless of great merit and long standing in that service, would be hardly admitted and little regarded;" and thus, if he were at last to obtain a company, he would be thrown an unoccupied stranger among "men of great birth and rents, or well-stocked and acquainted with the ways of that country, where quarters, accidencies, and shifts are the greatest part of their subsistence."

He then bethought himself of the proffers which had been made to him by his friend Zamiaty Fiodororovitz Leontiuf, the Russian ambassador, and resolved to join that service, if, on close examination, he should find it adapted to his views. But he was ordered by the imperial authorities to go to Vienna, on duty, with despatches; and the question was, "how to come handsomely off" from the service he had so adopted. There might be differences of opinion as to his method of "coming handsomely off:" it involved a profession of sickness, which, by the way, to the comfort of his conscience if not of his body, ended in a real illness.

After many adventures he reached Riga, still feeling his way before committing himself to the Rus-

sian service. He was in search of General Douglas, who had, however, just marched onwards; and the next statement shows, in a characteristic light, how his countrymen dropped in wherever he went. "I was very sorry, and so went into the town to look for acquaintance. Coming to the marketplace, I did meet with my old comrades and friends, Alexander Landells and Walter Airth, with whom I went to a tavern and took a glass of wine, to whom I revealed my intentions. These being out of service themselves, having been lately disbanded by the Swedes, were in a poor condition, and willing to engage anywhere; and told me that no service was to be had among the Swedes; and besides, that it was so poor, they having but pitiful allowance, that it was not worth the seeking; that they had heard that the Muscovites' pay, though not great, was duly paid, and that officers were soon advanced to high degrees; and many of our countrymen, of great quality, were there, and some gone thither lately; that they themselves, with many others of our countrymen, and strangers, were resolving to go thither, not knowing how to do better: so that the consideration of a certain, at least, livelyhood, preferment, good company, and my former promises and engagements, confirmed me in my resolution to go to Moskow."

So onward they went, having settled among each other the relative ranks they were to accept in the service, until at last "we came to Moscow, and

hired a lodging in the Slabod, or village where the strangers live. We were admitted to kiss his Tzarasky Majesty's hand at Columinsko, a country-house of the Tzaar's, seven versts from Moscow, below the village of the same name. The Tzaar was pleased to thank me for having been kind to his subjects who had been prisoners in Poland; and it was told me that I should have his Majesty's grace or favour, whereon I might rely."

It was on the 5th of September 1661 that the event took place which not only decided the fate of the poor wandering Scot, but had no little influence on the subsequent destinies of Europe; since, after his friend and master Peter the Great, it may be questioned if any other one man did so much for the early consolidation of the Russian empire as Patrick Gordon. His great services date at a far later period; but at the very beginning we find him engaged in the faint remnant of a contest which, though he seems to have been unconscious of it, was really a life and death struggle of the imperial power for predominance in its old domain of Muscovy. It is a phase of European history not often kept in view, that the corporate influence of the great towns maintained a long contest with the predominant royal houses of Europe, and that this contest had its very highest development in Russia. The corporations, indeed, with Novgorod at their head—now that we look back on their power, and compare it with other institutions commemorated

in history—were evidently so far the predominant power, that, had they been led by a few great men, they might have kept out the empire, and preserved a rule over Russia more like that of the East India Company's in Hindostan than perhaps any other method of government on record. It was to be otherwise, however; and, as history tells us, the great men came on the side of the empire, not of the corporate republic.

When Gordon joined the service, the contest with the corporations was nearly over. His "Tzaric Majesty" was in a state of transition from "the Duke of Muscovia" of old to "the Emperor of Russia" of our own day. It was not long since the power of the corporations had been so great, however, as to give significance to the old Russian proverb, "Who can resist the great God and Novgorod?" The annual market, drawing its traders from the extremity of the empire, and from other empires, is the only existing relic of its greatness. When Gordon and his companions passed through it, he jotted down the following memorandum—"The town of Novgorod, called 'the Great,' having been one of the greatest market-cities of Europe, giveth name to a large dukedom, the greatest of all Russia, where Rurick, from whom all the Russian princes and dukes draw their original, did reign;" and then he refers to the ordinary histories for the cruelties which Ivan the Terrible inflicted on the inhabitants when he got access to the town.

Another municipal relic which had "been a free principality in former times, until subdued by the Tzar Ivan Vasiliovitz," attracted him by its faded though not entirely ruined splendour. "About mid-day," he says, "we had a sight of Plesko or Opsko, which had a glorious show, being environed with a stone wall and many towers. There are many churches and monasteries, some whereof have three, some five steeples or towers, whereon are round globes of six, eight, or ten fathoms circumference, which, being covered with white iron or plate, and thereon great crosses covered with the same, make a great and pleasant show. One of these globes, being the largest, is over-gilt."

That the municipal spirit, though broken, still lingered among the people, is shown by such incidents as the following, in which Gordon showed an early appreciation of the approved Russian method of treating difficulties with the ordinary citizen: "Some contentions did fall out betwixt the officers and sojours with the rich burgesses, who would not admit them into their houses. Among the rest, a merchant, by whom my quarters were taken up whilst my servants were cleaning the inner room; he broke down the oven in the utter room which served to warm both, so that I was forced to go to another quarter. But, to teach him better manners, I sent the profos (provost-marshal) to quarter by him, with twenty prisoners and a corporalship of sojours, who, by connivance, did grievously plague

him a week, and it cost him near a hundred dollars before he could procure an order out of the right office to have them removed, and was well laughed at besides for his incivility and obstinacy."

This was very early in his career, and shows how quickly he had learned that in Russia there was no justice to be got but what could be taken or bought. His proud Scottish spirit, however, revolted against the slights and impositions to which he was himself subjected, and nothing but a threat to leave the service would bring "the chancellor, being a most corrupt fellow," and his subordinates, to acknowledge his position and claims. The Russians had not yet been much accustomed to see the adventurers from Scotland step in among them as their natural lords and masters; and Gordon spoke of the calamity of leaving those countries, "where strangers had great respect, and were in a great reputation, and even more trust as the natives themselves; and where a free passage for all deserving persons lay open to all honour, military and civil;" and coming to a land where he perceived "strangers to be looked upon as a company of hirelings, and at the best (as they say of women) but *necessaria mala:* no honour or degree of preferment here to be expected but military, and that with a limited command, in the attainment whereof a good mediator or mediatrix, and a piece of money or other bribe, is more available as the merit or sufficiency of the person; a faint heart

under fair plumes, and a cuckoe in gay clothes, being as ordinary here as a counterfeited or painted visage." A certain Boyar to whom he made his complaint, "being vexed, caused stop his coach, and caused call the Diack; whom being come, he took by the beard, and shaked him three or four times, telling him, if I complained again he would cause knout him." Notwithstanding this broad hint, the Diack showed no great improvement either in civility or honesty when the Boyar's back was turned; but when he heard one man in the rank of a gentleman talk to another who happened to be his inferior in this fashion, the Scot was fain to suppose that there was an intention to propitiate him according to the national manner.

Here is the way in which he entered on his duties: "1661, September 17.—I got orders to receive from a Russ 700 men to be in our regiment, being runnaway sojours out of several regiments, and fetched back from divers places. Having received these, I marched through the Sloboda of the strangers to Crasna Cella, where we got our quarters, and exercised these soldiers twice a-day in fair weather. September 20.—I received money—twenty-five roubles—for my welcome, and the next day sables, and two days thereafter damask and cloth. September 25.—I received a month's means in cursed copper money, as did those who came along with me."

Gordon had roughed it for a quarter of a century

in the service before he met his illustrious master Peter the Great, with whose name his later achievements are historically connected. Characteristically enough for one who became notorious in later life as a lover of strong drink, the young prince presented him, at their first meeting, with a glass of brandy —at least it is likely that no smaller measure of the liquid is referred to in the following notandum: "1686, January 26, was at their majesty's hands— receiving a charke of brandy out of the youngest his hand, with a command to return speedily." Peter was then a boy fourteen years old; but three years only were to elapse ere a crisis, in which events, directed by the sagacious old Scot to whom he presented a dram, were to secure to him the throne he made so renowned.

The service by which Gordon set his mark on the history of Russia and of Europe was the subjugation of the Strelitzers. These were a power more immediate and menacing than the corporations, if not in reality so deeply founded; and it was necessary that this power should be broken before the autocracy of the empire could be fully developed. The Strelitzers were the guards or household troops of Muscovy, and in their constitution and fate they have often been compared with the janissaries of Turkey. They had been created by Ivan the Terrible, in the middle of the sixteenth century, for the purpose of breaking the power of the independent Boyards. Their distinctive peculiarity—that

they were solely under the command of the Czar himself—intended to make them potent agents of despotism, enabled them in reality to set up on their own account. In their desire to take their orders immediately from their master, they refused obedience to the officers set over them; and on some occasions showed their zeal for their master by taking the labour and responsibility of punishment out of his hands, and knouting, shooting, or hanging those officers who had not, in their opinion, acted faithfully in the discharge of their duty to the Czar.

It was a corollary, and a very formidable one, to such principles of duty, that it lay with themselves to decide who was the proper Czar from whom they were to take their instructions. Such was the body with whom Peter had to deal in the early and unstable period of his reign. Immediately before its commencement, they had performed one of their most terrible outbreaks of loyalty, ending in the slaughter of several officers; while others, probably to save their lives, were knouted in the presence of the Strelitzers to appease their just indignation, which, like that of the sepoys, arose out of a religious difficulty: their consciences had been violated by their being ordered on duty during Easter week. Gordon's first affair with them appears to have given its turn to the memorable struggle between Peter and his sister Sophia for the actual government, while their imbecile brother Ivan still lived and held nominal office as senior Czar.

The princess got the ear of the Strelitzers, who promised to surprise and slay her brother. According to Gordon's account, they were as close to success as failure could well be. He describes how his young master—he was then but seventeen—hearing at dead of night that the bloody band were surrounding him, sprang out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, leapt upon a horse and galloped to the nearest wood. There, waiting a short time for clothing, he pursued his flight, and reached the monastery of the Troitzca, or Holy Trinity, about six o'clock in the morning. Here he was protected by the sanctity of the place, and issued his orders to the officers of the Strelitzers, and to the foreign officers in the Russian service. The former had taken their course; the critical point lay with the foreigners. Gordon took a short time to consider and inquire. He then said he had made up his mind: whatever orders came from the Kremlin, he was to march to Troitzca, and take his own orders there. This decided the others; and the foreign officers, with their troops, made their welcome appearance at the gates of the monastery. The contest was thus decided. Two days afterwards, the youth who became Peter the Great entered Moscow in triumph; and then of course came the usual conclusion of the drama in torturings and executions.

The Strelitzers, as a body, conformed outwardly to the new order, and remained composed and powerful as ever. It was in the year 1697 that Peter left

his home on his celebrated ramble among the working districts of Europe; and if he had not left Gordon with four thousand troops under his separate command to guard the Kremlin, he would probably have found a change of occupancy on his return, and a difficulty in getting access to his own house. The main army of Russia was then stationed on the frontiers of Poland, for the purpose of influencing the election of a king to succeed John Sobieski. A rumour spread through the ranks of the Strelitzers that the Czar had died abroad; and as they always felt it their duty to see the right person placed on the throne, they resolved, without consulting the Commander-in-Chief, to march to Moscow, for the purpose of installing the heir, Alexis Petrowich, and appointing a regent during his minority. There were thus eight thousand troops, in high discipline and compact order, approaching the capital, and only four thousand to defend it. Gordon seems to have at once resolved to save the town the horrors of a siege by meeting the enemy at a distance. He had an element which compensated the inequality of numbers, in the possession of twenty-seven field pieces—six to ten pounders. He intrenched himself strongly on the road which the mutineers must pass, never hesitating in the resolution to subdue them, or doubting his ability to do so. He parleyed with and exhorted them over and over again to return to their duty, and there is no doubt that he was sincere in recording the sorrow he says he felt

in the contemplation of their fatal obstinacy. When he was driven to action, he took that most humane of all courses when an irrational and helpless mass of men are to be brought to a sense of their position —he made quick and sharp work of it. His own brief and practical account of the conclusion is :—

"I brought up the infantry and twenty-five cannon to a fit position, surrounded their camp on the other side with cavalry, and then sent an officer to summon and exhort them once more to submit. As they again declined, I sent yet another to demand a categorical decision. But they rejected all proposals of compromise, and boasted that they were as ready to defend themselves by force as we were to attack. Seeing that all hope of their submission was vain, I made a round of the cannon be fired. But, as we fired over their heads, this only emboldened them more, so that they began to wave their colours, and throw up their caps, and prepare for resistance. At the next discharge of the cannon, however, seeing their comrades fall on all sides, they began to waver. Out of despair, or to protect themselves from the cannon, they made a sally by a lane, which, however, we had occupied by a strong body. To make yet surer, I brought up several detachments to the spot, so as to command the hollow way out of which they were issuing. Seeing this, they returned to their camp, and some of them betook themselves to the barns and outhouses of the adjoining village. At the third discharge of the guns, many of them

rushed out of the camp towards the infantry and cavalry. After the fourth round of fire, very few of them remained in their waggon rampart; and I moved down with two battalions to their camp, and posted guards round it. During this affair, which lasted about an hour, a few of our men were wounded. The rebels had twenty-two killed on the spot, and about forty wounded, mostly mortally."

So far as open contest was concerned, the affair was at an end. The conquest was obtained, one would say, at a small sacrifice of life. But while, in ordinary warfare, slaughter is at an end for a time when the battle is over, and the victors are then occupied in saving the lives and alleviating the sufferings of their enemies—in such an affair as this the slaughter and suffering were only in a manner inaugurated by the battle; and the subsequent journal which records, not the victorious general's doings, but other people's, has such entries as—"To-day seventy men were hanged, by fives and threes, on one gallows."

I must send the reader to the Diary itself for the successive events of Gordon's long professional career. He died on the 29th November 1699; and we are briefly but effectively told by the editor of the Diary that "the Czar, who had visited him five times in his illness, and had been twice with him during the night, stood weeping by his bed as he drew his last breath—and the eyes of him who had

left Scotland a poor unfriended wanderer were closed by the hand of an Emperor."

At a much later period Samuel Greig, another Scotsman, gave a helping hand to the waxing power of Russia. He appears to have been the son of a merchant sea-captain or skipper in Inverkeithing, where he was born in 1735. He was bred to the sea-service, but seems to have been amphibious in his combative capacities, as his most important service to Russia lay in military engineering. His entrance into the Russian service was quite legitimate. He was a lieutenant in the British navy at the peace of 1763, with fair chances of moderate promotion, when the Russian Government applied to the British for the loan of a few officers to help to improve their own navy. Greig, one of these, soon made his capacity felt, and was intrusted with high commands. The old Fifeshire skipper's name of Charles was dragged out of its obscurity to give the usual Russian patronymic of nobility, and the young officer became Samuel Carlovich Greig. It is odd to find one of the few notices of this remarkable man in the Memoirs of the late Rev. Christopher Anderson, the historian of the English Bible. Mr Anderson's mother was a relation of the Greigs, and was able to certify of the old skipper's wife, after her son had gone on a career so widely different from his early surroundings, that "his mother's supplications in his behalf had followed him in that career so perilous to piety, and she lived to

hear from his own lips, on a visit he paid her late in life, that he had not forgot a father's instruction or a mother's prayer."

He was made commodore of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean in the war with the Turks in 1769, and thus became a great, perhaps the greatest, instrument in the annexation of the Crimea, where so many of his countrymen were to leave their bones after fighting to undo what he had done.

At the battle of Scio in 1770, Greig, with four ships of the line and two frigates, bore in upon the Turkish fleet in harbour, and burned them with fireships. It is recorded that this operation was so new and terrible to the Russian sailors, that the British officers required to hold pistols to the heads of the steersmen to keep them to their duty. After the fleet was destroyed, the town was bombarded; and so effectively did Greig perform his work, that ere nine o'clock at night there was scarcely a vestige of the town or fortress, or of the fleet that had existed at mid-day.

In the subsequent war with Sweden he commanded at the battle of Hogeland in 1788. The affair is remarkable among sea-battles, not only for the determined and obstinate fighting on either side, but for being fought in a storm, and in a narrow sea full of shoals, currents, and other perils. In one of the German collections of favourite passages I have found the following account of this affair, written by an author favourable to the Swedish

side, and I insert it because so little can be discovered about the services which a man like Greig performed for a government which permitted the world to know only what it thought politic to tell :—

"The great Russian fleet, seventeen ships of the line and seven large frigates strong, sailed from Cronstadt under the command of a most experienced seaman, Admiral Greig, a Briton. They encountered the Swedish fleet of fifteen ships of the line and five large frigates, under the High Admiral Prince Charles of Sudermannland and Admiral Count Wrangel (17th July), seven miles westward of the island of Hogeland.

"Greig had been commanded by his Empress first to destroy the Swedish fleet, and then without delay to pursue his voyage to the Archipelago; and, if ever there was one, he was the man to be honoured by such a commission. He was at home on the sea, he had been present at the celebrated capture of the Havannah (1761), and he had led the terrible combat at Tschesme.

"Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon he bore down before a favourable wind on the Swedes. The thunder of war began on both sides with terrible fury.

"The Swedes, who now again for the first time since the remotest ages had taken rank as a naval power, showed in the advance of their fleet an accuracy of line and an ease in evolutions seldom

excelled even in manœuvres of a peaceful kind at sea. After the lapse of an hour, the Russian leader, and two other Russian ships, were so damaged that they were obliged to be withdrawn behind the line. But again did the Russians concentrate their greatest strength against the Swedish van; the Swedes grounded in their manœuvres in the stream at Eckholm, and all efforts to bring them into the wind were in vain. In this perilous position the Swedish admiral's ship, Gustav III., of 68 guns, which proudly displayed the national flag, and was commanded by the High Admiral Charles of Sudermannland, with Admiral Count Wrangel under him, was so furiously attacked by the Russian Admiral's ship, of 108 guns, in which Greig himself was, and by two other Russian ships, each of 74 guns, that it was easy to see that the Russian Admiral's chief object was to make the Duke himself his prisoner. Peace might then, no doubt, have been obtained on easier terms; but the Duke, preserving his coolness, gave his people the example of the most astonishing bravery. From all quarters the deadly mouths of the Russian cannon blazed on his ship while he coolly smoked his pipe; a cannon-ball slew his servant close by him, but he did not leave the deck, and strove, by his constant cry of 'conquer or die,' to inspire his soldiers and sailors with his own courage. Some of the sailors, who considered farther resistance useless, began to speak of strik-

ing. 'Rather let us be blown into the air,' cried Charles, in his sternest voice, 'than surrender!' Accordingly, he snatched his match from an artillery-man, took his place by the powder-magazine, then asked Admiral Wrangel whether he thought there was no farther chance of saving the ship? A *no* from Wrangel, and the ship would have been scattered in fragments to the wind. 'It will be tough work,' said the Admiral, 'but we will do our utmost.' The fire was now kept up with the most extreme vehemence, till the other Swedish ships coming up made the combat more equal. The Russians had a long list of killed, Greig himself was severely wounded, and his ship was obliged to leave the line.

"Meantime, the darkness of night came over the sea. At ten o'clock the firing ceased. The Russians had taken a Swedish ship of the line, Prince Gustav, of 68 guns, in which the Swedish Vice-Admiral Count Wachtmeister had led the Swedish van during the combat, and which, after miracles of heroism, was drifting about with 300 killed and wounded on board, pierced everywhere with shots, and without a flag. The Swedes, in return, had seized a Russian ship of the line, the Wladislaus, of 74 guns, had run two others aground, and, on the whole, had inflicted much more injury on the Russian fleet than it had sustained from it.

"Both parties spent the night over against each

other, and not far from the place of battle. The Swedes had nearly shot away all their powder. Not an hour could they have kept up fire if the enemy had renewed the combat next day, yet they dared not attempt to reach the harbour of Sweaborg before daybreak, the wind not being quite favourable; and it seemed likely that if they had given the least suspicion of an intention to enter it, the enemy would have pursued them. There was nothing for it but patient courage. To show this, signal-guns were fired regularly the whole night, as if they only waited for daylight to begin the combat more terribly than ever. The Russians, indeed, gave signs of a renewed attack next morning. The Swedes formed in line immediately, with what feelings may be imagined. But Greig, whose retreat was favoured by the wind, now thought good, instead of a harbour in the Archipelago, to seek that of Cronstadt; and the Swedish High Admiral brought his fleet under the guns of Sweaborg.

"Such was the battle of Hogeland, the first sea-fight in which the Swedes had been engaged for a very long time, and in which they fought with the courage and discipline of veteran seamen, far surpassing the expectations of their enemy and of all Europe. Both parties claim the victory of this bloody day; in Petersburg as in Stockholm the Te Deum was chanted. 'Is it not generous,' says a witty writer, 'in Providence to have so arranged it

as to suit both parties, and so earned, there a Greek, here a Lutheran song of praise?'" *

The 'Annual Register' for the year says: "Admiral Greig is said to have declared, in the account published by authority in St Petersburg, 'that he never saw a fight better sustained than this was on both sides.' This, however, accords but badly with the number of delinquent officers (of whom seventeen were captains), loaded with chains, whom he sent home in a frigate for ill behaviour in this action."

As he died a few weeks afterwards, on the 26th of October 1788, in his own ship, the Rotislow, it must be presumed that the wound he received in this fight proved mortal. So ends the career of the Inverkeithing skipper's son, Admiral Samuel Carlovich Greig, governor of Cronstadt, and chevalier of the orders of St Andrew, St Alexander Newski, St George, St Vladimir, and St Anne. Every journal in Europe repeated the account of the gorgeous funeral bestowed on him by the Empress, though little is generally known of the man who enjoys the reputation of having *made* the Russian navy. He made something else, too. As governor of Cronstadt he was the author of the fortifications there; and, as a French writer remarks, the Scotsman built

* Translated from an extract from Possel's 'History of Gustavus III. of Sweden,' in Lehman's Lesebuch.

those walls which years afterwards checked the career of his fellow-countryman Sir Charles Napier.

It is not, after all, an entirely satisfactory task to celebrate services like these. A nation that can show unrivalled courage and endurance in the defence of its own independence, need not covet the lustre of success in foreign causes. Boasting of such renown, in quarrels selected by and not forced upon the heroes, has something akin to the bully in it. That so many Scotsmen should have thus distinguished themselves abroad was the fruit of their country's sufferings rather than its success. The story of it all reminds one how dreary a thing it is that a community should have to dismiss the choice of its children from its own bosom, and how happy is the condition of that compact and well-rounded state which, under a strong and free government, productive of co-operation and contentment, has resources enough to keep its most active and adventurous citizens at work on national objects, and neither lends its children to the stranger, nor calls a foreign force into its own soil. There is little ultimate satisfaction in stranger laurels. Those who are the children of liberty themselves, such as the Scots and Swiss, have seen their services, by the obdurate tendency of historical destiny, almost ever assisting tyranny; and thus the sword of the freeman has done the work of the despot. The prowess and skill of our military leaders have given an

undue preponderance to the strength of barbarism, and enabled it to weigh too heavily against the beneficent control of civilisation. The foreign despot is deceived with the notion that the system artificially constructed for him by strangers represents a permanent, well-founded, national power; he becomes insolent in the confidence of its possession; and the fabric of power, raised up by one generation of freeborn auxiliaries, costs the blood of another generation to keep it from destroying freedom and civilisation throughout the world. Even while this is passing through the press, the question vibrates at the conference-table, whether we are to have a struggle with another great power which several Scotsmen helped to consolidate.

Chapter III.

THE STATESMAN.

Reputations, Living and Dead—Gustavus Adolphus's Secretary-at-War—Sir William Lockhart—Lord Stair—John Law—William Paterson.

OF all forgotten celebrities, the author has been, at least since the invention of printing, the most easily tracked by the biographical detective; what of himself he has let out in his books is always available, if we have nothing else. The soldier has less chance of resuscitation. If he has been a patriot hero, his name does not require it. His image lives in the eyes of all his countrymen, at least as large as life, and each successive generation proclaims, with louder and louder tongue—

"Though thou art fallen while we are free,
Thou shalt not taste of death;
The generous blood that flowed from thee
Disdained to sink beneath.
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit in our breath.

Thy name our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fate the theme of choral song
From virgin voices poured;
To weep would do thy glory wrong—
Thou shalt not be deplored."

On such an idol the detective generally, indeed, has to do the unpleasant duty of stripping him of false plumage. It is an entirely different affair, as we have seen, with the soldier who has lent his arm to the stranger. The materials which heap themselves over and bury his memory have already been considered; and I refer to the matter here, only to remark that they generally bury the memory of the statesman still more effectually. In the warrior's career there are battles and other stormy events that cannot be entirely concealed; but of the man of council who "shapes the whisper of the throne," it may be said, as Sergeant Pike said of the collier, that he has no visible occupation, but works under ground.

There is, for instance, in the possession of some collectors, an engraved portrait of a hard-featured, sagacious-looking Scot, the Latin inscription around which makes it valuable as identifying a frequent name in the history of Europe during the Thirty Years' War. It is Alexander Erskine, who was eminent both in camp and council. He was minister-at-war to Gustavus Adolphus—no trivial function—and a representative of Sweden in the conferences about the Treaty of Westphalia. He

held many governorships and other offices—was a patron of letters, and had a magnificent library. Yet no biographical dictionary, so far as I am aware, affords him a square inch; and in Ersch and Grubers' Encyclopedia—where one finds everything that is neglected elsewhere—the perfection of German diligence has been able to add nothing material to what the ordinary historians tell us of him, except that he studied at Königsberg, and that he died childless in the campaign of 1657, at Zamosc, whence his body was brought and buried in great state in the Cathedral of Bremen. Another Scotsman of the same name, who represented Russia in some of her Eastern negotiations, and had vast influence at the Court of the Czar, has left still scantier traces in accessible sources of biographical information. He belonged to the family of Erskine of Alva, in Clackmannanshire, a fact which I discovered one day by noticing the extreme richness of the crimson silk window-curtains in the drawing-room of one of his descendants. These were the hangings of a tent given to him by one of the Tartar princes with whom it was his function to treat.

It is against the chance of any country presenting a distinguished list of statesmen who have won their reputations abroad, that the services of foreigners are more unwillingly received in the cabinet than even in the camp. No nation in a healthy condition, indeed, tolerates the interference of foreign influence at its very heart. To whisper a

suspicion of such a thing has always been sufficient to set England in a blaze. Poor Lord Bute was almost ostracised because he was so much of a foreigner as to have been born in Scotland — a nation not so well amalgamated with its neighbour a hundred years ago as it is now. The protests of Scotland against foreign administration were pretty well expressed in the history of Mary of Medici and the fate of La Bastie. We have seen that Albany failed as Governor of Scotland because he had too much of the Frenchman in him, and we have also seen that he and his father, though they had still more of the Scot—the father, indeed, was a pure native—had great influence at the French Court. In peering into the minute specialties of his position, it is suggestive to find him acting the part of the statesman on an occasion when there was outbreak against some illegitimate influence being at work in the state, while his own, though that of a foreigner, seems to have passed unquestioned. We are told by Felibien, in his profuse circumstantial History of Paris, that Louis de Berquin was sacrificed as the person who introduced *des Livres dangereux de Luther*, and that there was an insurrection in the streets of Paris, with bloodshed, because the municipality thought fit to resist the royal decree raising to the great office of Lieutenant-General of the Isle of France, a prelate and a courtier of the Pope—Pierre Filhoti, archbishop of Aix. Then we are told the King held a Lit de Justice, in which

the Duke of Albany, Prince of Scotland, was inaugurated, and sat between the Duke of Alençon and the Bishop duke of Langres. On that occasion, the King spoke of removing the Parliament to Poictiers, on account of the turbulence of the Parisian mob, and the perversity of the municipality. It would be difficult, as we read the story in Felibien's circumstantial narrative, to invent a closer parallel to the scene in Edinburgh, some fifty years later, when James VI. was scared away by the vehement clergy, and threatened to take the Parliament, with its appurtenances, to that quiet and decorous place, Stirling. At the crisis of the battle of Pavia, Albany was sent on a mission to bring over Naples to the cause of France; or perhaps it might more accurately be said, to create a revolution there in favour of the French interest.*

These things took place in one of France's many periods of difficulty and danger. We have seen that, in the time of her greatest strait of all—the Hundred

* There is a good deal of mystery and suggestion connected with this embassy. Belcarius, in his 'Commentarii Rerum Gallicarum,' thinks it of importance to say that, while the French historian Bellay, and the Italian Capella, consider that the embassy was suggested by Pope Clement, he, Belcarius, must support Guicciardini in the contrary belief, because his brother, John Belcarius, who was a domestic in the Duke of Albany's family, told him that he there learned how the Pope had ever advised Francis not to divide his army until he had entirely subdued Milan. The question might afford room for a valuable archæologi-

Years' War—the Constable Buchan, and Douglas Duke of Touraine, had great influence in the national councils. At periods subsequent to the history of the Ancient League, the destinies of France were occasionally ruled by foreigners, and among these Scotland had, as we shall presently see, a good share —more, perhaps, than Italy, deemed the workshop of statesmen, had in Cardinal Mazarin; unless, indeed, we shall count that the empire is at present under the rule of an Italian dynasty.

Oliver Cromwell has the reputation of disliking Scotland, but he was in some respects a good friend to the country. True, he closed the door of the General Assembly, and placed a couple of troopers to keep it shut; but there are other statesmen who would do the same service to ecclesiastical bodies if they had the power. A service it was, for it prevented two opposite protesting and detesting parties from rushing into contest, and tearing away till the one had annihilated the other. It is usually said that he put Scotland under the English judges; but,

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cal paper. A second might be made out of another French embassy into Italy—that of Everard Stewart, lord of Aubigny, in 1594. It was preparatory to the invasion of Italy for the purpose of conquering Naples, and was, it must be confessed, an attempt to bully some of the smaller Italian states, as Comines lets us see, by the gently sarcastic turns with which he mentions the modest disinclination of the Venetians and Florentines to offer any counsel, or profess to provide any warlike assistance worthy of acceptance, to so great a man as the King of France.

on finding that the Court of Session was thoroughly corrupt, what he really did was to appoint a commission of justice to supersede it. On this commission there were some English names; but that was part of his system of amalgamation. He professed to fill his offices impartially from the United Protectorate, and, in fact, made one of the Scots judges, Johnston of Warriston, chairman of his House of Lords.

Within his deep mind he had shaped the policy of appointing a Scotsman to represent the Commonwealth at the Court of France. It was the best tie that he could establish between the new republic and the ancient monarchy, that one from the nation who had ever been so much at home in France should now go thither. He found the proper man in Sir William Lockhart, the brother of that Lord President Lockhart who was slain in the High Street by Chiesly of Dalry, for compelling him to support his family. The ambassador had a turn of character still more haughty, brave, and independent, even than the judge. He was on his way to France to seek his fortune, disgusted by what he considered the conversion of his country into a mere province, when Oliver caught him up. He probably thought it a very fair acknowledgment of the equality and independence of his countrymen, that he should be himself chosen for the most important mission which the Protector had to give. He came afterwards into closer alliance with his master by marrying Miss

Rubina Sewster, a niece of the Protector. The authorship of the following testimony to the character of the ambassador, in a recent work on Cromwell, will be at once recognised. It is what, in the author's native language, is expressively called 'kenspeckle:' "It is thought that in Lockhart the Lord Protector had the best ambassador of that age; . . . . a man of distinguished qualities, of manifold adventures and employments; whose biography, if he could find any biographer with real industry, instead of sham industry—and, above all, with human eyes instead of pedant's spectacles, might still be worth writing in brief compass."

It was in 1656 that Lockhart went over as ambassador from the republic to the Court of France, and his principal function was to make the influence of Cromwell supreme at the Cabinet of Paris, and crush any effort to co-operate with the exiled children of Charles I. Clarendon tells us that "he was received with great solemnity, and was a man of great address in treaty, and had a marvellous credit and power with the Cardinal Mazarin." His negotiations may be pretty completely traced through the fifth and sixth volumes of Thurloe's State Papers. It was part of the policy of the Cardinal that Cromwell's ambassador should at all events be received with distinguished courtesy on his touching the shore of France. Lockhart describes his landing at Dieppe on the 24th of April, and his reception by the Governor. "He said that he had com-

mands from the Duke of Longueville to receive me with as much respect as possibly he could; that all Englishmen were likewise welcome to this port, but more especially a person coming from his Highness the Lord Protector, qualified with a public character; and that he did very much rejoice it was his good fortune to be the first to have an opportunity to testify to me the readiness of the French nation to express the good correspondence and amity they desired to hold with England. With these and several other the like discourses he did entertain me till we came to my lodging—to which there had been a great difficulty of access, through the multitude of people who flocked out to see me land, with great acclamations in their mouths of welcome, and desires that God might preserve me and mine from all danger, had not the Governor's servants made way for my passage."

The ovation accompanied him to the foot of the throne, and did not stop there. But Lockhart had gone not to be covered with honours and distinctions, but to do business, and that of a very serious kind. The continued distinctions received by him, especially when they were driven to the length of compelling him in the service of his country to attend balls on the "Lord's day," irritated instead of conciliating him, and he soon suspected that these profuse distinctions and kindnesses were heaped on him to stifle his utterance. But both from temper and sagacity he was eminently a man not to be

trifled with. "Remember he is a courtier and Italian," is the policy towards Mazarin which he impressed on others and practised himself. He allowed the minister no repose. On the 28th of June we find him writing: "All my late addresses to his Eminence for audience have brought me no other return but delays and new promises, which are paid in no better coin than that of renewed excuses." And on the 24th July: "It seems the Court here will spend so much time in resolving what to do next that they will lose all opportunity of doing anything, and I am even wearied out with their delays and excuses."

At length he got his opportunity, and employed it to some purpose. Though he finally devoted himself to the promotion of national interests, his first efforts were in favour of a poor and persecuted people;—it was by his bold diplomacy that Britain was enabled to stretch out a helping hand to the Protestants of Piedmont. When he passed from this matter to the more immediate relations of France and England, the French had nothing of a practical nature to propose. No matter;—Lockhart himself had a proposition of a very specific character.

The Protector was ready to aid France in her war with Spain for a consideration. A French army under Turenne with an English auxiliary force would take Mardyke and Dunkirk from the Spaniards, and these acquisitions should be given over to the Protector. The Cardinal was staggered by the distinct-

ness and greatness of the demand. Compromising offers were made for a division of the spoil, but the ambassador was obstinate. These two fortified towns were what the Protector especially demanded, and France must let him have them, or look to it. Even after a concession of Lockhart's demand, one difficulty following another intercepted its fulfilment. Turenne, whom Lockhart claimed as the right man for the work, "did absolutely refuse to undertake the siege of Dunkirk," but was brought to reason. To the question, who should command the English on the occasion, there was a simple and immediate answer — Lockhart undertook it himself, and he seems to have done so in the conviction that no other person could be trusted to play out any part of the game with the wily Italian.

At length, in the words of Clarendon, after "such lively instances with the Cardinal, and complaints of their breach of faith, *and some menaces that his master knew where to find a more punctual friend*," an allied army under Turenne and Lockhart besieged Dunkirk. The French appear to have sent at first ten thousand men. Lockhart's force numbered six thousand, and it was remarked that none of them were the countrymen of the commander, who were in use to serve with the French, but all were Englishmen, acting for the time in alliance with their old hereditary foes, "their natural enemies."

It is extremely curious, after the history of our

latest European war, to peruse even the dull official records of a siege in which Frenchmen and Englishmen fought side by side almost exactly two hundred years before they were to do so again. It is, for instance, incidentally curious to find in Lockhart's despatches such an appreciation of the prowess of his allies as they have rarely received from a British pen until the Russian war. In a common attack made by the French and English, each on the counterscarp opposite to their own approach, he says, that "the French, at their lodging upon their point of the counterscarp, were discovered to our men that were lodged upon the fort Leon—ours was not so; and to give your Lordship a true account of what passed, I must say the French made the better lodgement, though that we made stood us dearer than theirs did them; howsoever, I thank God for it, both goes on reasonable well now; for when we came short of them in the night, we made up by working in the day. The seamen, from whom I expected much, did nothing extraordinary: and indeed our people wanted several things that would have contributed to their cheerful going through with their business, for which I could not prevail, though twice or thrice I importuned M. Turenne about it. I am this day preparing a battery and platform for our mortar pieces," &c. And so it was in 1658 as in 1856; the English soldier is deficient in many things needful to his achievements, but one thing he always has and gives freely, his own blood;

and he makes his lodgment as effectually as his better-provided ally, though it costs him dearer.

Lockhart's own letters convey unmistakable evidence that he was a vigilant purveyor. "If eight hundred or one thousand beds could be sent, it would be a great accommodation to our soldiers, of whom a great many sicken daily." Again, "We have not here one bit of coals: the soldiers cannot be restrained from burning the deal-boards that are in their houses; to send them a few coals will save his Highness treble their price in boards." There is much solicitude about the supply of hay, as to which Lockhart distrusts the French promises. "The Cardinal promised to send me an express from England to-morrow, who shall see the hay shipped, and will bring a list of such provisions as they will need, and bills of exchange upon London to pay for them: but that must not be trusted to, for the Cardinal being ready to depart, he is so pressed with multiplicity of business, as seldom he remembers anything, save just in the moment he is spoke to. So that if this express do not come, I must beseech your Lordship to take care that the hay be at Mardyke by the first of May, new style, and I must beg the same thing for the recruits."

The next demand is for three ministers, who are to have £180 a-year each, which he thinks is encouragement enough to any honest man who hath zeal for his Master's service; and he is of opinion that "the popish priests who go a-begging to vend

their errors, will rise up in judgment against our ministers, who cannot be yet persuaded, even upon reasonable terms, to preach the glad tidings of salvation to their poor countrymen, who have some longing after the ordinances of God."

After the fashion of the period, his piety is minutely dovetailed into his practical sagacity. "There is one part," he says, "of the general of ammunition that I must speak particularly to, and that is hand-grenades. I know they have not been much used in our English war, but I can assure your Lordship —and my former opinion is confirmed by my present experience—that nothing can be more essential either as to attack or defence; and if you have not any considerable number of these shells in store, two or three thousand can be bought in Holland, till you can provide more at your iron-works. A soldier, with half-a-score grenades in his scrip, looks like a David, before whom a Goliath, though armed, cannot stand." And continuing his detailed criticism on garrison stores, he says all signifies little if there be not sufficient tools and material for temporary fortification; "and I can reckon nothing on this head so material as palisadoes; it's one of the best magazines can be in garrison; and he that hath men and store of them, may dispose of every inch of ground under the command of his cannon, and the spirit which must move and inform this confused and great body, composed of a great many more individuals than I can at present muster up,

must be *money;* which, as Solomon saith, under the protection and blessing of God, will answer all things."

On the 3d of June there was a great battle—Condé, Don John of Austria and the exiled Duke of York heading an attack for the relief of the garrison, on the besieger's army, led by Turenne and Lockhart. This brought on a battle, eminent in the French histories as the battle of the Dunes, because it was fought among the long range of sandhills eastward of Dunkirk. It is seldom recognised in history as one of the battles from which England derives honour. Yet the contemporary French accounts—of which Sismondi provides a good abridgment—describe the sanguinary and obstinate nature of the conflict on the fortified ridge of the principal sandhill, stormed by the English, who there began the battle, and astonished both their Spanish opponents and their French allies by the resolute and persevering obstinacy with which they struggled through the natural difficulties in the ascent of a sandhill, and fought at the summit, when they should have been exhausted with their labours. The allies were victorious; and as the official report says, "the French acknowledge to our nation the honour of this victory." "As to the siege of Dunkirk," says Lord Fauconberg, writing to Thurloe, "by the little discourse I have had with the Duke de Crequi, Chevalier Gramont, and others, I find they infinitely esteem my Lord Lockhart for his courage, care,

and enduring the fatigue beyond all men they ever saw."

On the 25th of June, Lockhart writes conclusively, in that godly style which had become official among the Cromwellian generals: "By the goodness of God your servant is now master of Dunkirk—and indeed it is a much better place than I could have imagined—blessed be God for His great mercy; and the Lord continue His protection to his Highness, and His countenance to all his other undertakings." But final success only renewed the diplomatic disputes with the ally, who acted as if the acquisition were common to both nations. Lockhart met this claim in the face, and extracted from the Cardinal an acknowledgment that "His Highness (the Protector) had the only title to all that can be claimed of jurisdiction over the town, as Prince and Sovereign, and that he alone hath right to all the powers, profits, and emoluments, that were due to any of their former princes."

It is picturesquely told, in Kennet's History, how one morning Cromwell sent suddenly to desire the presence of the French ambassador at Whitehall, where he was upbraided with the treachery of his master, in having given secret instructions to Turenne, "to keep Dunkirk from the Englishman if he could." The ambassador, with truth, protested his innocence and his ignorance, "upon which," we are told, "Cromwell, pulling a paper

out of his pocket, 'Here,' says he, 'is the copy of the Cardinal's order; and I desire you to despatch immediately an express to let him know that I am not to be imposed upon; and that if he deliver not up the keys of the town of Dunkirk within an hour after it shall be taken, tell him I'll come in person and demand them at the gates of Paris.'"* This is one of the Mephistopheles stories which frightened our great-grandfathers into superstitious fancies about the ubiquity of Old Noll. Whether there is any truth in it or not, it is pretty certain, from the documentary evidence, that Lockhart put the matter right at his own hand.

Indeed, few men have better exemplified the household precept that he who would have a thing done well should do it himself. That there might be no question about the vigilance and sagacity of the besieging general, the ambassador, as we have seen, took that office on himself. After the place was taken and a governor was required, he took that office also. He wrote to Thurloe a long anxious letter about the proper person to appoint as fort-major, and about the difficulty of finding a deputy-governor who should act for the governor if he fell ill, or had important calls elsewhere; but he seems never to have supposed it an open question, that any one could be governor of the new acquisition but he who had been the means of acquiring it.

* 'Complete History,' iii. 208.

Since the fall of Calais, England had possessed no spot of earth on the European continent, and the government of a province, which might possibly be the nucleus of further British acquisitions, was an important matter. Lockhart reported to Secretary Thurloe administrative arrangements to which few in the present day would object. He says he considers himself bound to "reserve to the inhabitants the enjoyment of their property, the liberty of their conscience, and the administration of justice according to their usual laws and customs, in all matters of difference between man and man. This," he continues to say, "is all his Highness is bound to by his treaty with France; which being just in itself, I make it my study that all their privileges of this nature be inviolably preserved—and, in so doing, give full satisfaction both to the magistrates and inhabitants." A body of "Jesuites, Capauchins, and Recollects," troubled him with difficulties about the oath to reveal all plots against the supremacy of the Protectorate, and its inconsistence with the privileges of the Confessional. But they found themselves in honest hands, and gave little annoyance. In the Governor's practice the soldier and the gentleman got the better of the Puritan. He kept his bargain apparently both in letter and in spirit, and the Romish priests could not be safer, for all temporal purposes, than in the hands of their honest religious enemy.

As ambassador he seems to have had his share

of the troubles caused by the pertinacity of the Quakers, who were then in a very restless state, spreading themselves over the world in search of martyrdom, and generally succeeding in finding it. The historian of their persecutions praises him for the protection extended by him to one of their number, who, exceedingly indignant that certain amusements should be tolerated by law, lifted up his testimony against such toleration. "At Morlaix, another of them (William Salt) being in prison for reproving their maskings which are tolerated by law, and his life vehemently sought after by the bailiff of the town for so doing: I shall find the King, upon the information thereof by the English ambassador Lockhart, by means of a merchant of that town whom God stirred up in the thing—I say I shall find the King sending a letter, under his hand and seal, to set him presently at liberty—taking notice, in the said letter, that he was imprisoned for reproving of maskings tolerated by law; and when the King was informed that he was not set at liberty, I shall find him sending another letter to the Duke of Millan to see it effected: and that upon it he was freed; he being, as it were, become but as the shadow of a man through the hardship of his sufferings." *

* Bishop's 'New England Judged by the Spirit of the Lord,' p. 19. Here the conduct of the French and other nations is in this matter favourably contrasted with that of the

At the treaty of the Pyrenees, to which Charles II. came as a humble suppliant, Lockhart was received with high distinction as the representative of a great European power. But the times were soon to change, and it was to be seen who should revolve with the wheel, and who should remain steadily anchored to their own fixed principles. None came better forth from the revolution of the Restoration than Lockhart. Disregarding self-interest, and those abstract questions about monarchy and republicanism which can be so easily bent to the service of self-interest, he threw himself on the

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Puritans, who sought refuge for their tender consciences in New England, and there faithfully put to death every man who came among them with a broad-brimmed hat. There is no justification for severity like this; but there is something to be said for people fleeing into the wilderness to get rid of the offences of the times, and being forthwith pursued thither by the most flagrant of them. Those who must needs go and lift up their testimony in such questions must accept the conditions of doing so; and what the rest of the world feels is, that it is good for peace that elements so incompatible should be kept as far apart as possible. Bishop sets up, in favourable contrast to the conduct of the Puritans, that of the Sultan, when Mary Fisher, a maiden Friend, being moved by the Lord to deliver his word to him, sent him a message that "there was an English-woman had something to declare from the great God to the great Turk." But the visit from the maiden Friend was, no doubt, a very amusing episode in the life of the great Turk, who had not been brought up from infancy in any special loathing and hatred of the people with the peculiar dress as if they were unclean animals, but looked on them as he did on all the rest of the infidel world.

simple code of military fidelity. Dunkirk was the place where Charles desired to meet his friends; and Lockhart, by receiving him there, might have rivalled Monk in his claims on the new monarch. But he answered with brief simplicity that he had been trusted with the fortress by the republic, and he would hold it for the republic; and the joyful band of royalists had to seek a less convenient place of assemblage at Breda. Hume, who says that Lockhart was nowise averse to the King's service, and that he resisted very urgent persuasions, says, rather characteristically, "This scruple, though on the present occurrence it approaches towards superstition, it is difficult for us entirely to condemn."

There were, according to Clarendon, other overtures which he probably had still less hesitation in rejecting. It would have been extremely convenient to France to have got possession of Mardyke and Dunkirk in the *mêlée* of the Restoration: "certain it is," says Clarendon, "that at the same time that he refused to treat with the King he refused to accept the great offers made to him by the Cardinal, who had a high esteem for him, and offered to make him Marshal of France, with great appointments of pensions and other emoluments, if he would deliver Dunkirk and Mardyke into the hands of France; all which overtures he rejected." And yet, strangely enough, it had been better for the subsequent honour of England if he had acceded to them.

His opinions and his early training inclining him to royalty, he resolved to lead the life of a quiet loyal subject. He began to teach his countrymen the English method of agriculture, but afterwards settled in Huntingdonshire, apparently to be far away from the wretched disputes which were tearing his own country. Proffers were made to him by the revolutionary party; if we may take Burnet's authority, Algernon Sydney himself took pains to secure the co-operation of one whose courage was so valuable, and whose adherence to the cause of the Commonwealth had been so tenacious. All their proffers, however, were quietly but steadily rejected.

This honesty had the good fortune, rare in that age, not to go unrewarded. He was employed at the Courts of Brandenburg and Nuremberg at the time when King Charles entered on his celebrated secret alliance with Louis XIV. for the destruction of Holland. It is said that he suspected his mission to be virtually, though not avowedly, subservient to this alliance; and Burnet attributes his broken health, and his death a few years afterwards, to his mortification on this discovery. It is perhaps scarcely consistent with this supposition, that he was soon afterwards sent as King Charles's ambassador to Paris. Again, as in the days of Dunkirk, he showed his high spirit as a public man, and his determination that the honour of England should not suffer in his hands. Two characteristic anecdotes have been preserved of this mission. Accord-

ing to one, he resolved to put down a practice of the French privateers in seizing English merchant vessels, and obtaining condemnation of them as Dutch vessels sailing under a fraudulent flag. Such a seizure had just been made, and the vessel lay at Dunkirk. Lockhart went to Court for an audience, and demanded her release. But the claim of the British Government was disavowed to the French ambassador at the recommendation of Pepys, the Secretary of the Admiralty, who said merchants were all rogues, and the British Government admitted the prize to be fair. A very black charge stands against the most candid and amusing of diarists, and it is said that he had actually an interest in the French privateer, which was built out of British navy stores purloined by him. It is very unlikely that Lockhart knew anything about such malicious gossip—he knew only that the majesty of England was insulted in his person, and he begged to be recalled if his own Court declined to support him in the position he had taken up. The Court of England did support him, and the vessel was restored. Another story of his last mission to France I shall give in the words of Burnet:—

"Lockhart had a French Popish servant who was dying, and sent for the sacrament, upon which it was brought, with the procession ordinary in such cases. Lockhart, hearing of this, ordered his gates to be shut; and upon that many were inflamed, and were running to force his gates; but he ordered

all his family to stand to their arms, and if any force was offered to fire. There was a great noise made of this, but no force was offered. He resolved to complain first, and so went to Court and expostulated upon it. He said his house was his master's house, and here a public triumph was attempted on his master's religion, and affronts were offered him; he said, if a priest had brought the sacrament privately he would have connived at it, but he asked reparation for so public an injury. The King of France seemed to be highly displeased at this, calling it the greatest indignity that had ever been done to his God during his reign. Yet the point did not bear arguing; so Lockhart said nothing to that. When Lockhart went from him, Pomponne followed him, sent after him by the King, and told him he would force the King to suffer none of his subjects to serve him. He answered he would order his coachman to drive the quicker to Paris to prevent that, and left Pomponne to guess the meaning. As soon as he came to his house he ordered all his French servants to be immediately paid off and dismissed. The Court of England was forced to justify him in all this matter. A public letter of thanks was written to him upon it; and the Court of France thought fit to digest it; but the French King looked on him ever after with great coldness, if not with aversion." *

* Burnet's 'Own Times,' B. III.

He died at his post as English Ambassador to the Court of France, in the year 1675. The only portrait of Lockhart I ever happen to have seen is in Harding's 'Biographical Mirror.' Though, like the other engravings in that curious book, a meagre stipple, the attention of a casual inspector is sure to be arrested by the fine forehead, the full expressive eyes, the haughty intellectual lip, and a general air of handsome grandeur, which would remind one of the portraits of Marlborough, were there not more candour and earnestness in the expression.

A logically-minded reader will at once feel that a man like Lockhart does not come within the category of Scots abroad, as dealt with in my previous chapters. These were Scotsmen who had found employment among foreigners, and their respective careers are a united testimony to the propensity and qualifications of their countrymen to seek their fortunes in other lands. An ambassador, on the other hand, must of necessity be a man doing business in a foreign country while he is in the employment of his own. It is quite true—I admit the logical aberration, and have only to plead in excuse for having committed it with the intention of repeating it, that it led me to some picturesque little historical scenes which seemed worth noticing. One might, by the way, in the instance of Lockhart, escape on a technicality. He was doing one at least of his missions, in the service of a state foreign from his own, though both were under the same monarch.

When he was sent by Charles II. to the Court of France, he represented England only; Scotland, though still a separate nation, with separate and even hostile interests, was too poor to have an ambassador of her own.

Another diplomatist whom I propose to call up, represented the United Kingdom of Great Britain; and it is curious enough that, after the lapse of half a century, during which the power of Louis XIV. had waxed and waned, we find the story of Dunkirk taken up and continued by a Scottish diplomatist. The lamentable transaction by which the fortress was sold to France is only too well known. The great Vauban soon afterwards expounded his system of fortification, which, by inexhaustible flanking works, was to render any swamp impregnable, if sufficient money and skill were expended on it. Colbert, whom we have found boasting of his Scottish descent, resolved to employ the great resources of France in raising a fortress at every extremity of the scattered empire of Louis. Besides the states it had absorbed in central Europe, it had a footing in Hindostan; and in the New World it bade fair for pre-eminence. Quebec, and the other Canadian forts, with the vast deserted ruins still visible in Nova Scotia, are remnants of the great works which, by fortifying the extremity of her frontier, seemed to be the steps by which France was gradually marching to the dominion of the world.

If the distant extremities were protected by works so costly, those opposite to the state which rivalled France and domineered over the sea were of course still more elaborately fortified. The works at Dunkirk became the wonder of the day; and topographical writers luxuriate in the description of the ten bastions, the half-moons, the great circumvallation of sand-mounds, and the ship-canal, uniting to form what Cherbourg became a hundred and fifty years afterwards. It was built to command the Channel, by affording an impregnable refuge to the fleets and the privateers of France. It was the natural resource of a nation unable to cope with us on sea, but strong on shore, to have places of refuge for her ships—a policy indeed so sound, that in the late war it saved for Russia all that she preserved of her marine force behind the walls built by a Scots engineer. The fortifications of Dunkirk were an object of strong alarm to Britain. At the treaty of Utrecht, while many more conspicuous advantages were abandoned by Britain, the destruction of these works was demanded and conceded. But it was believed that the French were again warily reconstructing them, and Lord Stair was sent to Paris to insist that the works should be stopped. Old age had crept on the Grand Monarque, accompanied by many humiliations; but this seemed the worst of all, that he should be controlled in the operation of ordinary public works, as if he were a sharp tenant on a building lease, who desired to overreach his landlord.

Yet too many incidents in his brilliant history show that his observance of treaties was only to be relied on when he did not dare to violate them. Stair insisted on the works being stopped.

The Ambassador's pertinacity was extremely irritating to Louis. He became petulant and querulous; said he had heretofore ruled the affairs of his own dominions,—sometimes those of others,—and was he to be controlled in the execution of certain canal and harbour works, calculated for the benefit of his poor subjects? But the Ambassador was firm: there were many other shapes in which works beneficial to the subjects of France might be carried out; these had the unfortunate effect of giving alarm to the merchants of England, and they were contrary to treaty—they must be abandoned. Louis sulkily yielded, leaving certain incompleted works to bear testimony against the rigidity of British diplomacy.

It was the fortune of Lord Stair's embassy to exercise a considerable influence over the destinies of France. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Duke of Orleans as Regent. Louis XIV., in the fulness of his divine right, had settled the government of the kingdom by bequest. His will was set aside by the Parliament of Paris. It was thought that the States-General—which was the nearest parallel to a parliament in the British sense of the term—should have been summoned on such an occasion, and that the adjustment should

not have been left to a mere executive or official body like the Parliament of Paris. In truth, however, it was like many other events in French history—a *coup*, executed by the Duke of Orleans in the plentitude of his influence. Lord Stair was conspicuously present in one of the lanterns, or enthroned seats; and it was said by some of the contemporary annalists that this was suggested by the Abbé Dubois, for the purpose of proclaiming the support of Britain to the claims of the Duke. The assertion of some annalists of the period, that the Duke carried his point by intimidation, and that he brought with him an overwhelming armed force, is contradicted flatly by Voltaire, who says he was present,—that there was no more than the usual ceremonial display of military force, and that the Duke took his place as one who held it by etiquette and natural right.

By some writers, the influence which Stair exercised on this occasion has been carried far beyond the bounds of mere ceremonial countenance. It is said that, as the representative of the house of Hanover, which superseded the house of Stewart, he whispered into the ear of the ambitious Duke that it would be the interest of the new line of British monarchs to countenance a new line of French monarchs, which the junior branch of the house of Bourbon might begin in the person of the Duke himself. There is no doubt that the Duke often consulted Stair; that the British Ambassador had a greater

influence with him than the old French party liked. It is curious to connect the accounts rendered by men who died before the first Revolution of the advice given by the Ambassador, with the career of Egalité, and with the actual possession of the crown of France for eighteen years by Louis Philippe, the grandson of the Regent.

Stair had disagreeable duties to perform. He represented that first Government of the Hanover dynasty which, by its jealous severity towards its parliamentary opponents, created the Jacobite insurrection. He was enabled to provide his Government with information which, had they been active, might have enabled them to put down the attempt without either the soldier or the hangman. His precautionary warnings would have been a more agreeable duty had they been more successful, but the duty that remained was eminently unpleasant. Knowing that the Chevalier was going to pass through France on his way to Scotland, he demanded that the French Government should intercept him. He obtained an order from his friend the new-made Regent; but as Sismondi says, "Contades, chargé de cet ordre, etoit bien résolu à ne pas trouver celui qu'il cherchoit." Stair knew this very well, and made his own arrangements, through a man named Douglas, to catch the Prince; but the emissary and his followers were baffled by the dexterity of a *maîtresse de poste;* and the Chevalier, after trying several points in vain, reached Dunkirk,

where he was probably all the more easily enabled to embark, from the dismantling and abandonment of the fortifications which his pursuer had so rigidly carried out.

After the failure of the Chevalier's enterprise, the disagreeable duties had to be resumed. There can surely be nothing more uncongenial to a fair and generous mind than to drive a fallen exile from his chosen place of retreat,—and yet sometimes this must be done. To France the possession of the exiled British Court was the possession of a political weapon, by which Britain might at any time be threatened, or, if need be, wounded. It was a weapon which the rulers of France used entirely for present objects,—and who shall blame them? Without committing some great crime, it was impossible to prevent foreign nations from including the cause of the exiled Stewarts in their game. But it was possible to keep the exiles at a distance from those courts with which their immediate connection was chiefly dangerous. It was the first point of all—the most important, yet the most difficult to be attained—that they should not remain within the soil of France. Such was the demand, and the Regent was obliged to comply.

No doubt throughout the tone of Lord Stair's embassy there is a character of haughtiness and harshness not immediately reconcilable with the character earned by that ambassador, of having exceeded the most courtly Frenchman of his day in

polished suavity and thorough knowledge of court etiquette;* but he had an object before him which, under whatever suavity it was varnished, could not be accomplished without the *fortiter in re.* He had to bring Britain up to a par, in European consideration, with the position which the victories and fame of the Great Louis had achieved for France; and the task was all the more arduous, since the opportunity of accomplishing it, so signally afforded by Marlborough's victories, had been lost at the Treaty of Utrecht. Britain owes him a good deal. He gave her diplomacy that manly tone which, when in proper hands, separates it entirely from the trickery of the Italian school. He taught practically that, at the conference-table, Britain must trust, not to skilful evasion, or happy dubiety of tone, but to her own strength, and the just moderation with which it is used. He taught that the true spirit of British diplomacy was plainly to ask what the country de-

* There are two common anecdotes bringing out this characteristic: one represents Louis XIV. testing his breeding by offering him the *pas* in entering the royal carriage. Stair made his bow and stepped in. "A vulgar man," said Louis, "would have teased me with hesitations and excuses." The other rests on his remarkable resemblance to the Regent Orleans, who, desiring to turn a scandalous insinuation or jest on it, asked the Ambassador if his mother had ever been in Paris? The answer was, "No, but my father was!" There is perhaps no other retort on record so effective and so beautifully simple. If the question meant anything, that meaning was avenged; if it meant nothing, there was nothing in the answer.

manded, and to obtain fulfilment of that demand, neither abating it because the opponent is found to be strong, nor increasing it because he is found to be weak.

The French disliked him cordially. In the success with which he exacted the fulfilment of offensive demands, they saw the humiliation of their own rulers. Many offensive stories were mixed with his name. It was the fate of Britain at that time to have two representatives abroad whose ancestral names were associated with a great political crime still fresh in men's minds, and well known wherever there were any adherents of the Stewarts—the massacre of Glencoe. Lord Glenorchy, the representative of the old wolf Breadalbane, was ambassador first to Denmark, and afterwards to Russia. Lord Stair was the son of the politic instigator of his Highland vengeance. Gloating over such a precedent, some letter-writers of the day accused Stair of what surely it is safe to call a crime that no British ambassador could be guilty of—a design to assassinate the Chevalier. To show the spirit that was in his blood, a story was invented how an ancestor—called, in ignorance of the family name, Sir George Stair—had, from sheer love of a bloody gratification of his vengeance, obtained the privilege of acting the part of the masked executioner who beheaded Charles I. But, assailed as he was by a powerful French combination, it was the lot of the man who had bullied Louis XIV., and bent the Regent to his

will, to fall before the predominance of an Edinburgh silversmith. He was recalled because he would not recommend himself to the countenance of John Law.

This seems the right time for bringing that notorious celebrity himself on the stage.

The French, who are said to forget their great men after a generation has passed over their tombs, still take a lively interest in the history of John Law. Probably there is something peculiarly adapted to their ardent taste in its meteoric character. Every historian who tells them the history of the regency, from Voltaire to Sismondi, braces himself up to the full tension of his powers of description and excitation as he approaches the great Mississippi scheme. But it is perhaps the most remarkable testimony to the popularity of the subject, that one should be able to pick up for a couple of francs, in the French Railway Library (the Bibliothèque des Chemins-de-fer), an amusing volume, called 'Law—son Système et son Epoque,' par P. A. Cochut. It must be admitted that the French historians are not always complimentary to the pilot of that storm. They had many provocations to attack him, and he offered, in the conditions by which he was surrounded, many avenues of attack. If a nation will submit to feel grateful for the services of a foreigner, it will never patiently endure injuries or calamities at his hands. The social position of John Law was not fixed on a suffi-

ciently lofty pedestal to stand the fastidious criticism of a people who were the most aristocratic in Europe, down to the period of reaction, when it became a sin against democracy to speak of a Regent and Comptroller-general. M. Cochut says, "Etait-il ou non gentilhomme?" a question which, he says, caused much serious and determined debate at one time, and is not without its interest now.

The fact is, that he was in the position which we so well understand in this country, but which foreigners cannot comprehend,—where a person is a gentleman or not, just as he possesses, or is deficient in, certain qualities of the head and heart, promoted by certain petty indefinable social advantages. To those who chose to believe in him as a gentleman, he was Law de Lauriston, with a significant patronymic title; while his enemies could say, that any man rich enough to buy an estate in Britain could call his land and himself by what name he pleased. He was an Edinburgh silversmith, which sounded ill abroad, but had little significancy here. As in some other trades, it did not tell whether its owner was a mere retailer, or a merchant who dealt in large affairs, and was more likely than a provincial squire to be a gentleman. He might be a mere vendor of tooth-picks and pencil-cases; but, on the other hand, he might be a large dealer in bullion and money, whose transactions affected the monetary system in his country. George Heriot, his predecessor in his profession, married into the

titled family of Rosebery; and Law married, without apparently any consciousness of inequality, the Lady Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Banbury; while, in the days of his pride and power, the house of Argyll was glad to claim kindred with him, through his mother, who was a Campbell.

After his fall, it was, however, ominously remarked against him that, even during the height of that pride and power, one fellow-countryman kept at haughty distance from him, and it was significant that this was the British ambassador. Stair thought at one time that the schemer was likely to make France too powerful a rival in trade and colonisation to England. He thought subsequently that the system was to ruin a country which he wished to see kept under the level of Britain, but not utterly destroyed. He adhered to his opposition with honourable firmness, alike disdaining the allurements of advantageous allocations which had bought over the greatest men in France, and coolly defying the threats of his own Court, which, protesting that it could not afford to be offensive to so great a man as the Comptroller-general, threatened to recall him. On the whole, it was a sight flattering to the pride of Scotland, to see in this conspicuous arena two of her sons rising so high above the level of all around them, and bidding each other stern defiance, each from the standard of his own fixed principles.

But leaving the question of Law's family and

social position where we found it, let us cast a glance on a few of those incidental characteristics of the greatness of his talents, the boldness of his policy, and the vastness of his influence, which are shown to us by the results of late inquiries. It is a historical vulgarism to speak of this man as a gambling adventurer, capable only of imposing on a confiding public with a glittering and hollow plan for making money. An adventurer perhaps he must be admitted to have been, but in the sense in which Cæsar, Artevelde, Wolsey, and Napoleon were adventurers. He was a statesman who looked far into the distant future for the results of all his acts—an erring statesman if you will, but still a great one. He firmly believed that he would raise up in France a power that would struggle with and put down the waxing commercial greatness of England. Nor can we well charge the project as criminally unpatriotic. Scotland and England had not been so long in union as to feel themselves one people; and when Law threw his interests into another nation, the old ally of Scotland, he did what in his father's day would have been deemed an act of patriotism.

In the course of a series of letters to the English Court, full of alarming prognostications, we find the British ambassador saying, "You must henceforth look upon Law as the first minister, whose daily discourse is that he will raise France to a greater height than ever she was, on the ruins of England

and Holland." And again: 'He in all his discourse pretends he will set France much higher than ever she was before, and put her in a condition to give the law to all Europe; that he can ruin the trade of England and Holland whenever he pleases; that he can break our bank whenever he has a mind, and our East India Company. He said publicly the other day at his own table, when Lord Londonderry was present, that there was but one great kingdom in Europe, and one great town—and that was France and Paris. He told Pitt that he would bring down our East India stock; and entered into articles with him to sell him, at twelve months hence, £100,000 of stock at 11 per cent under the current price. You may imagine what we have to apprehend from a man of this temper, who makes no scruple to declare such views, and who will have all the power and all the influence at this Court.'* Such passages have not inaptly been compared with the boastings of Napoleon when he issued the Berlin and Milan decrees.

It involves no approval of the Mississippi scheme, or even of the conduct of its founder, to say that there was more soundness in Law's views, and even in his practical proposals, than the world has been disposed to concede to them, and that many of the calamitous results of the affair were caused by their not obtaining fair play; or, perhaps it might be

* Hardwicke's State Papers, ii. 593.

better said, because they got too much play. In reading that eventful chapter in history, it is but justice to separate two things from each other—what Law proposed, from what the French Government and people did. All his suggestions were subjected to that "ergoism," as it is aptly termed, of the French, which makes them drive every opinion ruthlessly to its utmost logical conclusion — that spirit so well exemplified in Robespierre, when it was said that he would slay one-half of mankind to get the other half to follow his principles of rigid virtue. Hence whatever Law commenced was carried out to its utmost extreme; and when there arose the faintest reactive misgiving, the foundations of his complicated structure were at once kicked away, and the whole toppled down in ruin.

The utter prostration of the patient's condition when the new physician took her in hand, is not to be conceived. Louis XIV., with his costly triumphs, and the dire vengeance taken for them, had left the country destitute of ships, of commerce, of agriculture, of money, of hope itself. There had just been a savage hunting-down of farmers-general, monopolists, and other persons who were supposed to have enriched themselves at the public expense. But the slaughter and pillage of a few millionaires would not make up for the prostration of enterprise and industry.

The foreigner who offered to cure these constitutional disorders did not come as a nameless and

needy wanderer. He was a favourite among the European courts, where he had dazzled the eyes of the smaller monarchs with visions which they sighed to reflect that they had not ready capital sufficient to realise. He is described as very handsome, very accomplished, and of marvellously fascinating address. More than all, he did not come empty-handed. He was in possession of a sum said to be a hundred thousand pounds in English money, which, with his usual sanguine impetuosity, he threw into his own scheme, and there lost. He was accused of having realised this money at the gaming-table. No doubt Law gambled; it was a prevalent vice of the day, only too congenial to a temperament so vivacious and susceptible. But he does not appear to have ever condescended to petty dissipated gambling. His practices had more of the character of stock-jobbing. He played with princes and ministers that he might strengthen his hand to hold a political part in European history; and he was rather too successful in accomplishing his object.

I am not going to offer a new history of "the System," but shall here notice only those incidents of violent oscillation, which show how remorselessly the complex plans of the ingenious speculator were dashed backwards or forwards, according to the prevalent humour or panic of the moment. When he had gathered together the threads of all the various funds and projects which were absorbed within the

mighty "System," it was announced that the company could pay 200 livres on the shares which had cost 1000 livres.

This was 20 per cent—a very pretty dividend, which, with interest at 4 per cent, made each thousand livres' share worth 5000. But the public would not leave them at this humble figure; and though there was no promise of a prospective enlargement of the already enormously enhanced dividend, they bade them up, in the mad contests so often described by historians, until they reached 10,000 livres; an increase in their original value of 900 per cent. The impetuosity with which the "actions" rose was such, that ere two men could conclude a bargain for sale with the utmost possible rapidity, a difference of some thousands of livres had arisen in the value of the article sold; and in this way, messengers who were sent to sell stock at eight thousand, for instance, found that, if they could but linger a few minutes at the mart, the stock would rise to nine thousand, and they might pocket the difference.

There has been wild enough work of this sort in our own country; but the peculiarity of the great French system was, that whenever the popular mania took a particular direction, the Government beckoned it, urged it—nay, coerced it—on to the utmost extreme. The public mind was so well saturated with Law's aversion to the precious metals and preference for paper money, that for once gold became a drug

in the market. People who chose might hoard it, but none, save a few eccentric exceptions to the prevailing opinions, then wished to hoard. All were under a sort of trading fever; they must be speculating and increasing their wealth; and with so worthless a thing as gold there was no use of trading, for no one would take it. Thus, to the eminent satisfaction of the leaders of opinion, the precious metals were rapidly streaming out of the kingdom into countries still so benighted as to deem them worthy of possession.

Still there were a few—a very few—people of sceptical and saturnine temperament, who, distrusting the "System," were suspected of having secret hoards of the precious metal in their possession. This was a sort of treason against the system, and must not be permitted. Accordingly, that celebrated edict was issued, which required that no person or corporation could legally possess more than 500 livres in specie, whether it were in coined money or in the shape of plate or ornaments. A sort of insane aversion to the precious metals—a simple desire to put them out of existence—is the best account that history gives of this affair. But we can suppose that the design of Law himself was to bring the bullion into his bank, and make a metallic basis, somewhat on Sir Robert Peel's system, for his paper currency. Bullion did, in fact, flow into the bank, to the extent, in three weeks, of 44 millions of livres—about 5½ millions sterling; but it passed through as from a sieve, not

apparently in the slightest degree to the regret of the Regent and his courtiers.

The dilapidation which the law of confiscation created among the family plate in the great houses may easily be imagined; but such a trifling inconvenience was not to be permitted to impede the onward progress of the system. The law was carried out with rigour and cruelty. The police were directed to make domiciliary visits, and the informer received one-half of the forfeited treasure. It would appear, from an anecdote, that whoever had served the public by denouncing a bullion-keeper, might retain what he had so worthily acquired. One day the President Lambert de Varmon appeared before the chief of police, and stated that he was prepared to denounce a criminal possessed of 5000 livres' worth of bullion. The chief was shocked somewhat; he thought the rage for denunciation was spreading far indeed, when so amiable and excellent a man was infected by it. "Whom was he to denounce?" Himself. He knew no other way of saving a moiety of his plate.

As part of his grand project for resuscitating France, and lifting her to a height of greatness far above that achieved by the great monarch who had just passed to his account, Law proposed to carry out the greater portion of those internal reforms which France has subsequently adopted; having effected some of them by peaceful degrees, and others by sudden violence. But the relentless ve-

hemence with which the Government proposed immediately to enforce all these radical changes effectually defeated them.

It was part of his plan to abolish the infamous *corvée*, with all the multitudinous feudal taxes, and to establish a capitation and property tax. Doubtless the exemptions enjoyed by the nobility would have been swept away before the paper hurricane as they fell in the great day of sacrifices at the commencement of the Revolution, and the Government again was not to impede the system on so trifling a consideration; but the reaction postponed the sacrifice for half a century. Farther, Law anticipated the beneficent policy of Turgot, in a proposal to abolish the provincial restrictions and monopolies which interrupted the trade of the country, and made Frenchmen strangers to each other. He had a vast colonisation scheme, which was to serve two objects. It was to raise up a French empire in America, which, beginning in the valley of the Mississippi, should radiate thence and pervade the whole of the western hemisphere. It was to be at the same time a means of removing the damaged and surplus population of France, and sweetening the blood of the country.

No sooner was the scheme proposed than the Government plunged into it with its wonted impetuosity. On the morning of the 19th September 1719, the bells of St Martin gave forth a wedding-peal; it was no mere private joy-peal, but some-

thing that might announce a royal wedding or some other important ceremony. All the people are on the alert; and behold there wind through the street one hundred and eighty damsels, dressed in white, with garlands of flowers, each attended by a bridegroom suitably apparelled. They move onwards with signal regularity and precision; and no wonder, —they are chained together with iron fetters, and on each side of them marches a file of musqueteers. These are the female convicts of the prison of St Martin des Champs, each mated with a suitable husband from one of the other prisons, and the whole are to be shipped off to form an earthly paradise in the West. It had been well had matters stopped with the prisons; but a kind of emigration rapacity seized upon the Government. They looked around with greedy eyes, finding this or that damaged part of the population, and immediately amputating it for removal.

It was as if a universal press-gang were abroad. People hid themselves, and were dragged forth from their hiding-places, lodged in some prison, and marched down in chains to a vessel. At Rochelle a gang of one hundred and fifty women fell on their keepers and tore them. The guard fired on the amazons, killing six and wounding many others. At the same time the wildest exaggerations were published, to encourage voluntary emigration. Some deep politicians thought it would assist the progress of French aggrandisement in the West, and make

the Parisian Empire that was to cover the New Hemisphere arise more rapidly, were some French blood infused into the native royal races of North America. Accordingly the Queen of Missouri was induced to come to Paris to select a husband. The fortunate object of her choice was a stalwart sergeant in the Guards, named Dubois. A disagreeable condition said to be attached to the new dignity probably impeded more distinguished candidates. The Queen of Missouri, being a Daughter of the Sun, was entitled to cut off her husband's head if he displeased her; and rumour went that Dubois the First actually suffered the penalty of this rigid discipline. But all distinct record of his fate was lost in the tangled mixture of wild adventures encountered by the thousands who were unshipped on the desert shore—shovelled, as it were, into a strange land swarming with savages, and left there to struggle for life and food.

The Government was ready to do anything—to banish the Parliament from Paris—to hang a member of one of the first families in Europe—to confiscate fortunes and abolish powers and privileges—if it appeared that the act was likely to have the faintest efficacy in establishing the universal dominion of "the System." In the same manner, when the first breath was blown on it, instead of leaving it to struggle on or die naturally, they turned on it and rent it. The first symptom of alarm was the high price of commodities. They mounted, though

not by such extravagant leaps, as rapidly as the value of the Actions, doubling, trebling, and quadrupling. This was just the natural effect of an excessive and valueless currency. If the Government could have reduced that currency by buying it in, they might have made it rather more appropriate to its object. But short, violent remedies were the rule under the Regent's Government, and a decree was issued reducing the nominal value of notes to one-half. It reduced their actual value to nothing. They were something to be got rid of on any terms.

Had the French Revolution taken place before the verdict of a jury of historians had been passed upon John Law, they would have found no true bill against him, but, after the laudable fashion of English grand juries, would have vented round opinions on all the defects in public affairs which had rendered their assembling together necessary. To have made all the madness of those times was beyond the capacity of any human being, however malignantly he were inclined. There is indeed throughout all the narratives of the affair a signal and almost appalling parallelism with the earlier symptoms of the great Revolution. It looks as if the long latent disease had endeavoured to break out, but had been thrown back into the constitution to gather power and malignity. There was much dire misery among the humbler people; and many who belonged to the comfortable classes, whose dis-

satisfactions are generally supposed to proceed less from destitution than unsatisfied ambition, felt the gripe of hunger and the want of a roof. Amid all this misery, and at the times when it was at its very worst, it was noticed by thoughtful bystanders, as it afterwards was noticed during the Reign of Terror, that the theatres never were so well filled, or all the usual novelties of Paris so eagerly pursued. *Frondes* and *mots* abounded, and the rapidity of the ruin which fell on thousands was improved in multitudinous pasquinades, such as—

> "Lundi, j'achetai des actions,
> Mardi, je gagnai des millions,
> Mercredi, j'ornai mon ménage,
> Jeudi, je pris un équipage,
> Vendredi, je m'en fis au bal,
> Et Samedi à l'hôpital."

Along with this well and ill timed gaiety, crime increased rapidly; at all events, it was supposed to increase. The administration appears to have been too deeply absorbed otherwise to pay much attention to it. The bodies of the murdered seem, however, to have been thought worth counting, and they were so numerous as abundantly to alarm the living.

On one occasion, the thousands of Paris gathered in insurrection, carrying with them the bodies of those who had been killed in the crush before the bank. They sang—

> "Français, la bravure vous manque,
> Vous êtes pleins d'aveuglement;

Pendre Law avec le Régent,
Et vous emparer de la Banque,
C'est l'affaire d'un moment."

They rushed on the palace, just as their grandchildren did on the renowned 10th of August. So far as history speaks, architecture seems to have postponed the catastrophe. The old Palais Royal was a vast square or *place*, bordered by straight lines of high, many-windowed houses. These had gradually been filled with soldiers. Thus when the mob came to the point of attack, they found themselves in the position in which the military have so frequently found themselves in the streets of Paris —surrounded by buildings garrisoned by the enemy.

While the wheel of fortune thus revolved amid storm and fire, there was, so far as we can infer from history, in the conduct of the presiding genius, serenity and haughty calmness. He was the most wonderful, if not the most powerful man in the world; and the humiliations undergone by the greatest people of France to propitiate him call up a blush for human nature. It was scoffingly said of him that he gave a blandly condescending reception to his countryman the Duke of Argyll; but the Duke was a mere provincial respectability beside the triumphant Comptroller-general, and he knew it.

To others of his countrymen of very humble rank, Law appears to have been kind and affable. He stands entirely free from the taint of mercenary premeditation. He could have fortified himself by

investments to any extent in England, and many other places, had not his faith or his allegiance bound him to his own system. When it broke he scattered everything from him, as one to whom the preservation of a mere private fortune was felt as infinitely despicable. There was perhaps something more of recklessness than of virtue in this; yet it would have been more painful to have found him in search of some little prize for himself among the ruins. While the house was falling he was often exposed to personal danger, and he gained respect by his haughty defiance of it.

Once he seems to have lost his temper. A mob following his carriage with fierce cries, he stepped out and faced them, saying, "Vous êtes canailles," and walked on. "Soit," says M. Cochut, "que le mot se fût perdu dans le tumulte, soit qu'un majestueux sang-froid eut imposé à la multitude, l'Ecossais put gagner le Palais-Royal sans accident." Not so with the coachman. He, inspired with sympathetic fervour, repeated his master's scornful epithet, and the canaille, in consequence, tore him from his seat, and stamped him to death, while they broke the carriage in pieces. The Premier-President de Mesme, who beheld this little incident, acquired much fame by relating it to his brethren, thus—

> "Messieurs, messieurs, bonne nouvelle,
> La carosse de Law est réduit en cannelle."

In the fictions, and perhaps in the realities of

the East, when the favourite of the caliph, who has sprung from nothing, forgets himself in his overweening pride, and abuses the royal confidence, he is at once hurled from his height of power, and sits a beggar at the corner of the marketplace, to bear the gibes and cuffs of those who used to court him. In like manner the popular conception of John Law is, that, when his meteoric flight was over, he became extinguished to sight in some jeweller's stall or petty gambling-house. But he was still a personage, carrying about him the faded lustre of a deposed prince; or, perhaps, more fitly speaking, the repute of a fallen minister, of whom it is not to be forgotten that he may rise again. As he left France his carriage was followed by another in hot pursuit. It contained, not an officer of justice, but M. Pressy, the agent of the Emperor of Russia—come to solicit the aid of the great financier for the adjustment of the pecuniary affairs of the empire; but the Ex-Comptroller-general does not appear to have encouraged the proposal. Alberoni went to Venice to meet him, and for some time he carried about in his wanderings a sort of shifting levee of ministers and petty princes. Desiring to return to Britain, Sir John Norris, who commanded the Baltic fleet, thought it due to so eminent a person to give him a passage in the admiral's own ship. The courtesy with which the Government received him created some excitement in the Opposition; and the last time when Law's name was brought con-

spicuously before the world, was in a debate in the House of Lords.

What a wild world it would be if economic schemers—even the most moderate among them—had absolute despotic powers put into their hands wherewith to give effect to their own schemes! This reflection comes up as appropriate to the difficulty that any reader would feel in discovering the seeds of so tremendous an affair as the Mississippi scheme in Law's writings. He will find in them, indeed, many views of undisputed soundness. Law's ideas of the nature of metallic money correspond with the prevalent political economy of the present day. He seems, indeed, to have been the first to disperse the theory, entertained by Locke and many others, that the precious metals are endowed, by the general consent of mankind, with an imaginary value; and he shows that their universal employment as a circulating medium depends on their real value, arising from their ornamental and portable character, their indestructibility, and, above all, the nearly uniform amount of labour that it ever costs to bring them into the market. His notion of the real value of the precious metals was the antinome, as it were, of his view that their cost prevented the supply of money in sufficient abundance; that they were too dear, in short, and ought to be discarded for a cheaper and more prolific medium. The main tenor of his theory was, that when a country is exhausted, it can only be resuscitated by an in-

fusion of fresh financial blood in the shape of easy issues of money. Voltaire, in his 'Age of Louis XV.,' testifies that, in the end, it was successful, and that, through all the misery and ruin she endured, the country was the better for the Mississippi scheme, deriving from it an elasticity of movement which led her on to subsequent prosperity. Many people will doubt this view; but it is rather remarkable that Law's scheme was considered by the French themselves so fundamentally sound that they virtually repeated it in the celebrated issue of assignats, in which the French Convention played over again the same desperate piece of gambling. It has obtained a higher sanction still. In this present year (1864) the people who enjoy the reputation of being the acutest and "smartest" in the world are hard at work playing the desperate game, and will bring it to its inevitable results.

When a suspension-bridge breaks down or a boiler explodes, engineers avoid the method of construction which leads to such a calamity. It is otherwise in the social machinery, where all the passions and prejudices of mankind are the materials used in the construction. Events have their actions and reactions going on, re-echoing each other into after generations, under so many different forms, that people question if the beginning of all really was a calamity. The echoes of this Mississippi affair itself are not yet dead. It was followed immediately by the South Sea storm in England, and a similar catas-

trophe in Holland. The scheme left the French government burdened with the colony of Louisiana. It was sold in 1803 to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars cash down. It was this purchase that created the preponderating influence of the slaveholding States of the Union—and what that has done and is now doing we all know. Again, the scheme left France in the possession of an East India Company which rivalled our own, but of that rivalry came the great contest in which Clive and Hastings asserted the superiority that made the British Eastern empire: but for this contest, and the military position it gave us in the East, it is possible that our country might have known nothing of Hindostan save as a field of trade.

One thing that makes the world respect political and commercial schemers is their power; and there is something fascinating in the contemplation of power, whether used for good or for bad ends. The ideas of Law have supporters in the present day in those economists who vehemently urge the extension of credit as a means of multiplying capital—of doubling, trebling, or quadrupling it. And yet credit operations are but a form of gambling, and should be so treated. The lower form of gambling at the gaming-table has sometimes great results, not always entirely pernicious. A renowned professional gambler once made a large fortune by his pursuit—an extremely uncommon result. His daughter was married to a man of genius, who,

backed by her wealth, became prime minister of Britain—and a prime minister who put his mark upon his age. A man found wasting his brains and his health at *rouge et noir*, however, would hardly get credit for sincerity if he said he was working to get a good prime minister for the country. Be the end of it in the far future what it may, every act of gambling, whether in the share-market or in the gaming-table, is not an operation for the benefit of the human race, but an act done through the influence of a selfish passion; and, like all other selfish passions, it should be the duty of those who take upon them the function of instructors rather to repress than encourage it.

On the Plutarchian system of comparison, John Law and William Paterson should pair off together—the one, as having ruined France with the Mississippi scheme, the other as having ruined Scotland with the Darien scheme. They had other parallel conditions in life, in that they were competitors in laying schemes before their own countrymen. Law had proposed certain projects to the Parliament of Scotland, which, being in a cautious humour, they declined to adopt, and he then carried his genius abroad. Paterson's schemes were all directed to the aggrandisement of his own country, and therefore he does not appear, at first sight, within the category of those Scotsmen whose genius and achievements have been exhibited among foreigners. But Paterson during a large part of his life was busy

abroad. His practical information on foreign countries guided the Darien Company and the Scottish Parliament in all their operations. The way in which he obtained this information was connected with two rather inconsistent-looking accusations touching the occupations of his earlier days. The one was that he had obtained it as a buccaneer or pirate in the Spanish Main; the other, that he picked it up while acting as a canting missionary in communication with the Puritans of New England. When we think of men and their actions, we should always endeavour to see them by the light of their own times. The two professions were not so utterly inconsistent in the seventeenth as they are in the nineteenth century. Paterson's correspondence shows him to have been slightly pious. But a good deal of piety need not have been inconsistent with the transaction of business after the usual manner on the Spanish Main. Few commanders of vessels who found themselves strong enough to get off with it could then resist the temptation to mix up a little buccaneering with legitimate commerce. Sea rights and sea ethics were by no means so distinctly defined as they now are. The rule then was that good old rule which Wordsworth admired so much for its patriarchal simplicity—

> "That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can."

Once in blue water, the Tarpaulin, as the rough-hand-

ed skipper of that day was called, considered that he was free of land-laws and diplomatic obligations—a sort of separate self-acting power; and as there was generally some war or other going on, he was free to take either side and plunder the enemy, and to change sides as opportunity suggested. Paterson's own colony was considered a nest of buccaneers by the Spaniards, and indeed their conduct was not calculated to rebut the charge. They seized all the Spanish vessels they could lay hand on, as those of enemies; but having on one occasion mistaken an English vessel for a Spanish and seized it, they could not be prevailed on to rectify the mistake by a restoration.

People open their eyes at the great buccaneer, Henry Morgan, having been knighted; but there was nothing anomalous had he even also, as the biographer of Paterson says he was, been made governor of Jamaica. He was so great a leader of ruffians as to be almost an independent sovereign, like the Dey of Algiers. He would have boasted of his feats at court. Perhaps a day may come when it will be considered flagitious to appoint an aristocratic blackleg to a post of trust; and Thackeray's promotion of Rawdon Crawley to the government of a colony may be cited as a type of the habits of our generation, as Defoe's Colonel Jack exemplifies the time—not much more than a century old—when young men were kidnapped on the streets of Newcastle or Aberdeen, and sold as slaves to very

respectable houses concerned in the plantation trade.

Paterson's zealous biographer, Mr Saxe Bannister, repudiates the charge against him, saying that it rests on no better authority than Burnet's general observation, "There was one Paterson, a man of no education, but of great notions, which it was generally said he had learned from the buccaneers, with whom he had consorted for some time." And certainly, as nothing more specific can be discovered about his early pursuits, we have no right to hold that they must have been tinged with piracy.

His later transactions with foreign countries are sufficiently ostensible. When his scheme was at its climax, he directed some very important negotiations on the Continent, where he in some measure tried his strength against the power of William III. The cause of the calamities of Scotland at that time was the determination of the Dutch King to sacrifice everything to his European system. To this end, when he had to consider whether he should be just to Scotland, or propitiate the great trading interests of England, he chose the latter alternative. The Darien Scheme, as most people are aware, was a plan to enable Scotland to have a foreign trade and colonies of her own, since the Navigation Act made her a foreign country to England, not entitled to participate in the English shipping privileges and colonial trade. The projectors of the Darien Scheme naturally enough courted English capital, and estab-

lished an office in London. This was denounced as a breach of the privileges of the East India Company, as well as in various other shapes offensive, and the eminent men who represented the Company in London were hunted out of England as criminals.

Paterson conceived that, as Scotland was deemed a foreign country, incapable of participating in the trading privileges of England, she was, as a converse, not only entitled, but invited to treat with her old friends on the Continent, without asking leave of her imperious yoke-fellow. It was arranged that the Company should fill up the shares which the English merchants had subscribed, but were obliged to abandon, in that old burghal community which had been long associated with Scotland—the Hanse Towns. But that foreigners should enter in the field of enterprise from which their own jealous laws excluded themselves, was intolerable to the English capitalists, and they had interest enough to get instructions issued to the representatives of England in foreign courts—Scotland could not afford to have representatives—that the Company disposing of its shares was not countenanced by the king, and any communities giving encouragement to it would encounter his displeasure. The Burgomasters of Hamburg indignantly repudiated the King of England's right to menace them, and said they traded as they pleased; but the Hamburgers did not take stock.

The flow of capital from Northern Europe was in fact effectually checked by the intervention of

William. Paterson showed on the occasion his versatile resources, and looked at once to the other side of the Continent. He proposed terms to the Armenian merchants, the great masters of Eastern trade, whose chain of connections passed from Hindostan to Lapland. These men, so remarkable for their honesty, sagacity, and substantiality, would fain have aided the Scots, had they not, through their subtle channels of intelligence, known that the Darien Company was not countenanced by the king who reigned over Scotland. Thus was frustrated a plan by which Paterson and his friends projected an overland traffic to India, and the establishment in the Eastern Peninsula of factories which should rival those of the East India Company of England.

It is matter for much regret that both the beginning and the conclusion, with many portions of Paterson's life, are so dark to the world. This is not for want of any deficiency in biographical zeal, though it came too late to be effectual. Still there is much for the world to be grateful for in the fruit of the long labours of Mr Saxe Bannister. If he has not done much to clear up the events of Paterson's life, he has given the clearest possible rendering of his opinions and projects, by discovering and printing all his works.* It is a sufficient hint that

* 'The Writings of William Paterson of Dumfriesshire, and a citizen of London, founder of the Bank of England and of the Darien Colony.' Edited by Saxe Bannister,

the contents of these volumes are important, to say that they give forth the earliest practical exposition of the doctrines of free trade, and that they enlarge on the illimitable character of commerce when protected from interference. The editor, among the many vast schemes of his master, has found one of a smaller character, but curious and interesting—a design to found a public library, to consist solely of books bearing on trade. He collected the nucleus of it himself; and if he could read the books he thus bought, which are enumerated in a catalogue made by him, he must have been free, or must have freed himself, from Burnet's charge of being uneducated.

If it be open, by ingenious special theories, to prove that the Mississippi scheme was not in the end disastrous, it is quite clear that Paterson's was in the end beneficent. In the first place, Scotland compelled restitution by England of the loss caused to the shareholders of the Darien Company. The amount paid up in calls was refunded to each up to the last penny, from the fund called "The Equivalent." Having tasted the benefits of a free trade with England during Cromwell's time, the country was determined to have it again, or set up an opposition interest to England by an alliance with France or some other great foreign power. The breaking-

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M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford; with Biographical Notices, Fac-similes, and Portrait. 1859.

down of the dynasty of the daughters of King James, by the death of all Anne's children, gave Scotland her opportunity. Whatever way England settled the succession, Scotland would settle it otherwise, unless she were made a participator in the English privileges of trade. An Act was passed to arm the country in case England should attempt to force through the Scots Parliament a concurrence in the Hanover succession. As one of the ships of the Darien Company had been seized for a breach of the privileges of the English African Company, an English vessel was seized in the Forth by way of reprisal. On suspicion of having committed piracy on a Scots ship, the English captain and crew were tried and condemned to death. The proof against them was very defective in any eyes not obscured by national wrath, and the Crown wished to spare the men's lives, but dared not do it in the face of the temper shown by the country. The men were hanged, to express the country's sense of the grasping selfishness of the English merchants. It was now clear that there was nothing for it but to concede to Scotland the full privilege of participation in English trade, and so came the Treaty of Union.

By a natural transition from that portion of the connection of Scotland with other countries which associates itself with the career of Paterson, we might get among the Hanse Towns, and other trading districts of the north of Europe, where Scots merchants appear to have swarmed. They

had established special privileges in the Low Countries, which they kept a kind of ambassador or consul to protect. He was "the Lord Conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere," and the office, having become a sinecure, was given to John Home by way of compensation and consolation when he was deprived of his office as a parish minister for writing 'Douglas.' There were a number of merchants in Sweden, who, with the remnant of the Scots soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, merged into what were called the thirty-six noble Scots houses there. I have in my hand a book by a member of one of them named Andrew Murray; it is a Treatise on the History and Whereabouts of those Kenites who were prophesied against by Balaam, and told that, 'though strong was their dwelling-place, and they put their nest in a rock, yet they should be wasted until Ashur should carry them away captive.' The author dedicates his book to three noble merchants of Prussia—two of them his relations and Murrays—John in Memel and Thomas in Dantzic, where there was a considerable fraternity of Scots merchants.* Among the Slavonians who do not take to commerce, and have their merchandise done by other races, the Scots seem to have supplied all grades, from the merchant princes to the pedlars, so called from walking about with their available stock in trade. The vacuum

* 'Andreæ Murray, Commentatio de Kinæis.' Hamburg, 1718.

they left when the Union opened up the home market to Scots enterprise, seems to have been filled by Jews. Sir John Skene, who put into his Law Dictionary a quantity of the little specialties of personal knowledge which are so valuable when found in old books, but so little likely to be found in law dictionaries, says of pedlars, "Ane pedder is called ane merchand or cremar, quha bears ane pack or crame upon his back, quaha are called bearars of the puddill be the Scottesmen in the realme of Polonia, quhairof I saw ane great multitude in the town of Cracovia, anno Dom. 1569."

I have little doubt that a deal of matter both valuable and curious might be found by an investigation into the conditions which created the class of trading Scots. The present object is, however, rather to tell what has fallen in the writer's way than to search out new matter; and as I do not happen to possess any notices of them sufficiently picturesque for the present purpose, I again take advantage of the licence to bring forth any occurrences in the career of Scotsmen in the diplomatic service, when these happen to go beyond the ordinary beaten circle of diplomatic functions.

The scene opens in a state to which the world has lately been looking with unusual interest—Denmark—in the remote palace of Friedrichsborg, about the year 1771. The notorious Struensee, who, with a few long strides, passed from the function of a German village-doctor to that of prime minister, or, more pro-

perly, dictator of Denmark, has just reached the climax of his meteoric career. He was a prodigious reformer; but it is useless to discuss the merit of his projects. If there was any nation in Europe at that time where the Pombals, Josephs, or Potemkins could take great social systems to pieces and reconstruct them scientifically, without mischief or danger, Denmark was not that nation. It is quite different now; but at that time—before the first French Revolution, remember—in no European country was there a harder system of immovable uniformity and routine, protected by a powerful aristocratic order whose existence depended on its being executed to the minutest tittle. The old Norse freedom and heartiness were entirely gone, and everything was frozen into an icy permanence by the frigid influence which the Russian autocracy and bureaucracy were then exercising over the northern nations. But however judicious or acceptable in themselves Struensee's reforms might have been, they came from a poisoned fountain. He was one of that most odious of all classes of statesmen, a royal favourite; and of the two kinds of royal favouritism his was by repute the more odious—the favouritism of a woman.

The young Queen of Denmark, Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III., was reared in a Court where a princess was certainly not likely to imbibe profligacy; and it is difficult to conceive any one brought up under the same auspices as her rigid brother, becoming even amenable to a charge of

levity. Her possession of remarkable beauty and great powers of fascination is scarcely less easily reconcilable with that generation of the royal family. That she had these powers of fascination seems, however, to be beyond a doubt. It can be as little doubted that she was wayward and indiscreet; and indeed her own family did little to vindicate her fame from graver charges. If it were any vindication of her conduct, it is certain that her husband Christian was as contemptible and odious a being as ever lived in a sty of profligacy—a sort of vulgarised Darnley, in a single-breasted coat and powdered wig.

Struensee was originally his own favourite, and was dragged by him, with that indecorous vehemence with which weak men tug at their favourites, into the inmost recesses of the palace. He was highly educated, handsome, clever, and agreeable. The Queen certainly liked him; and she had some good substantial reasons for awarding him a decorous preference. He took in hand the charge of the young Crown Prince's health, as a physician, and superintended the training both of his body and mind. A mother might have sympathy for all reasonable dispensations of kindness to such a person, and Struensee had claims perhaps of a still more touching kind, in being the means of reconciling the royal couple to each other—of exacting promises of reformation from the King, and pardon of his past profligacy from the poor Queen.

It is difficult to say which of the three—the King,

the Queen, or their favourite—acted the maddest part in the political saturnalia which followed. Struensee's certainly was the guiding hand, so far as there was guidance. Step by step he rose in political power, each step being attended by an excess of folly and presumption. At length, when he had the fate of Denmark in his hands, he scattered to the winds at one blast the old Council of State, in which the representatives of the chief families of Denmark held absolute oligarchical rule. He transferred the power of government to a ministerial board subservient to his own bidding.

It was scarcely consistent with human nature that the discharged statesmen should bear this act with Christian meekness. At the same time, the favourite could not so easily make good harvests, and abolish idle habits among the people, as he could dismiss the Council. The times happened to be hard, and the people made common cause with the nobles, charging the favourite with their calamities. Drunk with power, he did many frantic and wicked things; but of all his follies and vices, the least defensible part of his conduct was his treatment of the Queen. With such a husband as she had, and with all the Court against her, she unfortunately was too solely dependent on the favourite. He exulted in his strength, and proclaimed, as it were, his triumph in conduct which would have been despicable if the poor woman had been erring, and was fiendish if she were innocent.

At length a blow was struck. The Queen was arrested, so were Struensee and his friend Brand. The triumphant party were madder with success than even the fallen favourite had ever been. They fiercely demanded blood. Struensee was at once hurled with Oriental precipitancy from the throne to the scaffold, and was executed with every concomitant of ignominy and horror.

There is little doubt that the Queen would have been a victim had not a hand been stretched out to save her. The whole wild history was watched by the calm observant eye of a young Scot—Colonel Robert Keith, who, though a novice in diplomacy, was deemed suitable to be trusted with so quiet a post as the Danish mission. But few veteran ambassadors have ever been more sorely tried. Was he to see the sister of his Sovereign put to death? and if not, where were the means by which he could avert her fate? No doubt, national wars had often been caused by acts far more trifling. Philip V. of Spain had declared that rivers of blood would not wash out an incidental slight thrown on his family, and he would not have thought thousands of lives unduly wasted in such a cause. But it was not to be concluded that Britain would plunge into a European war for the fate of one person, though that person were a Princess. These were the diplomatic difficulties which would surround such a question at the conference-table. The young Ambassador solved them all by an act of wise heroism. He was free at

all events to sacrifice his own personal safety in the cause. He took it on himself to denounce any act of violence to the Queen as an act of war with England, and to strike his flag as one who was no longer an ambassador protected by the law of nations, but a prisoner in the hands of the enemies of his country.

A little examination will show that this step was as wise as it was disinterested. If it proved successful, and the revolutionists spared the Queen, it would be for the consideration of the British Government whether or not they should punish the successful blusterer for an excess of his constitutional powers as a British ambassador. If he were unsuccessful—if the Danish Cabinet defied the representative of Britain, and sacrificed the Queen to their vengeance—it was still in the power of the British Government to repudiate the act of the Ambassador, and be at peace with Denmark.

The question fortunately did not arise in its more formidable shape. No violence beyond enforced seclusion was offered to the Queen. An uncertainty, which may be called unsatisfactory rather than mysterious, hangs over the subsequent intercourse of the two governments about her destination. The history of the time does not speak of war with Denmark as one of the perils of Britain, but the diplomacy refers to a formidable naval force prepared to rescue the Queen from the hands of her enemies.

In the 'Annual Register' for the year, there is a pretty full history of the revolution, followed by an

account of the conclusion of the contest between Denmark and the Dey of Algiers. About the position of the Queen of Denmark, the writer of the chronicle for the year speaks as one who desired information, but had it not to give. Nothing is said of an armed force being fitted out, yet the following passage of a letter from Lord Suffolk, the Foreign Secretary, has an air as if Britain had made preparation for war. "The national object," he says, "of procuring the liberty of a daughter of England, confined in Denmark after her connection with Denmark was dissolved, is now obtained. For this alone an armament was prepared, and therefore, as soon as the acquiescence of the Court of Copenhagen was known, the preparations were suspended, that the mercantile and marine interests of this kingdom might be affected no longer than was necessary by the expectation of a war. Instead of a hostile armament, two frigates and a sloop are now ordered to Elsinore. One of them is already in the Downs, the others will repair thither immediately, and as soon as the wind permits they will proceed to their destination." *

The small force was sent as a sort of guard of honour to accompany the Queen to her place of retreat at Zell, known from its tragic association with another princess connected with the house of Han-

* 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B.' 2 vols.: 1849. Vol. i. p. 287.

over. The allusion to the larger force which might have been fitted out, but was not, may be, suspected to have been a small diplomatic expedient for imparting a wholesome alarm to the ruling powers in Denmark.

The shape in which the acknowledgments of his Court seem to have been conveyed to the spirited young Ambassador has the same unsatisfactory mystery or uncertainty which characterises the whole conduct of the British Court in this matter. The anxiously awaited despatch, in which his conduct was to be approved or condemned, contained, if we may believe the laborious editor of his papers, neither approval nor condemnation; but "the parcel flew open, and the Order of the Bath fell at his feet! The insignia had been enclosed by the King's own hands, with a despatch commanding him to invest himself forthwith, and appear at the Danish Court."*

It had got wind among the gossips of the day that there was something peculiar in the acknowledgment of Keith's services, for Horace Walpole is found writing: "Mr Keith's spurt in behalf of the Queen has been rewarded. The red ribbon has been sent him, though there was no vacancy, with orders to put it on directly himself, as there is no sovereign in Denmark to invest him with it." A letter from Lord Suffolk to the father of the new-made knight enlarges on the eminence of the dis-

* 'Memoirs,' i. 250.

tinction conferred. "The dispensation with ceremonies is carried further than usual;" the dependence of negotiations is chosen as the time for conferring the decoration, because his Majesty wishes it to be the reward of merit, independently of success; it is the King's own personal act; and "Sir R. Keith is not to inquire into the expenses of the present his Majesty has made." So the Secretary parades the reward, carefully avoiding any reference to the nature of the service for which it is conferred. I admit that something like an idle curiosity has led me into these piebald criticisms on the conduct of the British Government with reference to the history of Queen Matilda. When the subject is old enough, and the state papers bearing on it are freely published, it will doubtless afford matter for a curious secondary chapter in British history.

The young knight, whose mission it appeared to be to revive the institutions of ancient chivalry, by winning his spurs in the defence of injured and imperilled beauty, had very little romance in his character, but a great fund of Scottish shrewdness, tempered by honourable uprightness, and put to good service by various qualifications, in which we may fairly include the pen of a ready writer. His father, Robert Keith of Craig, in Kincardineshire, the country of the Keiths, was also a diplomatist. He rose from the office of Lord Stair's military secretary to be Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards Ambassador at Vienna and at St Peters-

burg. Both the father and the son witnessed, and were more or less concerned in, several of the historical events marking the progress of the northern courts—events which, though they seem to have been buried under the more convulsive revolutions of later times, are yet eminently deserving of careful study, as the organic elements out of which several of the states of Europe have grown, and from which they take their political character and destiny.

The elder Keith thus describes a great revolution in Russia. On Friday, the 13th day of July 1762, he had an appointment to meet the Emperor. It was thus interrupted: "About nine o'clock one of my servants came running into my bed-chamber, with a frighted countenance, and told me that there was a great uproar at the other end of the town; that the guards, having mutinied, had assembled, and talked of no less than dethroning the Emperor. He could tell me no other circumstances, nor could give me any answer to the only question I asked—namely, if the Empress was in town: but about a quarter of an hour after, one of the gentlemen of our factory came in, and informed me that the Empress was in town; that she had been declared by the guards and the other troops of the garrison their Empress and Sovereign; and that she was then actually at the Casansky church to hear mass and the 'Te Deum' sung on the occasion." *

* 'Memoirs,' i. 53.

The colleges of the empire, and all the great people, were pressing to take the oaths, like people crowding to a fashionable singer or a popular preacher. The whole affair occupied two hours, during which the quarter of the town where the English resided "was as quiet as if nothing extraordinary had happened; the only novelty to be seen was some pickets placed at the bridges and corners of the streets, and some of the horse-guards patrolling, in order to preserve the public tranquillity." To make clean work of it, in the evening the Empress was seen marching forth, "at the head of ten or twelve thousand men, with a great train of artillery, on the road to Peterhoff, in order to attack the Emperor, whether at Peterhoff or Oranienbaum; and the next day, in the afternoon, we received the accounts of His Imperial Majesty having, without striking a stroke, surrendered his person and resigned his crown." Such was the installation of the Semiramis of the North, the great Catherine—an event pregnant with great results both to Europe and Asia.

A considerable number of letters by the elder Keith, and a far greater number of his son's, are to be found in the two octavo volumes just referred to. To people who are fond of reading old family papers in fluent print, without floundering through the blots, or stumbling over the crabbed cacography of the original manuscript, the volumes will have an interest; and the historian who gropes diligently

through them will find a few facts. Some of the best letters in the collection were addressed to "Sister Anne," Mrs Murray Keith, a lady occupying a niche in literature as the Mrs Bethune Balliol of Scott, who says of her, in a letter printed, with pardonable pride, by the editing relation: "I never knew any one whose sunset was so enviably serene; and such was the benevolence of her disposition, that one almost thought time respected a being so amiable, and laid his hand upon her so gradually, that she reached the extremity of age, and the bowl was broken at the cistern before she experienced either the decay of her organs or of her excellent intellect. The recollection of her virtues and her talents is now all that remains to us; but it will be a valued treasure to all who shared her esteem."

Throughout these Keith papers there are pleasant glimpses of a Scottish family of gentlefolks of the old school. The men, all brave and persevering, are scattered over the world, bettering the fortunes of their house, and raising the national character. The women are gentle and domestic, with a strong sense both of humour and pathos, with a certain Scottish liveliness, too, and those profuse and friendly manners, said to have been derived from the long intercourse with the French, of which I have had so much to say. Middle-aged people have seen specimens of it in very old women. It was something which, though totally different from the manners of the English gentry, had an unmistak-

able character of high breeding. To the young ambassador it was a sad change to pass from his own genial circle into the cold routine of diplomatic life at so obdurately formalised a court as that of Denmark. He wailed loudly from time to time about his lot, after this fashion :—

"The nonsense of etiquette has already thrown a stumbling-block in my way, by a new and, I believe, unprecedented regulation with respect to *private audiences*. But as I have preserved all possible respect towards this court, and made my report with fairness and temper to my own, I can be under no uneasiness with regard to my share of the innovation and its consequences. A shut or an open door—for that is the point—is a subject to be canvassed by the higher powers. My duty is to wait for instructions, and adhere to them quietly. In the mean time I heartily consign that old harridan Etiquette, with all her trumpery, to the lowest underling of all possible devils. . . . . After looking round me with an anxious, yet a benevolent eye, for anything that may be called a society, or even a single friend, male or female, I am forced to own to myself that there is not any hope of succeeding. I do not mean to asperse a whole nation, in which there are undoubtedly many worthy people; but such is the shyness of all those I have seen to each other, and still more to men of my cloth, that meeting them now and then at dinner, or in a public place, forms not a more intimate connection

than that of three or four Dutchmen who have crossed in the same doit-boat at Rotterdam. . . . . A Monsieur and Madame Juel are just come to town, with a sweet little cherub of a daughter just fifteen; consequently just the very thing that can be turned to no earthly advantage by a gentleman of my years. These good people curtsied to me very politely at my presentation; and as they are renowned for hospitality, I have since had the happiness of seeing the outside of their street door, which is of strong handsome oak, and painted yellow. . . . . Our week is now going to be parcelled out in plays and operas, and there will be at least a place of rendezvous every evening. Yet are we starched and demure even in our playhouses, for every human being has his or her place allotted by the Book of Etiquette, and sticks to it during the whole performance. Those who are two boxes from me might as well be in Norway, for any manner of communication I can have with them. My little Juel is within five seats of being as great a lady as Madame de Blosset; and as I squat next to Madame L'Ambassadrice, I can, at least twice in an evening, see the tip of my cherub's nose. Were she to marry into the third class of grandees, I should see no more of her during my stay in Denmark. It is really ridiculous to see how the world is parcelled out here into no less than nine classes, six of whom I must never encounter without horror. Yet my opera-glass tells me that numbers

eight and nine beat us all hollow as to flesh and blood."*

Sir Robert's next embassy was to Vienna; and it will show that diplomacy had done little to conventionalise his British feelings, to give a few sentences expressing his sensations on hearing of the American revolutionary war. He writes from Vienna, on the 5th of February 1775: "I think next post will bring me a handsome sheet of daylight into American matters, which to me are hitherto all mirk and mystery. I am out of all patience with the six hundred congresses of as many American villages, and I long to hear old Mother England hold to them the language of affectionate authority and dignified firmness. I would not hurt a hair of their crazy heads if I could help it; but I would enforce the laws with temper and moderation, in order to impress upon their memories this first salutary lessen of filial obedience. . . . . The ferocious miscreants who inhabit the outskirts of our colonies in America may be guilty of all the crimes you ascribe to them, without their affecting my opinions concerning the bulk of the community, and I'll tell you why: because when I buy a large piece of broadcloth, and convince myself by a thorough examination that it is well spun, well woven, and warm and durable through nine-tenths of the web, I don't value it a pin the less because

* 'Memoirs,' i. 220, 221.

it has been fretted and moth-eaten within two inches of the selvage. I love mankind and our own home-spun part of it from the bottom of my heart; and it would be a pretty thing indeed if a fellow like me, who has his Suffolks, his Chamiers, his Drummonds, his Campbells, and his Conways to boast of, should lay thorns upon his own pillow, because there are thieves and pickpockets in the purlieus of St Giles."*

Sir Robert Keith is one of the many Scotsmen who saw Frederick the Great, and left notes of their impressions of one whom it was so great a thing to have seen. Fritz might have supposed that Scotsmen formed the greater portion of the inhabitants of Britain, and that the predominating name among the Scots was Keith, or Kite, as it was pronounced in Prussia. There were the two Roberts, the father and son—the Earl Marischal of Scotland, and his own field-marshal. There were two other Keiths—brothers—intimately connected with the adventures of Frederick's early life. One of them appears with the title of Lieutenant, the other of Page. They were the chief abettors of his attempt to escape—or desert, as it was called in the Prussian official documents—at Steinfurth, when travelling with his tyrant father in 1730. These Kites had for their accomplice a Lieutenant Katt, who, until the story came to be fully unravelled by

* 'Memoirs,' ii. 45.

Carlyle, was often confounded with them. Katt was hanged with ignominy, but the two Keiths escaped. The page, in fact, confessed the whole affair. The lieutenant, who was waiting at Wesel to give assistance, was warned in time; and so one evening Lieutenant Keith, "doubtless smelling something," saddled his horse, and "decided to have a ride in the country this fine evening, and issued out at the Brunnen Gate of Wesel. He is on the right bank of the Rhine; pleasant yellow fields on this side and on that. He ambles slowly for a space, then gradually awakens into speed—into full speed; arrives within a couple of hours at Dingden, a village in the Munster territory, safe over the Prussian border by the shortest line; and from Dingden rides at more leisure, but without losing time, into the Dutch Overyssel region." * He was taken in hand by Chesterfield, the British Ambassador at the Hague, who sent him to England. The old King had to content himself with symbolical redress, and sentenced him "to be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel." †

As intimately as with any of the Scotsmen in his own employment was Frederick connected with the British Ambassador, Sir Alexander Mitchell, of the Mitchells of Thainston in Aberdeenshire. Frederick talked speculative republicanism and speculative

* 'History of Frederick the Great,' ii. 264.

† Ibid., ii. 287.

virtue to him; and when the Scotsman seemed to show a dangerous inclination for putting the speculative virtues into a practical shape, he could say: "I have no doubt of your good and honourable sentiments, my dear Mr Mitchell. I could wish that everybody thought in the same manner: the world would be all the happier for it, and men more virtuous." *

In his now never-perused Epistle on the Origin of Evil, he could speak of "mon cher Mitchell" as

> "Ministre vertueux d'un peuple dont les lois
> Ont à leur sage frein assujetti les rois."

He is said to have wept—whether sincerely or not—as he saw Mitchell's funeral procession pass. And he might well have been sincere, for he was under many obligations to the Scot. As we have seen some of his countrymen sent abroad to intimidate aggressive powers, so Mitchell was sent to cheer and to help a struggling cause with which Britain had more sympathy than it was expedient for her rulers to show. He did his mission bravely and honourably. Whatever our general view over the field of past history reveals to us about a policy for the aggrandisement of one house, by squeezing out one small state after another, the position in which the British people at that time saw Frederick was the same that the gods love to look on—a brave

* 'Memoirs and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell.' By Andrew Bisset. Vol. i. p. 160.

man struggling against fate in the shape of enemies stronger than himself. It was as the representative of British sympathy with this that Mitchell went over.

One who seems to have inherited the ancient spirit of his countrymen, ever to give a good word in the go-by to any respectable brother Scot casually met in the course of his inquiries, gives this testimony to Mitchell:—"One wise thing the English have done—sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense, and honesty, to be their resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell, by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court; an Aberdeen Scotsman, creditable to his country, hard-headed, sagacious, sceptical of shows, but capable of recognising substances withal, and of standing loyal to them stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well-deserved to do so: constantly about him during the next seven years, and whose letters are among the perennially valuable documents in Friedrich's history." *

A life more at variance with the placid luxurious ease of an embassy to some great court cannot well be conceived. It was a mission, indeed, not to a court, but to a camp. In critical times Mitchell was ever present. Whether when abandoned by

* Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' iv. 537-38.

the world, and seemingly by Providence, Frederick sat in his old coat, in a dirty hovel writing French poetry, or stood exulting over the wondrous field of Rosbach—Mitchell was at his side, not a cold diplomatist watching and reporting, but a friend and champion, sharing his dangers and helping to overcome them. He is even now and then actually under fire; then he makes a narrow escape from capture, because, in his eagerness to join his royal friend, he passes too near the enemy's lines. At another time he has to endure the hardships of a disastrous march, want of food included. "The Prussian camp," he says, "is no place of pleasure. Neither convenience nor luxury dwell here. You are well provided with everything, if you bring it along with you. I find I must increase my equipage or starve. All my family are like spectres. . . . . Pray let me know if my long letter of the 21st was intelligible. It cost me much labour. I was twelve hours on horseback in one day. I understand nothing by description. I must see it, and therefore I fear what I write is not intelligible."

Where is the Secretary for Foreign Affairs who has been accustomed to receive from his own ambassador such a hint as the following, written on the 28th of August 1757, to Lord Holderness, and explaining sufficiently the juncture to which it refers?

"England is cheated and ministers duped by Hanover. What a pitiful figure will they make in Europe! The most notorious breach of faith has been wantonly committed to support a weak, ill-judged, and ineffectual measure. You know what has happened. Why was not the King of Prussia previously consulted? I can answer with my head he would have yielded to any reasonable proposition for the safety of Hanover. What will posterity say of an Administration that made the Treaty of Westminster for the safety of Hanover, and suffered the Hanover ministers to say openly that they have no treaty with the King of Prussia, nay, have suffered them to betray that prince who has risked his all to save them, and whose misfortunes are owing to his generosity and good faith? . . . . Let us have done with negotiating. After what has happened, no man will trust us. I know not how to look the King of Prussia in the face; and honour, my lord, is not to be purchased with money."*

To one by whom he was backed in this fashion, Frederick might well afford a little license of remonstrance and sarcasm. Mitchell was celebrated for the broad, strong censures which he often levelled against the King's acts of cruelty and aggression, and there is no doubt that Frederick stood in awe of his honest, observing eye. He could be

* 'Memoirs,' i. 268, 269.

sarcastic and epigrammatic too, and one of his retorts has been often repeated. Discussing the disaster of Port-Mahon, Mitchell remarked, in a manner not congenial with the usual conversation of Sans Souci, that Britain must place her trust in God. The King was not aware that Britain had such an ally, "He is the only ally," said Mitchell, "who requires no subsidies from us."

Chapter IV.

THE ARTIST.

Glimpses of Early Art—George Jamesone and his Contemporaries — Aikman — Hamilton — Allan Ramsay — Martin — Jacob More — Runciman — Sir Robert Strange — Early Architects — James Gibbs.

THIS is a department of intellectual labour in which there is little to be said for Scotland by one whose notice is entirely confined to the past, and the rather far past. There are certain conditions of the possession of a school of art which Scotland has never enjoyed until very late times. The arts have sometimes flourished amid turbulence and vice, but never could they gain root in a country disturbed and impoverished by a perpetual struggle with powerful neighbours for independence and bare national existence. To the hardier virtues such arid and storm-swept soil was congenial. It was the natural nursery of mili-

tary leadership—it was favourable to strong-headed and strong-willed statesmanship—it made bold, ambitious, hard-working scholars, who scorned delights and lived laborious days. But the artist is not autochthonous; he grows in a garden, of which not only the original plants are imported and carefully nurtured, but the very mould itself is artificial: hence that Scotland should have produced artists, and sent them abroad as missionaries to lead on the great schools of foreign art, would have been as absurd an expectation as to anticipate such a service from Iceland or Vancouver Island at the present day.

There are conditions, indeed, so critical in their bearing on existence itself, that the mere statesman will attend to them alone, and forego the decorations of life. Music is a great humaniser and solacer of existence, but the kings who take to the fiddle when their Rome is burning, however skilfully they may have performed, have not reached a high character in their profession as rulers of men. James III. of Scotland was not placed in a favourable position for encouraging art in any prominent shape; and that the nobles of his realm should have been such barbarians as to hang his favourite companions over the bridge of Lauder, only shows us that he did not act the part of a wise governor in raising artists to a high rank among his rough-handed nobles, and making them his exclusive companions, and, in fact, his counsellors on state affairs—a func-

tion for which, had they been thoroughly devoted to art, they were not fitted, and to which they would not have aspired.

A statesman's destiny is a hard one in this as, perhaps, in other matters: he must not pursue, like the vagabond world, his own inclinations and instincts, but must study other people's. The failing of James III. seems to have been, that he consulted his own enjoyment in art, instead of trying how much of it he could get others to enjoy and follow him in. His favour for art was, as we have seen, fatal to the poor artists. By the chroniclers it is only referred to, with more or less of charitable excuse, as a vice; and of the real fruits of his encouragement of the arts we would know nothing, were it not for the zeal of recent inquirers.

It appears to have been in his reign that the impulse to architecture, both civil and ecclesiastical, on the French model, as already referred to, began. There stood until very recently in Edinburgh a noble remnant of this revival—the history of which, perhaps, points to the source whence the King inherited his love of art. The Trinity College Church was built in the early part of his reign by his mother, Mary of Gueldres, the granddaughter of John Duke of Burgundy. It was but a fragment of a church, being little more than the chancel and transept; but it was sufficient to develop the prevailing French style with extraordinary beauty and richness, and it contained a sufficiency of types of

the architect's intentions to permit of its being finished as it had been begun. There it stood, left incompleted, like many another Gothic fragment, by builders who, having exhausted their own resources, left their handiwork in the assured faith that when wealth and opportunity sufficed it would be reverently completed.

It is a wonderful illustration of how a stratum of barbarism often runs through a state of high civilisation, that, just after the middle of the nineteenth century, this precious work of art was deliberately obliterated, and that in the face of day, and in the midst of protests by the lovers of art and the students of archæology throughout the land. The act, indeed, was perpetrated with a sort of cynical contempt of their outcries, as if the doers were actuated by the spirit which sometimes prompts people to outrage the prejudices of their neighbours. In general such acts are hidden under the common barbarism of the times, and the actual perpetrators of the offence rest unknown; in this instance everything is known of the several steps which led to the conclusion, and the men engaged in them. If they have any of the aspirations after notoriety which inspired the burner of Diana's temple, they are very likely to be gratified; for an inquisitive posterity will be pretty sure to demand a full and complete history of one of the most remarkable outrages that has occurred since art began. Let us hope that it may become a prominent event as the last great in-

stance of Vandalism perpetrated within the United Kingdom. It seems a coincidence worth noting, that as all hope of the retention of the massive stone edifice disappeared, the labours of zealous lovers of art and antiquity became successful in the recovery of a fragile but precious work of art which had evidently decorated the interior of the church. Among the odds and ends of art casually preserved at Kensington Palace, were two large panels, with scenes partially at least sacred painted on them, so as to render it likely that they were compartments of an altar-piece. They attracted notice by the clearness and coldness of outline, the fresh brightness of colour, the gentle earnestness, not like the ideal of the Italian, and the general air of a struggle with the difficulties of primitive art, which belong to the Van Eyck school. Yet there is a degree of full drawing, and a wonderful compass of colouring, as if of a later school. The miniver and ermine furs, the silks and the jewellery, are almost as real as Terbourg's. There was a monarch at devotion with a patron saint, and a young prince in royal robes behind him, on one panel; on another was a queen at prayer, with a mailed figure, also supposed to be a patron saint, standing behind her. To those who got access to the other sides of the panels, there were revealed on the one a representation of the Trinity, and on the other St Cecilia playing on an organ, while an angel listens, and a man with strange expressive Scotch features, in rich ecclesiastical robes, kneels in devo-

tion. It was evident that several of the figures here were portraits, and some heraldic devices connected the whole both with Scotland and Denmark. It has been shown by a process of induction, which has a distinctness unfortunately not often realised in such inquiries, that these panels had been the altar-piece of the Trinity Church. The praying King is James III., the praying Queen his wife, Margaret of Denmark, who is identified by the blazon of the three Scandinavian states, then ruled by one monarch. The St Cecilia is identified as the King's mother, Mary of Gueldres, the foundress of the Church.

A point was still wanting to connect this piece of art with the Church, and heraldry came in aid when all other sources failed. This often happens, compelling the archæologist to pay respect to the fantastic science. It may be all a vain show, ministering to human vanity and folly; but this is true of many other things that have to be recorded of the ways of the human race. In fact, man is a blazoning animal; and if we would know his history, we must accept such his propensity—just as, in conchology, we deal with the nautilus spreading his sail, and find in ornithology that the member of the Pavonidæ family called the peacock is addicted to fanning out his many-coloured tail to the sun. Of the ecclesiastic who is kneeling in presence of St Cecilia, Pinkerton, the first to suggest the accepted tenor of the piece, observes, with some disappointment, that "his heraldry of three buckles and a cheveron can hardly

be traced, except to the obscure family of Bonkil in the Mearns." But the next investigator neatly clenches the link that shall join this obscure family to a courtly pageant, by finding that one of them, Edward Bonkil or Boncle, was the first provost of the foundation, and the confessor of the foundress.* And by the way, if all tales told of that Queen be true, he must have had duties tending sorely to try the mettle of a court confessor. Whatever may have been the claim of the representative of St Cecilia to a share in her divine art, Mary of Gueldres had poor claims to sanctity, if we accept the grotesque and outspoken account of her conduct in the Pitscottie Chronicle — an account unfortunately too distinct and specific to admit of public repetition at the present day; and in her face there is more of the kind of flesh and blood in which the human passions and failings reside, than of the meek piety of the saint.

There would be no use attempting to make out that this fine piece was painted by a Scot, whether abroad or at home. But before concluding that in that day, and indeed earlier, there was no art in the land, let us listen to the curious plea put in by a foreigner, to the effect that a picture, perhaps the most remarkable in its histori-

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* See David Laing's 'Historical Description of the Altar-Piece, painted in the reign of King James III. of Scotland, belonging to her Majesty, in the Palace of Holyrood.'

cal conditions that the world has seen, was probably painted by one of our countrymen. Such a picture was actually in the possession of a Scot abroad—and this is something.

Among the many strange questions put to poor Joan of Arc by her inquisitors, one was, Whether she had ever seen, or caused paint, a picture of herself? She answered, Yes. She had seen at Reims, in the possession of a Scotsman, a picture of herself, in armour, kneeling on a hassock, and presenting a letter to the King.* It is not in evidence that the Scot painted the picture he possessed, nor is it known who painted it; but, as M. Michel justly remarks, it is lawful to guess at the artist. There was at that time a painter who attended the camp of the Pucelle. It is known that he painted her banner for her—that banner also described in her inquisition as white *semé*, with *fleurs-de-lis*, with a world and two angels painted on it, and the motto "Jhesus Maria." The name of the painter of this banner, who is also likely enough to have painted the portrait, is recorded as Hames Poulevoir, whose daughter was an

* "Interrogée se elle avoit point vu ou fait faire aucunes images ou peintures d'elles . . . respond qu'elle vit à Reims une peinture en la main d'un Escossois; et y avoit la semblance d'elle, toute armée, qui presentoit une lettre à son roy, et estoit agenouillée d'un genouil," etc. L'édition du procès de condamnation donnée par M. J. Quicherat porte *Arras* au lieu de *Reims*. Voyez t. i. p. 100. (Quoted, Michel, i. 174.)

intimate friend of the heroine. No one will readily dispute with M. Michel the opinion that this does not sound like a French name; and he will be readily supported here, when holding that a name it much resembles, and of which he supposes it may be a corruption, Polwarth, is familiar in Scotland. He mentions that the names of Scottish Jameses are often made Hames in old French.* Is it fair to suggest a nearer way to the conclusion that the painter was a Scotsman? Suppose Hames a mistake for Hume or Home: Polwarth was an old patronymic of that family. Sir Alexander Hume, the head of the house, was one of the Scots followers of Douglas, killed at Verneuil. He left behind him three sons; but whether any of them remained in France, or, remaining, gave himself to art, I do not know. David Hume was a descendant of the hero of Verneuil. I wonder if he could have been persuaded that an ancestor of his painted a portrait of Joan of Arc? There was a Scot who steadily followed Joan's career, and witnessed her last agonies in the fire. He returned to Scotland, where it is believed that he ended his days as a monk in the abbey of Dunfermline. He wrote an account of the career of Joan, which, to the great misfortune of historical literature, has been hitherto undiscovered. M. Michel supposes that this man may have been the owner of the picture—and this is not impossible.

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* 'Les Ecossais en France,' i. 174-75.

Leaving these fields of idle conjecture, let us dwell on the significant and honourable fact, that Scotland produced the first eminent British portrait-painter. When Charles I. revisited the country of his birth in 1633, just after he had brought over Vandyke to fill the vacuum of art in England, he had the gratification of sitting to a native Scottish artist—George Jamesone. Few reputations stand in more isolated solitude, and few histories have been more mysterious than this man's. The stormy age, so many of whose great actors he has given us to know face to face, had too much bloody and feverish work to do to pay him much attention, and any memorials now possessed of him have been dug up, fragment after fragment, with much industry. His father was a burgess of guild of the city of Aberdeen, his mother the daughter of a bailie thereof. What peculiar train of circumstances can have induced people of this kind, shortly after the end of the sixteenth century, to send their son abroad to study art, it is difficult to conceive; and if it was from the pure impulse of enlightened ambition, it may be counted that this worthy couple were at least two centuries before their age. I am not sure that at this day an Aberdeen bailie would consider it quite consistent with sanity to send a son to Antwerp to be educated as a painter.

Jamesone was born some twelve or thirteen years before the end of the sixteenth century. It has always been held as an established fact

that he studied along with Vandyke under Rubens, and competent critics have declared that his style sufficiently vouches for his training —that there is no mistaking in his thinly-painted portraits the animated flesh-tints of his master. This may be sufficient to establish the fact that he adopted Rubens's method. That he was the pupil of this master, is asserted in the anecdotes of Horace Walpole, who simply states the fact, mentioning that he received his information about George Jamesone from James Jamesone, a merchant in Leith. A hundred years after the painter's death, Walpole was but eighteen years old, so that the tradition must be supposed to have been transmitted through two or three generations. The amount of evidence, however, demanded for any such fact, depends on its weight. If one shows you a coal which he extracted from the granitic rocks of Devonshire, you would require some evidence of so startling an assertion ; but if he says he got it at Newcastle, it is not worth while proving that it did not come from North Shields or Wallsend. Had Jamesone been a self-created artist, his style would have been as different from others as the methods of the founders of the Italian, the German, and the Flemish schools respectively. But his pictures are Flemish, as broad as they can stare. He learnt to paint, therefore, in the school where Rubens was supreme; and whether he frequented the potentate's studio or not, is a trivial matter.

Local tradition goes farther even than Walpole

has followed, and connects Jamesone with the domestic history of his illustrious instructor. All men know the lovely picture known as the "Straw Hat"—the portrait of Rubens's second wife, whom he married when he was fifty-four and she sixteen. Some of the French Lives call her Helena Fremont, but the more accurate Germans give her name as Forman. This is a common north-country name, and the tradition is, that she was an Aberdeenshire girl, and a relation of Jamesone's. Waagen says she belonged to a distinguished family in Antwerp, but his authority for this seems only to be of a semi-traditional character. I asked him about it. The Aberdeen story, however, will not hold its own ground. It represents Helena Forman as rising from the humble position of a house-maiden in the artist's family, and then bringing her kinsman to participate in her fortunes. But it happens that her marriage with Rubens occurred in 1631, after Jamesone had returned with his training to his native town.

Jamesone, like his father, was a burgess of Aberdeen, and seems to have lived in affluence and comfort, since a few notices preserved of him are chiefly taken from the recorded settlements in which he disposed of his property. Among the topographical memoranda in that valuable little itinerarium so full of amusing learning, called 'The Book of Bon Accord,' there are some curious memoranda of his house and garden. The old local writer there quoted

says: "Upon the west side of the town, at a small distance, there is a little green swelling hill to be seen, corruptly called the Woman Hill, but more properly the Woolman Hill, because it is affirmed that in old tymes the sellers of wool quho came frome the neirest pairts about the towne took ther stand ther upon merkat days. Under the verie hill there runs a stream of water, and another veyne of the same water in the midst of the channel of a little brook running southward close under the foot of that hill, yet it is easilie distinguyshed both by its taste and colour from the waters of the brook. This spring is known by the name of the Wall of Spaa. Hard by it to the westward there is a four-squair feild, which of old served for a theater, since made a gardyne for pleasure by the industrie and expense of George Jamesone, ane ingenious paynter, who did set up therein ane tymber house, paynted all over with his own hand."

In the town-garden and pleasure-house, or *Lust Haus*, we may trace Jamesone's adoption of the habits he saw in the Netherlands. They are commemorated in one of the curious topographical epigrams of Arthur Johnston, of whom and his rivalship with Buchanan something has already been seen. His tribute to the painter's pleasure-garden is not one of his most successful efforts; and it is not improved in the translation of a local bard of some half a century later, whose lyre was inspired by the genius of municipality reform:—

"The Woolman Hill, which all the rest outvies
In pleasantness, this city beautifies!
There is the well of Spa, that healthful font,
Where yr'ne-brewed water coloureth the mount.

Not far from thence a garden's to be seen,
Which unto Jamesone did appertain,
Wherein a little pleasant house doth stand,
Painted (as I guess) with its master's hand." *

Some documents connected with Jamesone's acquisition of his little suburban paradise show more distinctly still the influence of Flemish habits on the painter. The ground where the old Catholic mysteries used to be performed having fallen into the offensive condition in which suburban public grounds, when not carefully tended, are sure to fall, while at the mercy of a turbulent burn, he resolved to beautify it according to the Flemish fashion at his own proper charges. He represented to the magistrates, "That for as meikle as a greeit part of the playfeild belonging to the toune quhair comedies were wont to be acted of auld beside the

* 'Memorials for the Government of the Royal Burghs in Scotland, with some Overtures laid before the Nobility and Gentry of the several Shyres in this Kingdom; as also a History of the City of Aberdeen; with the Epigrams of Arthur Johnstoun, Doctor of Medicine, upon some of our chief Burghs,' translated into English by J. B. 1685. The original reads :—

"Hanc quoque Lanaris mons ornat, amœnoir illis,
Hinc ferrugineis Spada colorat aquis,
Inde suburbanum Jamesoni despicis hortum
Quem domini pictum suspicor esse manu."

wall of Spay, is spoiled, broken, and carriet away in speat and inundation of water, and is liable to the same danger and inconvenience hereafter, so that, unless some course be taken to withstand such speats and inundation, the whole playfeild, within a short space of time, will all utterlie decay, and serve for no use. And the said George Jamesone, taking notice of the toun's prejudice therein, and withall haveand consideration how this litil plot of ground may be useful to the toune heirefter; out of his naturall affectioun to this his native citie, he is content, upon his own charges, not only to make some fortification to restrain the violence of the speattis in tyme cuming, bot lykewayes to make some policie and planting within and about the said playfeild for the publict use and benefit of the town." The condition on which he offered to lay out the pleasure-ground for the future use of the public was, that he should himself retain it for the remainder of his days at a nominal rent, and the offer was thankfully acceded to.

Such trivial details have surely a significance entitling them to be preserved. They show the hopeful readiness with which the foreign notions of the travelled artist were received among his fellow-burgesses in the short breathing-time of peace which followed the union of the crowns. It will easily be believed—especially when the troublous time that immediately followed on the artist's setting up of his tabernacle is remembered—that little of

his garden finery remained down to late times. A stone arch over the chalybeate spring, still called the Well of Spa, is the sole relic of his public benefactions. The stream that threatened to destroy the playground is well barricadoed, but it runs blue and red with the refuse of dyers' vats, mixed with elements still more offensive: the very site of the pleasure-house is forgotten, and the old garden is covered with a filthy suburb.

One who had lived in the house of Rubens must have seen something like princely grandeur: it was the way in Flanders, as well as in some of the Italian states, practically to reverence high art, by letting it open the way to power and wealth. Whether this was a more enlightened principle than that of permitting every artist to advance himself as well as he can, by selling his works to the public at large, and endeavouring to give them cheaper than his neighbours, I am not going to inquire. Jamesone may or may not have sighed for the sort of artistic court which he left behind him at Antwerp. Certainly, however, if he did not find himself where art held its proper supremacy, and where he might reverentially follow masters or ambitiously cope with rivals, he was in the middle of a set of trained scholars and clever men even when at home in his garden-house; and we know that he frequently resided at Edinburgh, and travelled about. The names of some of those whose portraits he painted will show that he enjoyed no mean share of the artist's

privilege, to meet face to face the great men of his age. He painted Charles I., Montrose, Rothes, old Leslie the Earl of Leven, the Chancellor Loudon, the Marquesses of Hamilton and Huntley, Bishop Forbes, Andrew Cant, Gordon of Straloch, Urquhart of Cromarty, Sir Thomas Hope, Gregory, Richard Baxter, George Heriot, Arthur Johnston, and Sir Thomas Nicolson.

We have already made acquaintance with the remarkable group of men renowned for literature and science who then clustered round the old northern city which boasted of the united attractions of a cathedral and a university. When an artist of the Flemish school settled down among the other celebrities of the place, it might have been held a token that civilisation was ripening apace up to the standard of the foreign seats of learning, and that the Scot would no longer be driven abroad to seek a field for intellectual supremacy. But darker days than ever were at hand, and the frail fabric of civilisation was shaken by hands ruder than even those of a foreign enemy. The place where Jamesone had set up his tabernacle was peculiarly under the curse of the civil war. Being tainted with Episcopacy and Royalism, Montrose, when he was himself a zealous Covenanter, came down on it, and forced on the community the iron rule of the Covenant;—at that juncture, among other revolutions, we learn that Jamesone's portrait of the provost was removed from the session-

house, as "savouring of Popery." After Montrose had made his great apostasy he came back, bringing seven devils worse than himself in the shape of his Celtic hordes; and, finding the town under the rule he had himself imposed on it, burned and slaughtered all around, as if he were taking vengeance on the poor citizens for his own fit of disloyalty. It was not a time for the encouragement of the fine arts when the one party had made camp-fires of the carvings of the cathedral, and the other left the streets strewed with the unburied dead.

It was a fortunate thing, however, for the commemoration of the features hardened in that great conflict, that the brief sunshine of peace should have nourished an artist, to pursue his peaceful labours among the men at work with head and hand in the mighty storm. To see their portraits after their manner in the flesh hanging on the walls of old houses gives a liveliness to our book-knowledge of the wars of the Covenant, which we owe entirely to the chances that set down in the midst of them an artist trained abroad. The traces of Jamesone's movements, at a time when people had so many other things to think about, are naturally but scanty. Sir Thomas Hope, a lawyer and professional champion of the Covenanters, who had the reputation of having helped materially in the drafting of the Solemn League and Covenant itself, takes time, just as the storm is coming to its height, to make the following entries in his diary :—

"20 Julji 1638, Fryday.

"This day William Jamesoun, painter (at the ernest desyr of my sone Mr Alexander) was sufferit to draw my pictur.

"27 Julji 1638.

"Item, a second draught be William Jamesoun."

Making allowance for the busy statesman forgetting the artist's Christian name, it is inferred from this that the rather majestic-looking portrait of Hope in the Parliament House of Edinburgh is the work of Jamesone, though some think it must be a mere copy, since it fails in conquering so well as Jamesone in other instances did, that great difficulty of the portrait-painter—the giving flesh and muscle and the proper pose to the hand.

Jamesone had one munificent, and, it might be said, princely patron, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, who united the educated and refined gentleman with the feudal baron and Highland chief, brought arras hangings and damask napery out of Flanders, and "bestowet and gave to ane Germane painter, whom he entertainet in his house aught month, the soume of ane thousand pundis." Some of Jamesone's letters to this potent chief still exist. On the 13th of October 1634, he writes from Edinburgh to acknowledge the receipt of a hundred merks, and explains that it will be the month of January before he begins his pictures, "except that I have the occasione to meet with the parties in the north, quhair I mynd to stay for tuo moneths." In

the ensuing month of June he refers to sixteeen pictures of which he has got "a not;" and, in reference to pecuniary considerations, says: "The pryce quhilk ewerie ane payes to me abowe the west [above the waist] is twentie merkis, I furnishing claith and coulleris; bot iff I furniss ane double-gilt muller, then it is twentie poundis. Thes I deall with all alyk; bot I am moir bound to hawe ane gryte cair of your worship's service, becaus of my gouid payment for my laist imployment. Onlie thus your worship wold resolve at quohis charges I mist go throwe the countrey to maik thir picturis, for all that are heir in town neidis onlie your worship's letter to theam to cause theam sitt." He concludes by saying, "Iff I begin the picturs in Julii, I will hawe the sextine redie about the laist of September." *

The execution of sixteen portraits between July and the end of September looks like industrious application and rapid execution; but he followed a master whom he had seen sweep the canvass with tempestuous brush, and his portraits show a characteristic tendency to broad effects in preference to elaborate finishing.

The class of persons called Tourists are familiar with the long line of portraits of the kings of Scotland, from Father Fergus downwards, which decorate the narrow gallery of Holyrood. It has

* 'Black Book of Taymouth,' Bannatyne Club, page 441.

been remarked how, through century after century, they carry so strong a family likeness; and the spectator may also observe that there is a sort of unity, with judicious variations, in the nature of their costume, such as may be seen in the characters of a well-adjusted play. Jamesone was naturally the man to whom tradition pointed as the painter of these portraits. But there is no evidence that he gave himself to the pious fraud of setting forth likenesses of men whose features—such of them as ever existed—had been permitted to pass into oblivion. Whoever commenced the gallery, the artist who is known to have made a complete job of it was a Dutchman named De Wit; and, for the credit of art, it is a pleasant thing to know that his name was Jacob, and that there is no excuse for throwing the scandal of his paltry forgeries on that passionate devotee of art, Emanuel De Wit, whose crowded interiors are the very soul of truth and distinctness. Jacob De Wit, indeed, appears to have been a mechanic and an artist by turns, as he was hired. The job of painting the kings he completed in 1686; and some ten years earlier we find him drawing coats of arms, graining chimney-pieces in imitation of marble, and doing "ane piece of history" for the ceiling of the royal bedroom.*

* The national arms over the great entrance to Holyrood House, also the blazon in the quadrangle, were designed by De Wit. There are the following entries of payments to

There is a landscape picture of King's College in Aberdeen, attributed, but without distinct authority, to Jamesone. If it be truly his, it shows that he was wise in restricting himself in general to portraiture, though the piece has its value, as informing us of the nature of the architectural character of some portions of the building which have since disappeared. In that edifice there hangs a collection of strange, musty, decayed pictures, also attributed to Jamesone, which have a curious fascination in their quaint and almost eldrich character. They are called "the Sibyls," and all represent female heads, yet certainly not ordinary female portraits, for there is an airy, wild fantasticalness of expression mixed with beauty in them, and in some instances peculiarities of corporeal structure not quite human. A general delicacy and sweetness of tone distinguishes them from the Temptations of St Anthony, and other fantasies of the contemporary Flemish school.

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him in the accounts of Sir William Bruce, the Surveyor-General of Royal Works, preserved in the General Register House:—"1674, February 7.—Item, payed to Jacob De Wett, Dutch paynter, £98, 12s. (Scots), for two several chimney-pieces paynted by him, and for paynting in marble colour ane chimney. 1675, Julii, 31.—Item, payed to Mr De Wett, paynter, £120 Scots, for ane piece of historie, paynted and placed in the roofe of the King's bed-chamber in the 2d storie to the east quarter on the syde towards the Privie Garden."—'Proceedings of the Antiquaries of Scotland,' vol. iii. p. 113.

Walpole, who was pleased, in one of his complimentary moods, to call Scotland "the most accomplished nation in Europe—the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior portion of sense, he should be inclined to give the preference in that particular"—had the merit of first drawing attention to the works of Jamesone, as the first eminent British portrait-painter—that is, the first inhabitant of Britain who painted, like a trained artist, life-size portraits in oil. The great critic says of him: "His excellency consists in delicacy and softness, with a clear and beautiful colouring; his shades not charged, but helped by varnish, with little appearance of the pencil. He had much of Vandyk's second manner; and to Sir Anthony some of his works have been occasionally imputed." Walpole, in his anecdotes, re-engraved an old plate from one of Jamesone's pictures, representing an extremely pleasing family group. It is the artist himself—his hat on his head, after the practice of his master and his colleague, and his pallet in hand. Beside him stands the faithful partner of his days, Isabella Tosh by name, and their round-cheeked child drops roses on the mother's lap. There is a delightful repose and simplicity in the whole, accompanied by perfect truth. Isabella has her head covered with the modest plaid or "screen" long worn in the north, and has a feminine beauty which the first artists of that age could rarely impart to their female faces. The child is the perfection of health, vivacity, and rever-

ential affection. It is a strange contrast this peaceful little group with the array of the warriors and statesmen of that stormy age, portrayed by the same pencil.

The plate thus resuscitated by Walpole was originally engraved by John Alexander, a grandson of Jamesone, who might also, if there were sufficient materials at hand concerning him, exemplify the Scottish student of art in foreign countries. He seems to have been the first among them who studied in Italy, for the little that is known of him is that he lived a long time in Florence. On his return to Britain he enjoyed some fashionable repute in his day. It is said that he worked chiefly at Gordon Castle, where probably some of the pictures which, in great houses, after a generation or two, lose their artistic genealogies, might be traced to him, were it a sufficiently important object to ascertain the fact, either on account of the merits of the pictures or the celebrity of the artist. His fame, indeed, has lain under a sort of artistic scandal, which cannot recommend it to association with high and worthy names in honest art. The possession of a genuine ancestral portrait of Queen Mary has always been, in advertising phraseology, "a desideratum" in old Scottish families. Two painters of the early part of last century, this Alexander and a dissipated son of Sir John Medina, are said to have competed with each other in the trade or mystery of producing the kind of article called "a genuine and original portrait of Mary Queen of Scots."

A very different person from either of these worthies comes next before us in chronological order, yet he is one of whom little can be said. The name of William Aikman, celebrated in its day by more than one distinguished poet, is now forgotten. But his character, as exemplified in his personal history, will deserve the sympathy of the lovers of art so long as the sacrifice of all worldly advantages at this shrine, and a simple devotion to art for itself, pursued in defiance of conventional prejudices, are respected. Aikman was born some twelve years before the end of the seventeenth century, and he was then born a laird, being come of a worshipful ancestry, who left him, as their representative, heir to the estate of Cairnie. There are several Cairnies in Scotland, and it is not very surprising that it should be a question which of them owned one who was so little conscious of the importance of his possession.

He resolved very early in life to sell his estate and become a student of art in Italy. After living and working for some time in Rome, he paid a visit to Constantinople and Syria, and returned to Rome to pursue his studies. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign he came to Britain, and found immediate admission to the brilliant London intellectual circle ever associated with that reign. It was breaking up, but not yet gone, and Aikman was the means of in some measure conveying its mantle to such successors of that intellectual hier-

archy as the reign of the Georges afforded. As a kindred spirit free of the corporation of Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, he was enabled to introduce to fashionable fame his countryman James Thomson the poet, and to do many acts of patronage to authors, who commemorated his merits in abundant rhymes.

Another Scottish artist, who belongs to a period about a quarter of a century later, is better known to fame—Gavin Hamilton. When he came to manhood he went abroad, and lived almost entirely in Italy, where he held his state like one of the great old masters, and Scotland saw no more of him save when he appeared on an occasional visit, prompted by a lingering desire to settle in his native county, Lanark—a design always protracted by the coldness of the climate, or some other uncongeniality, when it came to a practical issue. He was a very learned and industrious worker in what may now be termed the æsthetic department of archæology, and the services performed by him for the Italian collections of antiques are to be found recorded in all the proper authorities.

He executed some stately portraits, one of which, representing the Duchess of Hamilton with a greyhound, is pretty well known in an engraving once very popular. Hamilton saturated himself with classicality. He aimed high, and in his day had a reputation somewhat akin to that subsequently enjoyed by the French David. Efforts so rigidly con-

ventional in this direction are not popular at present, yet the system has had its great advocates; and no one can deny that Hamilton, whether he rightly or wrongly understood the mission of the artist, did his work nobly, and carried the palm of a victor. Look at his "Andromache weeping over the Body of Hector." There she is in full attitude, like Clairon in one of her most felicitous classical inspirations, while Dumesnil might have personified the decorously solicitous attendant. The whole group is, in short, intensely theatrical, or, if one may make a word more suitable to the purpose, attitudinary; yet it exhibits a profusion of energy and conventional skill which must commend it as a great work to the devotees of that style of art.

Another picture by Hamilton excited a melancholy interest in its day. It represented Achilles dragging the body of Hector round the walls of Troy. It was purchased by the Duke of Bedford. The tragic fate of the young heir of that house became some time afterwards the talk of all England, and the object of many a sympathising echo to the grief of the bereaved parents, not unaccompanied by apposite reflections on the incapacity of temporal greatness and wealth to save us from the common lot. The youth fell from his horse, and was dragged by the stirrup till death relieved him from torture. The canvass, full of energy and terrible action, so vividly recalled the character of the calamity that it was ejected from the collection of the ducal house,

and fell, if I mistake not, into the hands of General Scott, the father-in-law of Canning.

If it were desirable to fill the present rapid sketch with all available names, it would be easy to bring forward many secondary Scottish artists who studied and worked on the Continent; such, for instance, as Thomas Murray, whose portrait is in the Florentine Gallery, and William Ferguson, a painter of still life, who seems to have lived so much of his life in Italy that scarcely anything is known of him in his own country but the general reputation of his paintings for vigour and natural truth. Leaving the completion of such inquiries to all who are patriotic enough for the task, I profess only to touch—and that fugitively—the names that hold a conspicuous place in the general history of art; and so let us pass to a name which has acquired a renown amply deserved—that of Allan Ramsay.

Every one, of course, is acquainted with the fame of his father, the author of the 'Gentle Shepherd.' It was one quite alien from the purpose of these papers, for he was eminently a Scot at home—his birthplace in the Lanarkshire hills, and his house on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, forming the limits of his migrations. He confesses to an early propensity for art; and in some of his manuscripts which I have seen, there are impatient dabbings of grotesque heads and angular fragments of rock and tree scenery, dashed off to occupy the pen while

the brain was elaborating the poetic thought. About the year 1736 the poet writes to a friend that young Allan (he was born in 1713) had been sedulously pursuing art since he was thirteen years old; "has since been painting here like a Raphael," and "sets out to the seat of the Beast beyond the Alps within a month hence—to be away two years." "I am sweer," continues the father, "to part with him, but cannot stem the current which flōws from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination."

On this his first visit to Rome he remained for three years, and on his return home he painted a well-known portrait of his father, and others of his relations and near friends. Very much to the poet's satisfaction, the artist showed a decided disposition to re-establish the gentility of the family; for old Allan, much as he had been tossed about in the world, and hard as was his struggle for decent subsistence, never forgot that he was come of the Ramsays of Dalwolsey and the Douglases of Muthill. His position—speaking of him as a tradesman, not as a poet—was common to members of the best Scottish families in his age. The country was not rich enough to afford two classes of traders—the larger, who, as extensive dealers, might be counted gentlemen by profession; the smaller, who were mere retailers. All trade was looked askance on; but when it was necessary to find a living by commerce, we see the best families at once accepting the humblest position in its ranks.

Old Allan united in his person three rather incongruous social conditions. He was by descent a country gentleman; by personal qualification a man of genius; by profession the keeper of a bookstall and circulating library. In his old age, when he had conquered his difficulties, and was gathering in a harvest of wealth and fame, it was not without satisfaction that he saw his son—although following a pursuit which, like his own, sometimes led its votaries into an erratic carreer—holding his head high in the social circle, and likely to keep up the old gentility of his race.

The young artist greatly strengthened his position by his marriage with the heiress of the Lindsays of Eyvelic, whose domain, perched on the ridge of the line of hills running from Perth eastward, overlooks the rich Carse of Gowrie, and the river Tay widening into the sea. Of his wife he painted a portrait, of which it may safely be said that no other, painted in the same half-century in Britain, can have excelled it for artistic truth of drawing and sweetness of sentiment. It represents a fair-haired bright-cheeked Scottish damsel, simply dressed, and with an expression full of earnestness and innocence, carrying a basket of flowers. The attitude and the general tone are quite natural, and borrowed from none of the standard portraits, which relieved secondary artists from the labour of thinking and the responsibility of novelty. It perhaps enhances the pleasantness of this picture that it is

still fresh as if it had been painted yesterday, and has suffered none of the cadaverous ravages with which Reynolds's unfortunate method of preparing his colours has afflicted his beauties. It may be a farther reason why it is so pleasant to look upon, that the artist, while exerting all his skill, was at his ease, and did not require to give his sitter either a state dress or a state attitude.

Too much state is undoubtedly the defect, in a wide sense, of Allan Ramsay's painting. The success with which he brought out Lord Bute's immaculate legs beneath the canopy of his rich Treasury robes, has been the object of much half-sarcastic laudation. But if it be a defect in an artist to succumb to conventionalities, and give prominence to robes and decorations at the sacrifice of the individual character, yet painting of this kind admits of being well done and ill done. In the common run of such state pictures the robes and decorations are the fabric on which a human face—or something as like a human face as the artist could create—is plastered. But with Ramsay, Lord Bute, in all his glory, is still Lord Bute, from his powdered hair through the easy bend of his body and the renowned calves of his legs to the toes. And so of all Ramsay's paintings; they may generally have too much silk and velvet, and too much attitude—but they are pieces of thorough art.

Before returning to Rome, about the year 1754, he had socially allied himself, not only with many

men of rank, but with a far higher circle in the permanent estimate of such matters—the leaders of the intellect of the age. He left behind him a literary association, which he had founded in Edinburgh, called the "Select Society." All inquirers into the history of British literature at that period must be familiar with its influence over at least the Scottish department—not a small one.* David Hume is found writing to his friend Allan of the progress and prospects of the little flock left behind him in the wilderness: "It has grown to be a national concern. Young and old, noble and ignoble, witty and dull, laity and clergy—all the world are ambitious of a place amongst us, and on each occasion we are as much solicited by candidates as if we were to choose a member of Parliament." Then of individualities, "Our friend young Wedderburn has acquired a great character by the appearance he has made." This refers to him who became Lord Loughborough. "Wilkie the minister has turned up from obscurity, and become a very fashionable man, as he is indeed a very singular one. Monboddo's oddities divert—Sir David's [Lord Hailes] zeal entertains—Jack Dalrymple's rhetoric interests. The long drawling speakers have found out their want of talents, and rise seldomer. In short, the House

* An account of the Select Society—the parent of a numerous progeny of debating societies in Edinburgh—will be found in the first volume of Tytler's 'Life of Kames.'

of Commons was less the object of general curiosity at London than the Select Society at Edinburgh. 'The Robinhood,' 'The Devil,' and all other speaking societies, are ignoble in comparison. Such felicity has attended the seed which you planted. But what chiefly renders us considerable is a project of engrafting on the society a scheme for the encouragement of arts and sciences and manufactures in Scotland, by premiums partly honorary, partly lucrative. A box is opened for donations, and about one hundred guineas have been given in. We hear of considerable sums intended by Lord Hopetoun, Morton, Marchmont, &c., who desire to be members. Nine managers have been chosen; and to keep the business distinct from our reasoning, the first Monday of every month is set apart for these transactions, and they are never to be mentioned in our Wednesday meetings. Advertisements have been published to inform the public of our intentions. A premium, I remember, is promised to the best discourse on Taste, and on the Principles of Vegetation. These regard the *belles lettres* and the sciences; but we have not neglected porter, strong ale, and wrought ruffles, even down to linen rags."

Then follows a good-natured word on the collection of Essays published by Ramsay, which carried a considerable reputation in their day: "Your 'Investigator' has been published this spring, and I find that it has met with a very good reception from the

wits and the critics. In vain did I oppose myself, and assert it was not just metaphysics. They did nothing but laugh at me, and told me it was very entertaining, and seemed very reasonable." *

The artist, writing back from the *Mons Viminalis*, showed that he could hold his own against the great author, even with the pen. "Can a man, O philosopher, be both sorry and glad at the same time? . If the thing is possible, I am in these circumstances; for I am glad to hear that there is any society of men amongst you, who give a particular attention to the improvement of the arts of luxury, so conducive to the riches, the strength, and liberty of our dear country; but I am afraid, at the same time, that this scheme, by bringing in a new set of members of another species, will destroy that which we had set on foot; and I could have wished that some other way had been fallen upon by which porter might have been made thick, brick thin, and the nation rich, without our understanding being at all the poorer for it. Is not truth more than meat, and wisdom than raiment? . . . . Have your rewards produced an essay on Taste? If they have, and it is printed, I should be glad to see it. Millar would send it to me, some way or other, if you desire him. I am satisfied with my own dialogue,

* The author got access to the letters from which these passages are taken subsequently to his publication of the 'Life of David Hume.'

though I find I shall make but few proselytes. It has always been my hard fate in these matters to pass for a very comical dog when I meant to get the fame of a deep philosopher; but I am comforted again when I consider that the same has been the lot of my favourite Lucian; and that to write like a deep philosopher, we must write like Turnbull or Plato."

This letter gives shape to a practical joke which must have cost Ramsay an enormous deal of labour. It is embodied in a long fabricated Greek inscription, professing to afford evidence in refutation of Hume's scepticism, "which," says its author, "I found, while I was looking for bas-reliefs, in a lumber-room of the Palace Farnese." He conveys the result of his observation on the three popular horrors of the day in these terms: "The Pope himself is short and fat, the Pretender is long and lean, which is all I am able to inform you with regard to either. As to the Devil, I have not yet seen him, and am too diffident of reports, especially when they concern heads of parties, to send you any description of his person by hearsay." That Ramsay was a pretty genial representative of the philosopher in "the seat of the Beast," may be inferred from the manner in which Hume communicates to him his own embroilments with the ecclesiastical authorities. He begins by telling about Kames, against whom the General Assembly were undoubtedly urged strongly by a party in the Church to proceed.

"They will not," he says, "at once go to extremities with him, and deliver him over to Satan, without any preparation or precaution. They intend to make him be prayed for in all the churches of Scotland during six months, after which, if he do not give signs of repentance, he is to be held as *anathema maranatha*." And then he takes a complacent view of his own prospects: "Meanwhile I am preparing for the day of wrath, and have already bespoken a number of discreet families, who have promised to admit me after I shall be excommunicated."

And again: "You may tell that reverend gentleman the Pope that there are many here who rail at him, and yet would be much greater prosecutors had they equal power. The last Assembly sat on me. They did not propose to burn me, because they cannot. But they intend to give me over to Satan, which they think they have the power of doing. My friends, however, prevailed, and my damnation is postponed for a twelvemonth. But next Assembly will surely be upon me. Anderson—the godly, spiteful, pious, splenetic, charitable, unrelenting, meek, persecuting, Christian, inhuman, peace-making, furious Anderson—is at present very hot in pursuit of Lord Kames. He has lately wrote a letter to his son, which they say is a curiosity. He mentions his own great age, which leaves him no hopes of being able long to survive the condemnation of that atheistical, however just judge. He therefore

leaves me as a legacy to his son, and conjures him, as he expects his blessing, or the blessing of Heaven, never to cease his pursuit of me till he bring me to condign punishment. Is not this somewhat like Hamilcar, who swore Hannibal on the altar to be an eternal enemy to the Roman people?" These were the characteristic home-memorials which broke in on the dreamy luxuriousness of an artist-life in Rome; recalling the memories of that healthy warfare of the mind, which, in the city of the Republic, the Cæsars, and the Vatican, had long been dead and buried.

Ramsay's mantle fell on one of his countrymen who studied under him at Rome—David Martin. There is a good deal of his master's touch in his portraits, and the same affection for velvet and state finery. A portrait-painter takes rank in a great measure by the importance of his sitters. Martin has thus possession of two of the most remarkable statesmen of his day. The one was a great lawyer—perhaps the greatest Britain ever saw—Lord Mansfield. There he is spread before you in bland breadth, the warm glow of red velvet toning his ruddy, good-humoured, powerful face. One may see in it something of the epicureanism which made him decline to wrinkle it with the cares of the woolsack. Like Ramsay's Lord Bute, this portrait goes somewhat to legs, but then they are also well-drawn and well-set legs. The painting has the specialty that its artist made the best engraving we have of it. The other

eminent statesman painted by Martin was a man at the opposite extreme of eminence—Benjamin Franklin. This portrait is known to the world by a dark mezzotint, and is reputed to be the best likeness of Franklin. Martin painted David Hume and Rousseau, too. He could not have had access to "the self-torturing sophist" except through the fat philosopher; and it is odd that among the charges made by Rousseau against Hume, that of being compelled or fraudulently induced to sit for his portrait is not included. Martin preserved the likeness of another man who left the chief evidence of his talents to posterity—Dr Carlyle. His autobiography, recently published, was accompanied with an engraving of this fine portrait, which one can easily believe to have meted out full justice to the reverend dignity and beauty for which Carlyle was famed.

Such are a few stray notices of the artists whom Scotland sent forth, most of them before England could point to her great Reynolds. They were not sufficiently strong in their home influence to found a school. The artistic character which they conferred on their country was fed, as it were, from hand to mouth by foreign supplies. Each stood alone on his merits, such as they were; but it may be safely attributed to the genial influence of that connection with foreign countries which the enterprise of Scottish warriors and scholars had created, that down to the middle of the last century we could

boast of an array of artists such as England, with all her numerical superiority of population, her riches, and her pecuniary patronage of art, could not match. For Jamesone, Aikman, Hamilton, and Ramsay, she can show only such names as Dobson, Thornhill, and Hudson; and that after her affluence had set before her artists the examples of Holbein, Rubens, Vandyk, Lely, Kneller, and a host of painters second to these eminences. Of Jamesone, our old friend Allan Cunningham says, in his 'Lives of British Painters,' "That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting there can be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being named above him, in his own walk, before the days of Reynolds."

Here it comes to one's remembrance that Hogarth also was an occasional portrait-painter, and that he was anterior to Reynolds. And without disputing the merits of his portraits, or detracting from the rank of his transcendent genius, I yet hold that the lofty isolation and entire solitude of his position in the world of art, is in itself a curious record of the reserved ungeniality which prevented England from imbibing any artistic spirit or practice out of the opportunities afforded by the presence of great foreign artists and the purchase of great paintings. It is common indeed to deny that Hogarth was, properly speaking, an artist. It is impossible to wish him to have been an artist, in the conventional sense, if his being so must have deprived the world of those

wonderful tragedies and comedies which he has performed for us on paper. But his genius had all the rugged individuality that characterises a single creative mind arising in the midst of surrounding intellectual barrenness. And he became himself, through the power of his self-achieved position, the trumpet of the vulgar English prejudice against high art. He could not endure anything foreign. All Frenchmen he held in such hatred, that in his short sojourn among them he could not restrain ebullitions which, towards a less polite people, might have been dangerous. He embodied his contempt of high art in those hideous nightmare groups which he thought would demonstrate how easily he could excel Michael Angelo, Correggio, or Rembrandt, if he condescended to abandon London life and adopt their conventionalities. Hogarth was perhaps as far above William Aikman as Burns was beyond Darwin or Glover; yet the Scottish painter's career was a type of national conditions more conducive to the cultivation of art, in that catholic spirit which goes through the whole world to discover whatever is best and greatest in the achievements of those who have gone before.

Down to Ramsay's epoch, our Scottish painters had been persons of family and station. It shows perhaps the germinating of something like a national school, when we find men of obscure condition struggling into the ranks of fame. Jacob More was a house-painter's apprentice in Edinburgh. Through

the aid of some enlightened patrons he went to Italy, and there remained, unknown among his countrymen save by the general European celebrity of his landscapes. In other instances, the descent of artistic ambition to a humbler grade was accompanied by the dawning of a national spirit in the objects of the artist. David Allan, though he studied in Italy, had the boldness to devote his genius to the illustration of Scottish life, and painted such scenes as would have made the classic Hamilton shudder. But far above Allan—high indeed in the great republic of genius—was the ill-starred Runciman. He was one of those who had not the good fortune, or the skill, as it may be, to make their light shine before men; and it is in obscure corners that people stumble on his best works, wondering whence came the deep artistic power, and the noble simplicity, of pictures so unknown to fame. I have seen portraits of his own esteemed friends—of some of those, for instance, who made his student circle at Rome—which I question if even Raeburn—who took his tone from Runciman, and is generally reputed to have greatly improved on it—could have excelled in truth and dignified simplicity.

Let us now step over to another department of art—one lower than painting, in general estimation, and ancillary to it, yet which it was the function of one of our countrymen to elevate to a rank very little under that of the higher walks of design. Sir Robert Strange's engravings look like the works of a

man who could do everything that the human hand, aided by the head, is capable of achieving. There is not an effect in the whole range of painting which he has not shown his capacity to shadow forth with his magic graver. Beginning with the restless cheerful sky, and the energetic white horse of Wouvermans' Market-Cart, he advances with immediate perfection to the rugged grandeur of Salvator's Belisarius, the soft smooth fleshes of Guido Reni, and the heavenly countenances of the Corregios. There is surely no sweeter production that can be looked upon in uncoloured art than the *Parce somnum rumpere*, whether we prefer to rest the eye on the health and innocence radiating from the babe, or the absorbing love of the graceful mother, or on the tender beaming excitement of the beautiful onlooker. From these features, which arrest even the uninitiated eye, the adept will turn to the perfection of detail in the drapery, and the gossamer lightness of the veil which the mother gently removes. Nor less perfect is he in representing the stately dignity of Vandyk's Charles I., and the pleasant mixture of childish simplicity and princely consciousness in the royal children with their dogs. There are few things more calculated to awaken a train of pensive reflection than to find hanging, perhaps in some quiet bedroom in a remote country-house, the portraits of the stately monarch and the unconscious group of children, with their silky-haired spaniels, when one con-

templates them with time and inclination to recall the tragic and eventful history through which they all passed.

There never was a nobler and more unselfish devotion to art than Strange's adoption of his great object in life. With genius enough to have achieved a separate reputation as a creative artist, he resolved to devote his rare powers to the promulgation of the beautiful forms which others had created, rather than attempt to add to their number. He knew that aloft in the domes of great cathedrals, or remote in private mansions, or in the exclusive recesses of palaces, were those wondrous productions of the great masters which hitherto had received but unworthy interpreters to the world, or none at all; and he resolved that his mission through life should be so to devote those powers which he knew he was endowed with, as to become the great teacher of art, as it were, among the nations, by promulgating abroad its unknown treasures.

The difficulties he had to undergo show, when compared with the life of the ordinary engraver, who copies what he is employed to copy, and does it as accurately as his opportunities permit, how arduous is the task of the engraver who sets before himself a higher object—who is bent on copying certain pictures, because they are the best and none others will satisfy him, and who must have a full opportunity of rendering all their characteristics on his plate ere he ventures to interpret them to the

public. In one instance, perhaps, there are political or ecclesiastical difficulties in the way. Certain cardinals and bishops have to be consulted ere access can be obtained to the picture. There perhaps is a high altar-piece: to remove it would be sacrilege, were it practicable, which it often is not; and raising a scaffolding before it, which was not unfrequently Strange's proposal, was something nearly as offensive. Less truthful engravers would have been content with such flying opportunities as they could catch, hoping that no others would be enabled, by a closer inspection of the original, to detect their slovenly workmanship. But Strange set out with a resolution to copy the best pictures in the world, and to copy them faithfully; and his resolute perseverance was rewarded with marvellous success.

It is fortunate for the memory of Strange, and for those who love to dwell on such a history as his, that it has been recorded by one whose naturally fastidious and highly-cultivated taste made him a worshipper at the same shrine of high Italian art. Though the work fell to his hands nearly a century after it should have been performed by others, James Dennistoun, with a zealous devotion which the fatal progress of disease could not quench, collected the fragments of the artist's history—scattered as they were, minute and scarcely perceptible, all over Europe—and massed them together in a book, which, if it do not afford an exciting narrative to the com-

mon reader, must be full of interest to the collector and the critic of art.*

The artist, casually referring in a letter to the impulse under which he devoted himself, says: "Since the time of the memorable revival of the arts in the fifteenth century, Italy, without doubt, is the country which has produced the most celebrated painters. There are none who have penetrated so deep as they into the secret of this art, or reached to such a height in the sublime. A purity and correctness of design, the most noble expressions, elegant forms, just proportions, elevated ideas, and a fertility of genius, give a superiority to their productions which no other artist would have been able to attain. It is only by studying and meditating upon the works of the Italian masters that we can reasonably expect to form a true taste, and to defend ourselves against the destructive and capricious sorcery of fashion, which changes almost with the seasons, and of

* 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, Knight, and of his Brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden, Private Secretary to the Stuart Princes.' By James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. 1855. All who knew James Dennistoun will recognise in his own life, and in these two volumes, something of that unselfish enthusiasm which inspired Strange himself. He could not have expected the life of the engraver to be popular, nor did he write it as one courting popularity. Placed, however, from family conditions, in a position to be acquainted with the beautiful history of the great artist, he thought it his duty to let the world have an opportunity of knowing what he knew.

which the most applauded and finest efforts in the space of a few years generally appear to be, what they really are, unnatural and ridiculous."

How very true is this reference to "the capricious sorcery of fashion!" How imperfectly have mental philosophers yet expounded that specialty in the human intellect that carries it off in æsthetic epidemic, to hold that the prevailing fashion, and nothing else, is graceful or beautiful, and to feel that when a change has come, nothing can be more hideous and odious than the prevailing fashion last deserted! Perhaps this, like all other indications of barbarism, is getting chastened down as the world grows older. Certainly the multiplication through the world of the forms destined to everlasting homage for their grace and beauty was likely to be a counteracting balance-wheel to such oscillations.

And in this the world's debt of gratitude to Strange is very great. Few men can possess the paintings of the great masters. Their possession is indeed not always a privilege to be envied, since, if honourably and kindly used, it must admit of participation by others. It is, perhaps, hard that because a man is wealthy and can buy great pictures he should become a showman; yet concealing them from the sight of those worthy of beholding them is something like a crime. Humbler devotees of art, collecting scraps of paintings, enjoy the notion that though not great works there is here a special artistic touch, and there a happy combination of colours,

that, after frequent study, in the end endear to them the possession. So in paintings. But in engravings there is no excuse for decorating the wall with anything that does not repeat the forms adjusted by the great masters. Believing in the education of the eye by training it to beauty, I cannot but also believe that the being habitually surrounded by such forms gives a capacity for finding and enjoying beauty, to the eyes of children, and when, in maturity, they see the great paintings themselves, the engraved copies at home recall all the relish of the sight. Since, then, Strange seems to have rendered these great works as fully as an inspiration can be rendered, I have often thought that it would be a wholesome arrangement that places frequented by young people should be decorated by the best Stranges, and perhaps a few other engravings of like eminence, such as Morghens's of the smaller Raphael Madonna, or Muller's of the larger. They would be all the better a safeguard to the eyes of the young, that at present there exists a school which, determining to pit the ideal ugly against the ideal beautiful, has worked for the degradation of the popular taste with an amount of zealous energy, and also of success, which are, taken together, among the wonders of the age.

To come to Strange's personal history: he was descended of a somewhat worshipful family in Orkney, his father leaving some landed property and sheep, with "twelve double-silver spoons," "a knock

[clock] and case thereof," and a wainscot cabinet. His mother's name was Scollay, and the paternal name was originally the Norwegian Strang or Strong. The artist, disliking its northern harshness, softened it by the addition of an *e*, and thus carried it into a totally different line of etymological descent—the French *étrange*. There is a traditional story—I remember being told it by Dr Chalmers—that soon after the metamorphosis he happened to meet a traveller, who, hearing his name, said, "Ah, sir, you call yourself *Strange*, but the strangest part of it is that your name is only the letter *e*." The artist's guilty conscience smote him with the idea that the traveller intended to be sarcastic on his addition to the patronymic; but he was only an etymological enthusiast, who derived the word, very inaccurately, by increment from the Latin preposition *e*. Thus *e, ex, extra, extraneous*, whence comes the French *étrange*.

With a sort of instinct that he was some day or other to be great, he began at an early period an account of his own progress. It dropped, suddenly interrupted by the labours of a busy life; and the artist-like clearness of his account of whatever passed around him in his early humble phase of life, makes the reader regret that it is so brief. He underwent some training in one of the humbler departments of the law, but apparently with a hopeless restlessness; and the bent of his genius drove him to an engraver of the name of Cooper, whose

apparently wealthy circumstances show how considerable a field was then open in Edinburgh to one of that profession who was little above a trading mechanic. The young artist joined the insurgents of 1745—fortunately for himself and art, not so effectually distinguishing himself by his warlike prowess as to encounter the vengeance of the victors.

His chief service to the cause was characteristic. At the camp at Inverness, and just before the battle of Culloden, he engraved at the Prince's desire a plate for bank-notes, payable at the Restoration. The excellence of the engraving, however, could not make up for the want of assets; and doubtless, if one of the notes thrown off could now be recovered, it would bring far more as a relic of art than its original value in the money market. Making his escape, like many others, from the broken army through terrible hardships, he reached France, and studied engraving with Le Bas. It would have been difficult to find a better master. His clearness and quiet sweetness make him still a favourite, whether the collector prefers his fresh sunny seaports with their lazy life, or the warm interiors, where the solemn Dutch alchemist blows his bellows, and imparts wisdom to his pupils.

But as Strange acquired technical skill in secondary work, higher aspirations dawned on him, and a visit to Italy confirmed him in the great project of his life. With the devotion of the monk or the crusader

in the pursuit of his mission, he made sacrifices to his pursuit, some of them trivial, others deep and real. His adherence to the Jacobite cause has been attributed with considerable foundation to his love for Miss Lumisden, the sister of the accomplished secretary of the exiled court in Italy. She was one of the arbitrary and enthusiastic Jacobite beauties who would tolerate no lover unless he first proved himself a true knight by wearing the white rose. Strange obtained his reward, and they were married; but art stepped in to claim her votary, and years after years of absence from her husband, all-absorbed in the pursuit of his mission, joined to the protracted hopelessness of her darling cause, turned her enthusiasm into acidity.

Her growing fretfulness and ardent Jacobitism to the end make the letters and conversation of this strong-charactered woman very amusing. When it came to her ear that her brother, after a quarter of a century of endurance, must at last leave the Prince's service, and the announcement came along with rumours not complimentary to the habits and conduct into which the object of her devoted loyalty had fallen, she cannot show the letter to her husband, so filled is it with matter of overwhelming grief. "If ever," she says, "anything in prejudice of my darling's [the Prince's] character is suggested, I deny it, or find an excuse for it. Oh, he has had much to disturb his brains! I am perfectly satisfied, my dearest Andrew, that you have not failed in your

duty, for which I thank God. Believe me, I would sooner wish to hear of your death than blush for anything you ever did in your life. Suffer I can, but sin I will not. Honest principles were the noble legacy our dear parents left us; while we live we will display them when called on to do so. All I beg is secrecy. Four-and-twenty years' faithful service cannot be rewarded with a frown—no, you must be mistaken. If you are not, at least be advised. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the uncircumcised rejoice, and the daughters of the Philistines be glad'—this was our good grandfather's text for many years on the 30th of January."

And on another occasion: "If my twenty years' old acquaintance [the Prince] is now at your house, on your knees present my most respectful duty, nor blush to think a lady bid you do so. Oh, had I been of a more useful sex! Had my pen been a sword, I had not been here, sitting tamely by my fireside, desiring you to do me a simple office like this. In those years, so many and so long, I have not been altogether idle, for I have made three fine boys, who, I hope, will do me credit: they'll be recruits when I am gone—I hope they'll all have Roman spirits in them. I'll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them." Afterwards sending one of these young Gracchi to Paris, she insists that he is not to wear ruffles, silk, or lace, or any other ornament, however imperiously dictated

by fashion: she will give her reasons when she sees her brother—they are doubtless founded on the calamitous condition of her favourite court, and not to be casually committed to writing even in the year 1770; and she characteristically winds up her injunction, "If he appears awkward, say he does so by the positive command of his worthy old mother, who never did or said anything but what she had a good reason for—therefore you comply without asking a single question."

A common tradition attributes the commencement of Strange's prosperity to the courtly dexterity of his wife. A rumour of the excellence of his engraved portrait of "the Prince" had, according to the tradition, reached the palace, and some royal relation called at Strange's workshop desirous to see it. Mrs Strange, who was there alone, knowing that the portrait by her husband was of the wrong Prince, took care that amid the other works with which she entertained the visitor it should not be found, and fixed a time for a second visit, before which she got her obedient husband to have in tolerable progress an engraving of the *right* Prince.

It is very clear that Mrs Strange, or "Bella," as she was called, was not a person to perform such a feat. It was known, indeed, to those conversant with the artistic gossip of the time, that Strange had received proffers from the royal family very early in his career, and that he had repelled them with a surly abruptness, which was supposed too clearly to

indicate the motives of "the brother-in-law of the Pretender's secretary." The documents published by Mr Dennistoun make this affair very clear. A proffer had been made to him by Allan Ramsay to engrave his own portrait of the Prince of Wales, just before he became George III. But Strange was then full of his great Italian projects. His allegiance was for his own chosen sovereign, high art, and he cared for neither of their houses.

But it was not necessary to go into large questions —there was a sublunary and immediate shape assumed by the offer. The payment was to be £100, and Strange, saying that to do justice to the subject would occupy him fifteen months, said he could not afford to engrave the picture at the price offered. Other people would, of course, naturally look to the consequent patronage of the Court as the ultimate bribe to such an undertaking. But Strange had built his ultimate hopes elsewhere—the only question about the offer was whether the immediate remuneration might bribe him to postpone for a time his nobler studies. It would not; and so the matter ended. But public fame naturally rumoured disaffection as his motive, and the consequences of this, coupled with his exclusion from the Royal Academy as an engraver, excited bitter feelings. He wrote a fierce letter to Ramsay, saying, "Did I ever, directly or indirectly, hint that it was from the least disaffection I declined at that time to engrave the picture you had painted? Speak the truth, and the whole

truth, so help you God." Ramsay, thus pressed, answered very bluntly that there had been no hint whatever of disaffection, "the reasons you gave me were all of the money-getting kind." There was something in an expression of this sort not calculated entirely to secure the friendship of a man actuated by such motives and aims as those which governed Strange, and the apparent conclusion of the whole history was not likely to cool the ardour of Bella's Jacobitism. She continued to pray for an heir to the exiled house, after the greater portion of her most zealous allies were comforting themselves that the improbability of such an event was a fortunate conclusion of all difficulties. Yet this mother of the Gracchi stands as an illustration of that sarcastic philosophy which says that all have their price if one knew the coin to pay it in. She was ready for all forms of martyrdom, and direct bribery of any kind she would have thrown back with scorn. But when one day rather unexpectedly she found that Robbie was knighted, and that she was Lady Strange, all reminiscences from across the water seem to have been swept away in a gush of gratitude.

Let us have a few words before parting on a department of art proverbial for leaving the artist forgotten, while his work remains to create wonder and admiration. The world is filled with buildings of which the architects are unknown, but which yet are found by the careful student to contain enough to show the character of their acquirements, and

sometimes the school in which they must have studied. I have already had to show how, after the rupture with England, Scotland took her ecclesiastical and baronial architecture from the Continent, and chiefly from France.* The process by which the rich turreted chateaus of France were transferred to the moorlands of the north and the braes of the Grampians could not fail to be extremely interesting, if we could remove from it the veil which shrouds it in the mystery common to so large a portion of the architectural history even of civilised times. How much of it was brought over by foreigners? how much learned in France by Scotsmen who returned to practise at home?—are questions that must be asked in vain. We have no clue to the studies which induced Aytoun, by decorating the bulky framework of a German palace with a beautiful coronet of turrets and decorated chimneys, to conceive the plan of Heriot's Hospital. Even so late as the time of Sir William Bruce, who worked into the last century, we are not aware how far his conversion of Holyrood into a French chateau of the sixteenth century was founded on a practical acquaintance acquired in the land of its origin with that style of building. And yet he was a person of worshipful condition, whose lands and inheritances are set forth in genealogical books. We know, however, too much of the poverty of the country at

* Vol. i. p. 291.

the time of the reconstruction of the palace in 1674. From the accounts still preserved, every kind of work above that which supplied the sordid needs of a poor people had to be brought from other lands.* In far later times we know that Robert Adam, also a man of considerable territorial position, studied the architectural remains of the Roman empire with a devoted zeal, attested by his great work on the ruins of Diocletian's mighty palace at Spalatro.

But there was a Scotsman before the period of Robert Adam, whose pilgrimage among classical remains produced results not to be so briefly passed by. James Gibbs was born in Aberdeen about the year 1674. He was the son of a substantial tradesman, and finding himself at twenty without parents,

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* "The mason, Robert Mylne, was a Scot; and so were the wrights, the smiths, the glaziers, the plumbers, and the painters, at least of common work. But much of their material had to be sought elsewhere than in Scotland. Lead was brought from Newcastle. The glass was either English or French; white-lead and linseed-oil were imported from Holland. The 'sex hundreth fyne large wanscott planks, readie sawen for lyneing severall of the roomes of the King's owne appartment,' were bought in Rotterdam, at a cost, including freight, of £1217 (Scots). They were put up by a Scottish carpenter, but the nicer woodwork had to be done by foreign hands. There is a payment of £400 (Scots) to John Vansantvort, carver of timber, for cutting, carving, and upputting of severall pieces of carved work upon severall of the chimney and door pieces of his Majesty's apartments in the east quarter of the pallace."—'Proceedings of the Antiquaries,' p. 115.

and possessed of some money and a good useful Scottish education, he made up his mind to qualify himself as an architect. He went first to Holland, where, save the State House of Amsterdam, he can have found little adapted to his peculiar taste; but what he did consider worth studying, he examined laboriously and practically. By mere accident he was found there by the Earl of Mar, who felt an interest in the quiet persevering youth who had come forth from his own peculiar district in the north to push through the world. Whatever were the Earl's defects of character, he is generally admitted to have had fine taste. Whether for assistance received at that time, or for subsequent patronage in his profession, Gibbs was so grateful to Mar, that, when he had realised fame and fortune, and the family of his patron were precarious exiles, he bequeathed a considerable fortune to his benefactor's son.

After the commencement of the century he spent ten years in Italy, studying, searching, and treasuring up the practical results of his labours for future use. He returned at a favourable juncture. The great church-extension scheme for London had developed itself in an arrangement for building fifty new churches, and his friend Mar being in power, the young architect had an excellent opportunity of bringing forward his claims, and obtained a considerable share in the execution of the undertaking. Gibbs accomplished a sufficient number of works to

make an era for himself in English architecture, and his name came so readily upwards, that poor Savage, in his wild forgotten poem of 'The Wanderer,' naturally calls on it. When he passes from the ancient fanes, where time's hand leaves its print of mossy green, it is to cry—

> "Oh Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise
> Where God delights to dwell and man to praise;
> When mouldered thus, the column falls away,
> Like some great prince majestic in decay;
> When ignorance and scorn the ground shall tread
> Where wisdom tutored and devotion prayed—
> Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
> What but the muse alone preserve thy name?"

His many works were by no means equal in merit. The Radcliffe Library at Oxford—probably the most ambitious—justifies the borrowed remark of Walpole, that it looks as if it had sunk a stage into the earth. Yet Allan Cunningham, speaking of its general effect on the landscape, says: "The Radcliffe dome, in fact, conveys to every distant observer the idea of its being the air-hung crown of some gigantic cathedral or theatre. It is perhaps the grandest feature in the grandest of all English architectural landscapes. It rises wide and vast amidst a thousand other fine buildings, interrupts the horizontal line, and materially increases the picturesque effect of Oxford." He completed the quadrangle of All-Souls, where Walpole gives him credit for stumbling upon a sort of Gothic picturesqueness; and made additions to King's College,

Cambridge, which have been censured for subdivision of detail.

The work, however, on which his fame rests as the embodiment of a great thought, unbroken by partial defects, is the Church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, fortunately opened up to the admiration of the present generation by the works in Trafalgar Square. It was a bold and original idea, greatly censured in its day as a barbarous combination of two distinct and antagonistic types of architecture, and a rank rebellion against the first Horatian rule of taste. The spire or steeple had been held peculiar to Gothic architecture, and was deemed the natural terminus of the aspiring character of the pointed arch. Yet Gibbs placed a spire on a pediment, supported by Corinthian columns. It was, however, no mixture of styles in luxurious confusion, like the efforts of the French renaissance. The edifice in itself was untainted by Gothic; and even on the spire, that architecture had no more claim than merely as it was a spire, since its details were carefully and severely classic.

Illegitimate or not, it was a great hit in architecture—something like Michael Angelo's mounting the dome in air—and became so prevalent that it is now never deemed an anomaly. For the general merits of the building, it may be truly said that it is one of the chief architectural glories of London. Formerly buried in a mass of obscure streets and lanes, its thorough architectural character has been

tested by the severest ordeal to which the innate character of a building can be trusted—a general clearing away, which lays it bare for full inspection, and either close or distant criticism. To try how it bears this, look first upon St Martin's, and then turn to the costly modern edifice to the right, built as a suitable repository for the artistic treasures of the British Empire!

Of course it has its enemies among those who are inimical to the classic forms, but I hope we are getting more tolerant in æsthetics, as in other things, and that the day may come when people will be content to enjoy each in its own way all the forms in which high intellect is developed in stone structure, just as in going over a picture-gallery we can pass from the divine loveliness of the Raphaels and Correggios to enjoy the riotous vitality of Rubens, the solemn gloom of Teniers, and the perfect velvets and satins of Terbourg. There is a good deal, no doubt, of intolerant sentiment against the classic forms. Such terms as "dishonourable" and "sensual" are levelled at them, as if those who esteem them might be capable of forging a bill on you, or ruining the peace of your family. But all is mere scolding, and there is no one eloquent enough to deal towards the classic that utter intolerance which, in our grandfathers' days, held down the Gothic under the level of art.

Even during the revival, this oppression has a mischievous influence, like that of their former life

on emancipated slaves. Its own admirers treat the Gothic with a disrespectful familiarity. They forget that it is the oldest art in existence, for it lived by the influence of the clergy when other arts perished, and so it is legitimately descended from the age of the pyramids, having passed through the rigid Greek to the ductile Roman, from which all the steps to the pointed arch are distinct. Too many of its votaries are unconscious how much reverend study it should take to become master of the art which it took three hundred years of the labours of the most accomplished artists in their several generations to develop. Every draughtsman and mere builder thinks he can flounder through the details of the Gothic, and hence every religious denomination is doing its most desperate to rear a set of structures, which can but torture every eye in which the sense of the symmetrical and appropriate is not utterly dead.

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